Jan. 16, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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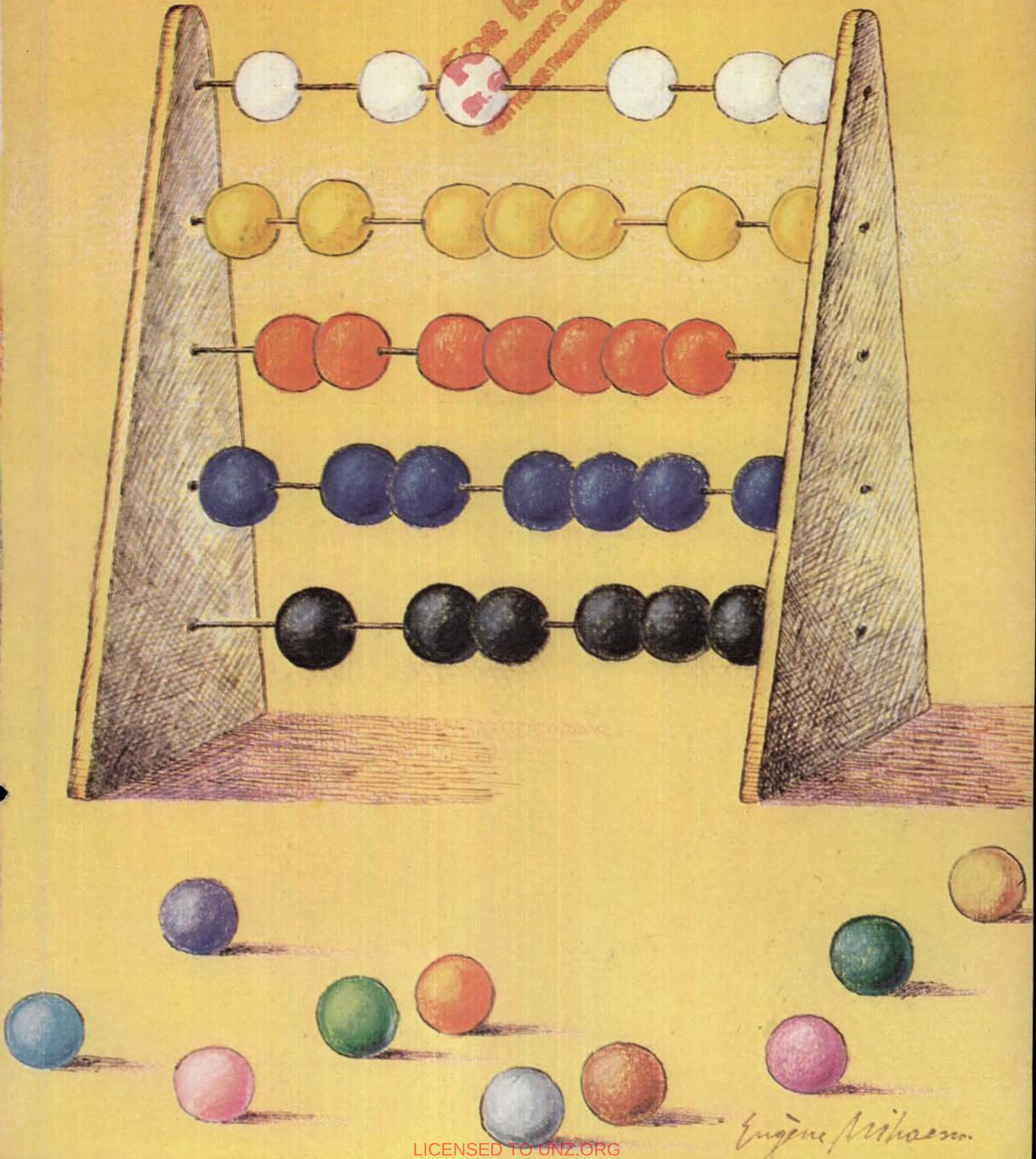
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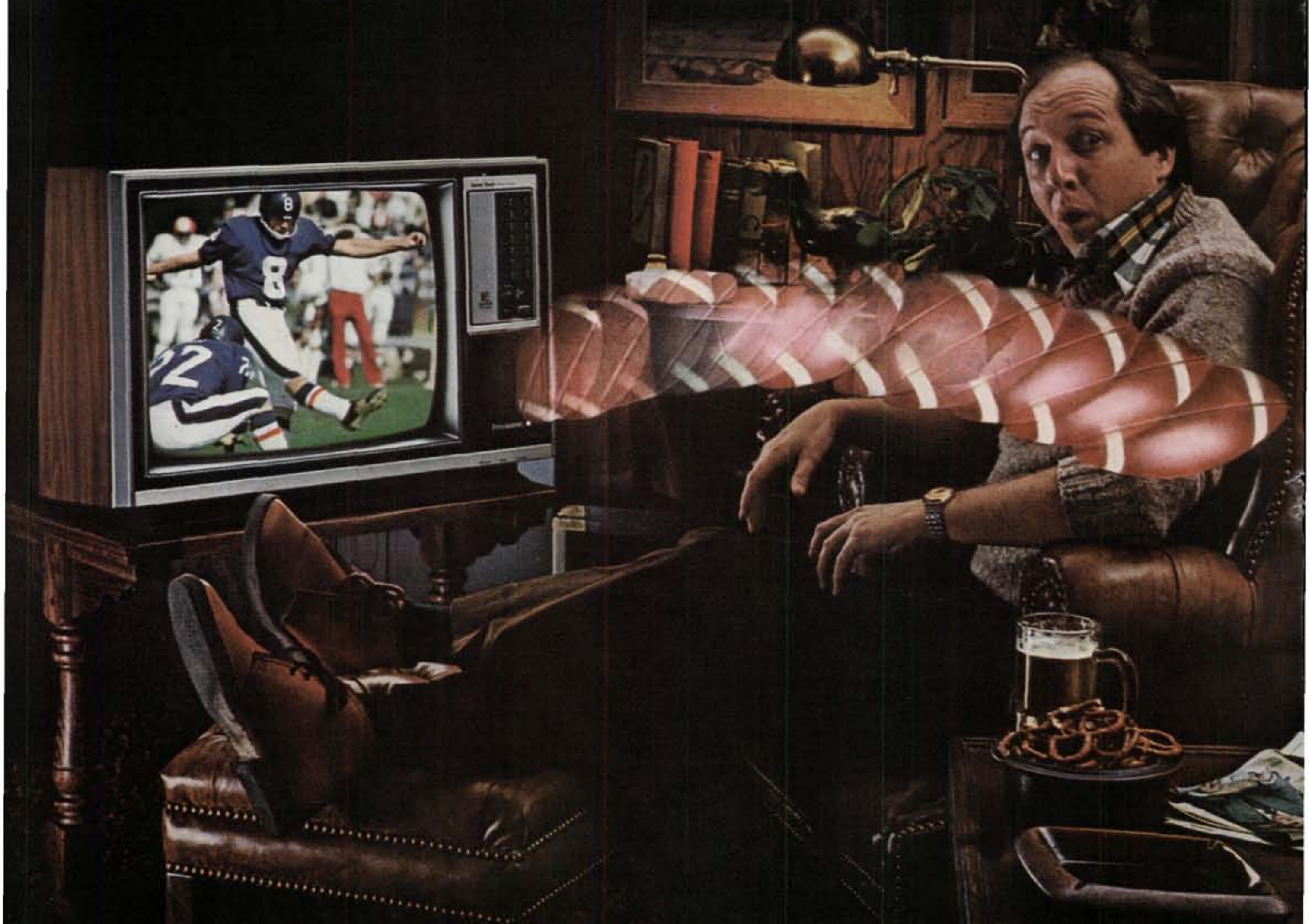

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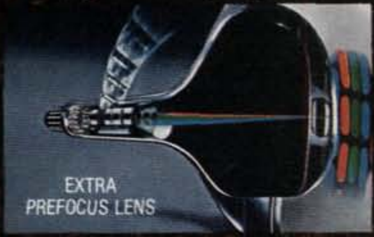

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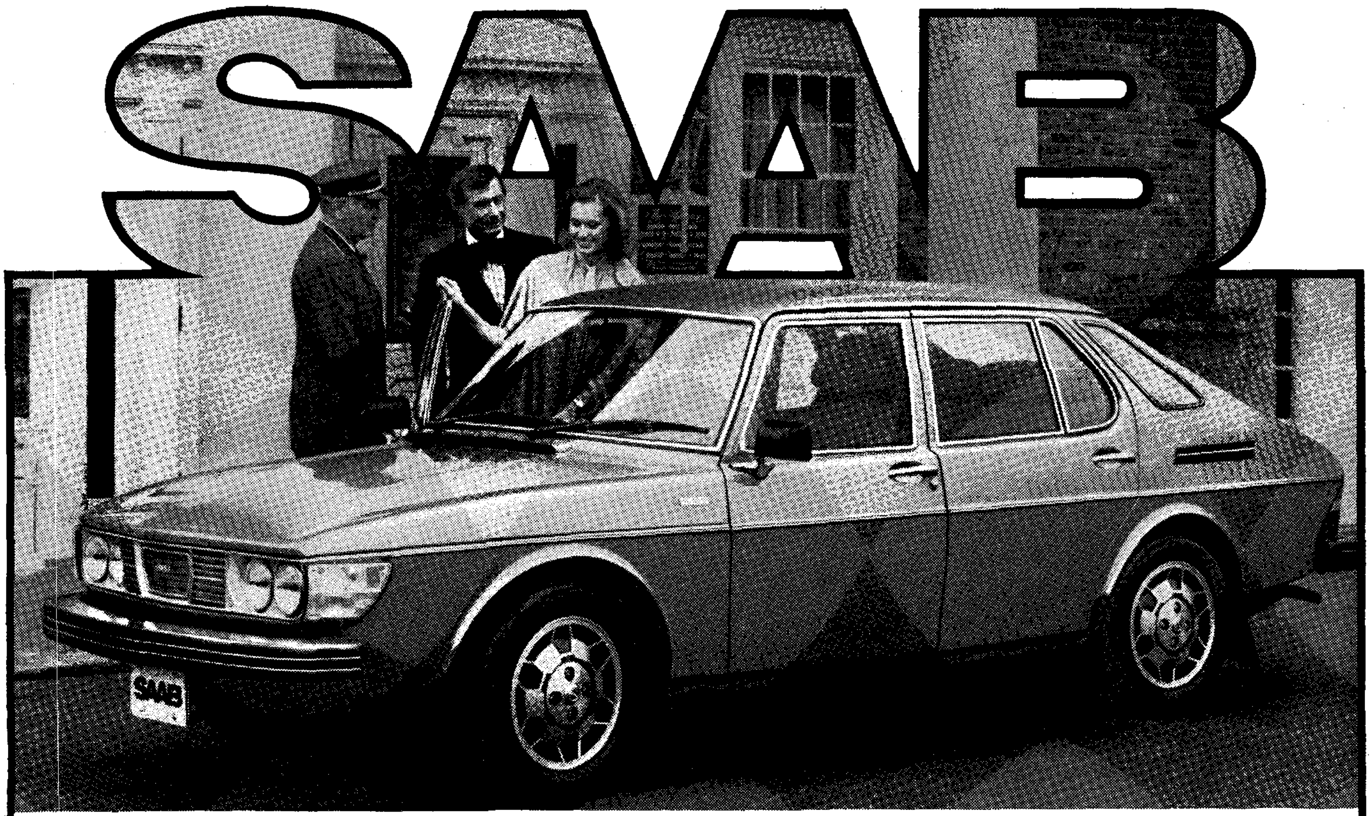

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Judith Ross has written a pleasant comedy about a woman lawyer seeking political office and winding up with a couple of lovers instead. With Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins, crisply directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Block Party—A play by Joseph Lizardi. Opens Thursday, Jan. 12, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cheaters—A comedy by Michael Jacobs, with Jack Weston, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Doris Roberts. Directed by Robert Drivas. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 14. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 15. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Do You Turn Somersaults?—Mary Martin and Anthony Quayle in a two-character play by Aleksei Arbuzov, translated from the Russian by Ariadne Nicolaeff. Edwin Sherin directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads an able cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dybbuk—A revival, under the powerful, resourceful direction of Joseph Chaikin, of S. Ansky's play about demonic possession and Chasidic rites of exorcism. The production, as a whole, is fascinating. The remarkable actors in the leading roles are Richard Bauer, Bruce Myers, Paul Zimmet, Jamil Zakkai, and Marcia Jean Kurtz. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **ALLEGRO** will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 12, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 29. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Fefu and Her Friends—A play by Maria Irene Fornés. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Frankie and Annie—A play by Diane Simkin. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Golda—William Gibson's play about the life of Mrs. Meir demonstrates that hagiography is inappropriate to the living; nevertheless, Anne Bancroft in the title role gives a model performance. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de

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COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, Everett Opie, Henry Martin, James Mulligan, Eldon Dedini, Robert Mankoff, TIM, Robert Weber, Edward Koren, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, René Henderiks, Joseph Mirachi, J. B. Handelsman*

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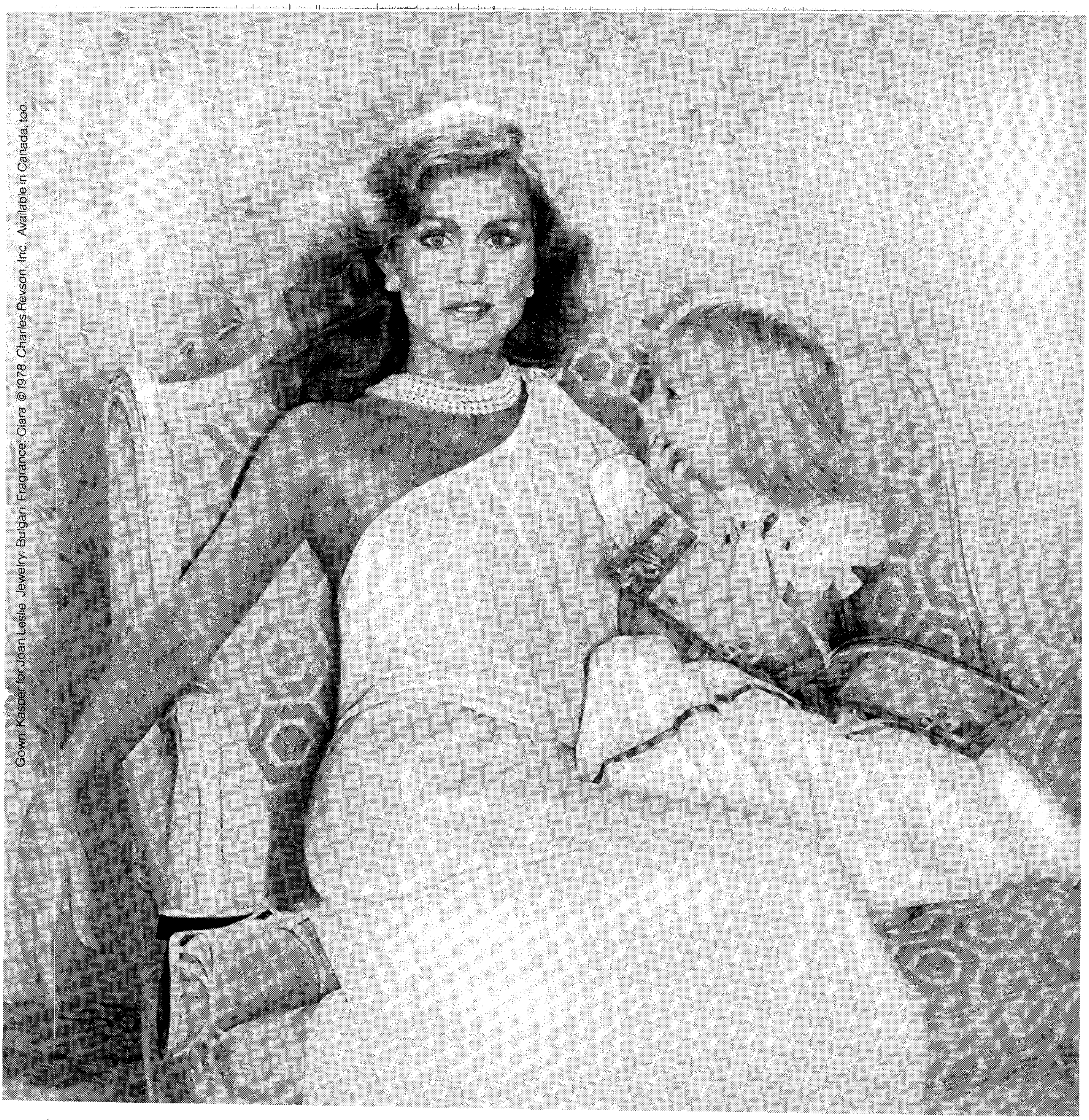

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The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The November People—Cameron Mitchell and Jan Sterling head the cast of a play by Gus Weill. Directed by Arthur Sherman. Previews Wednesday through Friday evenings, Jan. 11-13. Opens officially on Saturday evening, Jan. 14. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 391-3999. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Old Man Joseph and His Family—Lou Gilbert heads the cast of a play by Romulus Linney. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—James Earl Jones in a one-man play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Directed by Lloyd Richards. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17-18. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 19. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Photograph—In music, dancing, projections, and brief scenes, Ntozake Shange tells the story of an ambitious black photographer and the loving women who are the victims of his stormy temperament and bitterness. She has subtitled her play "A Study of Cruelty," but there is much more to it than that—humor, liveliness, and dramatic invention, among other things. Avery Brooks, Michele Shay, Petronia Paley, Count Stovall, and Hattie Winston are the good actors, under Oz Scott's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

Play and Other Plays—Three one-acters by Samuel Beckett. All of them are brief, witty, and lyrical, and all of them are about memories. "Play" is a revival; "That Time" and "Footfalls" are new to American audiences. Under Alan Schneider's direction, the performance is indeed haunting, but most of the humor goes by the board. Donald Davis, in a couple of leading roles, hits the right note time after time. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Saint Joan—Lynn Redgrave and an exceptionally well-chosen cast bring considerable zest to Shaw's play. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Touch of the Poet—One of a cycle of plays that O'Neill wisely abandoned. Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea do their best to make O'Neill's curious stage-Irish folk plausible. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ulysses in Traction—Albert Innaurato's satire about a play rehearsal at a college with a race riot going on outside, and about many other matters besides, is certainly scattered, but it is also sporadically strong and affecting, and often very funny. The acting, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, is exceptionally good. With William Hurt, Trish Hawkins, and Jake Dengel, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

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The Water Engine—David Mamet's play about Chicago in the thirties, and about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water, is set in a radio studio and is itself disguised as a broadcast. In spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Where the Mississippi Meets the Amazon—In this recital of poetry by the poets Ntozake Shange, Thulani, and Jessica Hagedorn (to the accompaniment of a jazz band under David Murray's direction), words, music, and movement combine to make a charming show, which could go on twice as long as it does. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sundays at 4 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.)

Long Runs—**A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,360 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SLY FOX:** A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Vincent Gardenia, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Friday, Jan. 20, at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and also Friday, Jan. 13, and Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Agon," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Ballo della Regina" (première), and "Chaconne."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Other Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2: "Firebird," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8: "In G Major," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 15, at 1:

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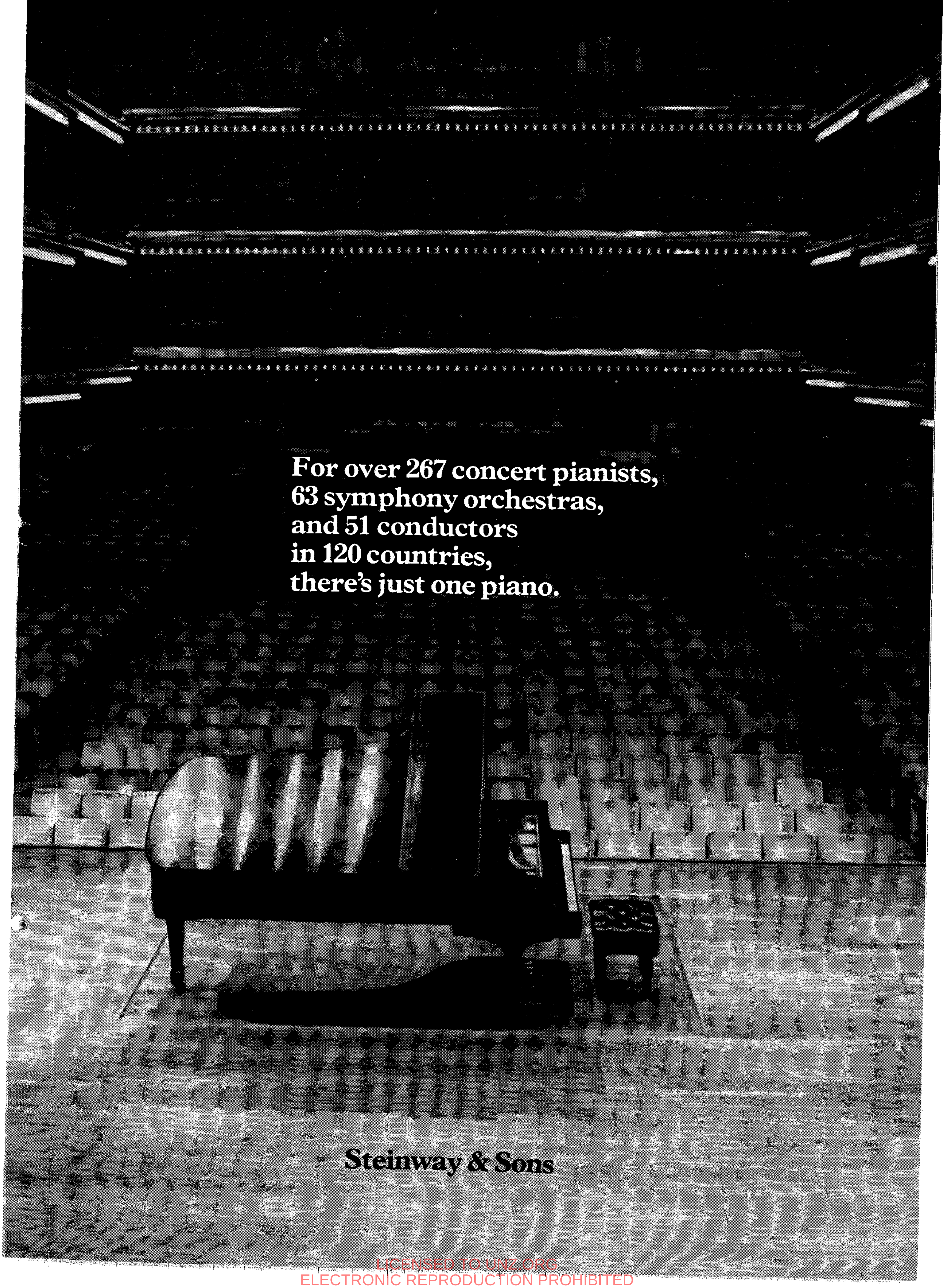

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Ballo della Regina," "Other Dances," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 15, at 7: "Coppélia."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Ballo della Regina" and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Episodes," "In G Major," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Calcium Light Night" (première), "Tzigane," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Calcium Light Night," "Allegro Brillante," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Calcium Light Night," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

ANNABELLE GAMSON—Programs of modern dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

FRED BENJAMIN DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

MICHAEL CARNEY (Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. RH 4-1600. Mondays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty.)—While Bobby Short is away, singer Michael Carney will play, and with all the first-rate singers sitting around New York (Barbara Lea, Mary Mayo, Anita Ellis, Helen Merrill, Marlene VerPlanck), he is an incomprehensible choice. Carney, who appears a lot in Washington, is young and horn-rimmed, and his repertory is more or less Bobby Short-Ronny Whyte-Hugh Shannon. But his voice is light and trailing, his diction and phrasing are rubbery, and his songs, done mostly in a businessman's bounce, have no color or texture or center. Carney also removes his hands from the keyboard and bangs them together on the afterbeat every six or eight bars—the way Miss Moody used to do at sixth-grade glee-club practice.

DICK HYMAN (Michael's, Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 752-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one.)—Gil Wiest has brought back Dick Hyman's Perfect Repertory Band (**PEE WEE ERWIN** on trumpet, **BOB WILBER** on reeds, Hyman on piano, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** on drums), and this time it is concentrating on George Gershwin. Indeed, Hyman has collected or resurrected—as well as arranged—enough Gershwin to last four nights without a repetition. The very first set included "Strike Up the Band," "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York," "Do-Do-Do," "The Real American Folk Song Is a Rag," "My Man's Gone Now," "My Cousin in Milwaukee," and "I Got Rhythm." Best of all, Hyman played a couple of transcriptions of Gershwin's own piano playing, which, falling somewhere between Jimmy Durante and James P. Johnson, was enthusiastic and windy and almost swinging. The Perfect Repertory Band goes very hard when it has to, plays straight ad-lib numbers without sagging, and floats easily through ballads. Erwin is a marvellously dependable old lyric trumpeter, and there seems no end to Wilber's grace and invention and passion. A delightful evening, and a unique one, too. When will there be another chance to hear "My Cousin in Milwaukee" and "The Real American Folk Song"?

●

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club—some might think of it as a music loft with a liquor license. Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** is here with a combo through Saturday, Jan. 14; on Tuesday, Jan. 17, drummer **KENO DUKE** will bring in his quintet.

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Mondays are given over to trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and a fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always robust and accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Out-there jazz and organic apple juice. Alto and soprano saxophonist Arnie Lawrence heads up Treasure Island, a septet, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, Brass Proud, a trumpet-heavy ensemble—four to eight trumpets and a rhythm section—will perform. Sets start after nine-thirty and midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—Pamela Myers is singing here Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork; a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, worldly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE**, and she doesn't emote, doesn't put songs over, doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—*many of them students. Pianist* **MAL WALDRON**, in a rare New York appearance, heads a trio through Saturday, Jan. 14; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 18-21, pianist **MIKE ABENE** will work with a quartet. Music from nine until two, Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Pianist and composer **CARLA BLEY** leads her eleven-piece band—it includes **ROSWELL RUDD, MICHAEL MANTLER, JOHN CLARK, ANDREW CYRILLE,** and others—on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 11-12; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will bring in his ensemble; and Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 16-18, folk-rock baritone Tom Rush will be onstage. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and die-hard patrons. Solo pianist **DAVE MC KENNA** is ensconced here through Saturday, Jan. 14. House favorite **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist **SAM JONES** will move in for two weeks on Sunday, Jan. 15. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **RON NASPO** on bass and **TONY MONTE** on piano. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-*thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Sat*urdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**MICHAEL CARNEY** (see above) is in the Café Carlyle Mondays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Onstage, affectedly sinister—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather *jackets, and smirking expressions—young* musicians pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays: **ROSE MURPHY**. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** leads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—The current berth for **ELLIS LARKINS**, the fastidious pianist, and his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, and drummer, **JACK MC ALLISTER**, is this East Side bar and restaurant. Wink-of-an-eye-long sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, on jazz harp, leads a trio.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. Trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** will sit in with the band on Tuesday, Jan. 17. Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist, and his combo revive the swing era, from eight-thirty; on Jan. 15, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will be the guest performer. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays **AL HAIG, JAMIL NASSER,** and **EDDIE DIEHL** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Double Image, a lyrical quartet co-piloted by David Samuels and David Friedman—they both double on marimba and vibraharp—has moved in. It plays Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-

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thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group, and he will substitute for Eldridge for a week beginning Tuesday, Jan. 17. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist **BROOKS KERR** is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist **AARON BELL** and longtime Ellington drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and both Kerr and Bell are here along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SHELTON GARY** Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** (see above) and his quintet are here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Guitarist Hiram Bullock and his R. & B.-jazz-rock band perform on Wednesday, Jan. 11; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14, and Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 16-18, Sylvia Lakel, who has recently been one of soul singer Cissy Houston's backup vocalists, will work with a backup band of her own; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 19-21, conga magician **RAY BARRETTO** will be present with his band. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Singer, guitarist, and songwriter Elliott Murphy leads his group Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14; on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 16-17, country singer Alex Harvey will drop in with his band; Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 18-22, Darryl Rhoades and his HaHavishnu Orchestra will present set-long sophomoric parodies of rock and roll. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! Stan Rubin and his orchestra play dance music for many sagacious tourists and a few natives Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Geraldine Fitzgerald, lately a singer of street songs, and pop singer Gerri Griffin will both begin a five-night visit on Tuesday, Jan. 17. Miss Griffin will go on at nine, and Miss Fitzgerald, at midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six to seven-thirty, you can hear **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** brings in a nine-piece ensemble; on Tuesdays guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** will hold sessions; altoist **LEE KONITZ** will be on hand with his nonet on Wednesdays; on Thursdays saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will lead a quintet; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, trombonist and composer **JIMMY KNEPPER** will be in charge of a quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS'** trio will come in. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JIM HALL**, bassist **RED MITCHELL**, and their large crowds of admirers will be in evidence here for two weeks nightly except on Mondays. The Monday-night musicians are also worth hearing: pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** and a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music upstairs: Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra. Dinner. Music downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 13-14 and 20-21, **MC COY TYNER**, an intense, rhythmic, and vertiginous pianist, heads up a quartet (Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty). On Monday, Jan. 16, at eight and ten-thirty, **GUNTER HAMPEL**, the free-form German vibraharpist, and his **GALAXY DREAM BAND**—clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON**, singer **JEANNE LEE**, drummer **PHILLIP WILSON**, and others—will perform. Music all over: In the ground-floor bar area, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**, and guitarist **EDDIE BERG** collaborate on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The **BILL EVANS** trio winds up its visit on Sunday, Jan. 15; on Tuesday, Jan. 17, cool and placid trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** will bring in a sextet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** institution, in its tenth year—that's longer than Monday-night football—blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim works with bassist Errol Waters Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has re-acquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly: saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet plays on Wednesday, Jan. 11. Then, on Thursday, Jan. 12, the **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and **JO JONES, JR.**—will move in for an extended stay. Music from nine to one-thirty every night but Monday, Jan. 16, when rare records will be played and Artie Miller, of the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, will comment on them, starting at eight.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world (who probably never would have come here)—in the music and bar area grow on one. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO**, who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, and bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** dazzle their audiences with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage." Nightly, except on Sunday, Jan. 15, when **JILL MC MANUS** will take over, and on Monday, Jan. 16, when **JUDD WOLDIN** will substitute. Music from nine. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Sonny Rollins and Nucleus 78 and **Donald Byrd**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.

Richie Havens—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.

Benny Goodman—A fortieth-anniversary re-creation of his January, 1938, Carnegie Hall concert. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Elvis the Legend Lives—With Rick Saucedo as Elvis, the Jordanaires, and D. J. Fontana conducting an orchestra. (Rivoli, Broadway at 49th St. 247-1633. Wednesday, Jan. 18, through Sunday, Feb. 5. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sarah Vaughan, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, and **Mercer Ellington Conducting the Duke Ellington Orchestra**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8 and at midnight; and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.

Kirk Nurock and Natural Sound—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Walter Darby Bannard—Recent color-field paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Watercolors of butterflies. Also collages and drawings. Through Jan. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Several of her blimplike, gaudily decorated Nanas; a papier-mâché penguin with bright insignia on his wings; and assorted graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Buckminster Fuller—Fifty drawings covering as many years, some of them sketches for Fuller's cars, houses, and the geodesic dome. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Esther Gentle—Watercolors and drawings, including a primitive self-portrait. Through Jan. 25. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joan Mitchell—Huge abstract paintings in deluges of color. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Opper—Abstract paintings whose vertical columns are in dark browns, blues, and purples. Through Jan. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

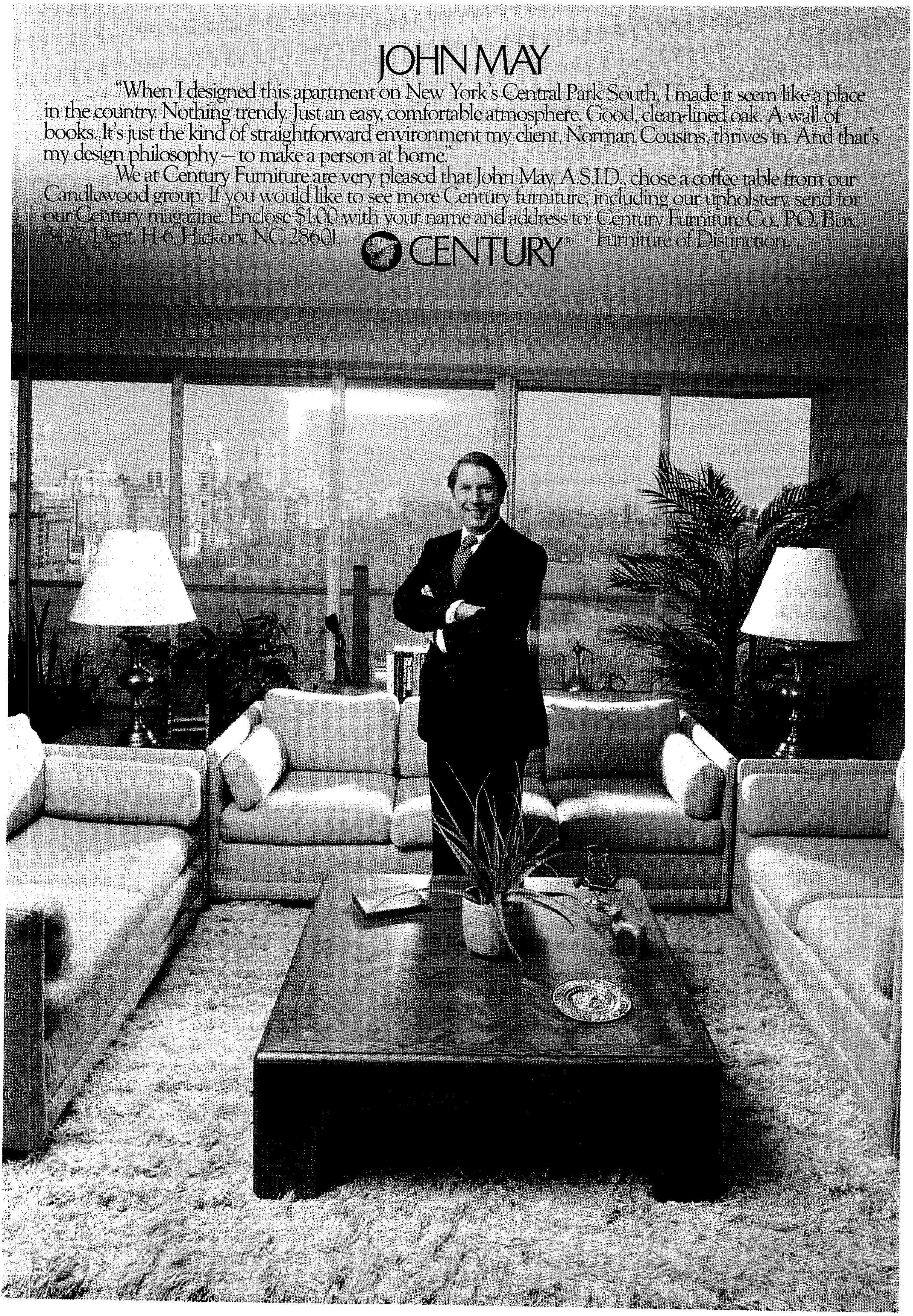
Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Richard Estes, Philip Guston, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Abstract paintings by six contemporary Ecuadorian artists. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: British Pottery '77, a collection of elegant porcelain works by fifteen potters working in England. Through Saturday, Jan. 21.... **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Five contemporaries (Steve Conley, Stuart Diamond, Gerald Laing, George Parrino, and Modris Ramans) whose paintings, assemblages, and sculptures reflect the influence of Cubism. Through Feb. 1.... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 4.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by Boucher, Fragonard, Henry Moore, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Calvert Coggeshall—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Copley—An ochre-colored wallpaper with a bold stripe running through it provides the background for mirror-Plexiglas cutouts of cavorting figures. Through Jan. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

John Ferro—The Constructivist quality of these steel, bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures is muted by their textured surfaces. Through



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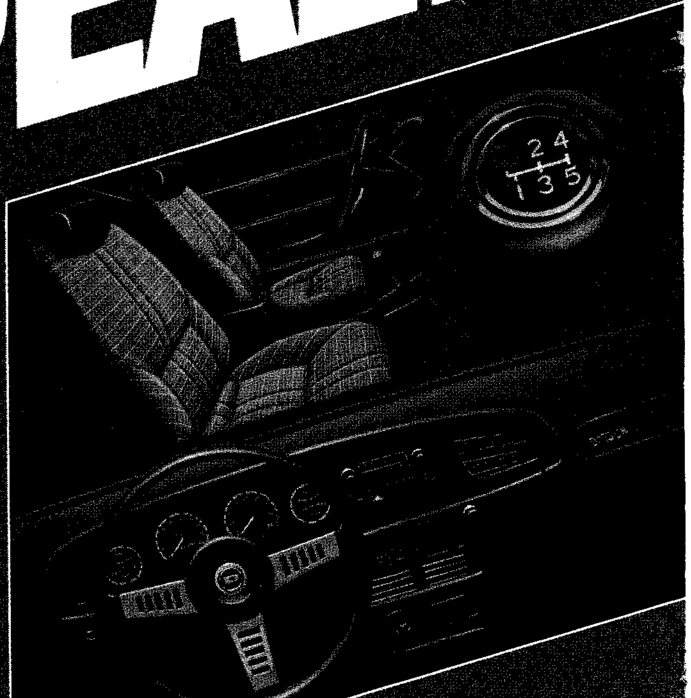

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Jan. 14. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin—Realist paintings of studio interiors. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Norman Ives—Collaged materials (old printed matter, including musical scores) organized into squares or triangles. Through Feb. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jane Kaufman—A series of two-panel works consisting of bugle beads applied to black velvet. Through Feb. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Mazur—Paintings and works on paper of apes in a Massachusetts zoo. Through Jan. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller—New abstract paintings. Through Jan. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nathan Oliveira—About fifty monotypes done in series, with subjects ranging from the ordinary (bundles of Lord knows what) to the exotic (feather fetishes). Through Feb. 4. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elaine Reichek—Multi-panelled see-through pieces in which organdie, cut in various shapes, is housed between two sheets of Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—A stagecoach robbery and works by other painters ("Nude Descending a Staircase," for one) are the bases for a new group of paintings by an artist who employs Day-Glo colors. Through Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

American Primitive Art—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, a book of original prints, and other works by Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), along with works by other Russian nonobjective artists from the same period, among them Lazar El Lissitzky and Vladimir Tatlin. Through Feb. 11. . . . **hammer,** 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century American artists Prendergast, Twachtman, Eastman Johnson, and others. Through Feb. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **heidenberg,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Helen Frankenthaler, Henry Moore, and Robert Natkin. Through Jan. 28. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Americans who worked in this century and the last, including Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and Charles Demuth. Through Jan. 28. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Landscapes of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales by William Palmer, Charles Coiner, and William Thon. Through Jan. 28. . . . **washburn,** 42 E. 57th St.: Four studies Léger made for an unexecuted mural, as well as sculptures and works on paper from the thirties and forties by Ibram Lassaw, Byron Browne, and others. Through Feb. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth / Arthur Cohen—Abstract paintings by a colorist. / Large-scale pastels. Through Jan. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Casein wall paintings of geometric figures. Also pastels. Through Jan. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Four groupings of colored fluorescent lights that were conceived with the gallery space in mind. Through Feb. 11. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Emily Fuller / Mimi Smith—Monochromatic abstract paintings and works on paper. / Drawings. Through Jan. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sam Gilliam—Large abstract oils. Through Feb. 4. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Andrew Jansons—Abstract paintings in which light and dark areas are contrasted. Through Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Christopher Knowles—Colored patterns made with a typewriter on sheets of paper up to ten feet long. Through Jan. 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Richard Nonas—Weathered steel and wood sculptures, and large drawings by a Minimalist. Through Jan. 31. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

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Robert Wilson—Drawings for stage sets. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 420 West Broadway: Drawings whose form derives from mathematical ideas (some incorporate numerals), by artists from several disciplines, including Paul Klee, Carl Andre, Steve Reich, and Lucinda Childs, in a show that was put together by a number of Yale University students and their teacher. Through Jan. 28. . . . **soho 20,** 99 Spring St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by nineteen members (the entire roster) of a feminist gallery. Through Feb. 1. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Margot Robinson—Abstract acrylic paintings, and sculptures. Through Jan. 29. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—An exhibit of works that are outside the usual range of the artists involved—i.e., watercolors by Lucio Pozzi, drawings of caterpillars by Nancy Graves, an abstract collage on wood by George Segal. Through Jan. 31. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

Note: The exhibition space at 88 Pine Street, where Red Grooms' "Ruckus Manhattan" and Otto Piene's "Anemones" once were shown, is now the scene of a walk-around-in environmental work embracing most of the arts. The concept is by the artist Ann Wilson, who has re-created, on a modified scale, the imposing stage setting that Gordon Craig designed for a 1912 production of "Hamlet" in Moscow. Evocative scrims have been added to this, and performances of music, dance, and drama are offered on the stage from time to time. Through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alice Austen and Chansonetta Stanley Emmons—Photographs taken in the eighteen-eighties by two women, one in Maine and one in Staten Island, who coincidentally (but not surprisingly) concentrated on family get-togethers, vacation trips, and friends. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Bayer—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by this Austrian-born graphic artist, once of the Bauhaus. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Peter Beard—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. Through Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

Julia Margaret Cameron (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women swathed in gauzy fabrics. Through Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Two hundred and fifty vintage prints from the thirties and forties. Through Feb. 4. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Gatewood—A photographic essay on the Wall Street area. Some of the images are near-abstractions. Through Jan. 31. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

David Hamilton—That sassy Bloomingdale's lingerie catalogue of a few months back was this photographer's doing. Much of his work here consists of almost painterly color photographs of women—some mistily draped, some not—in idealized poses and settings. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

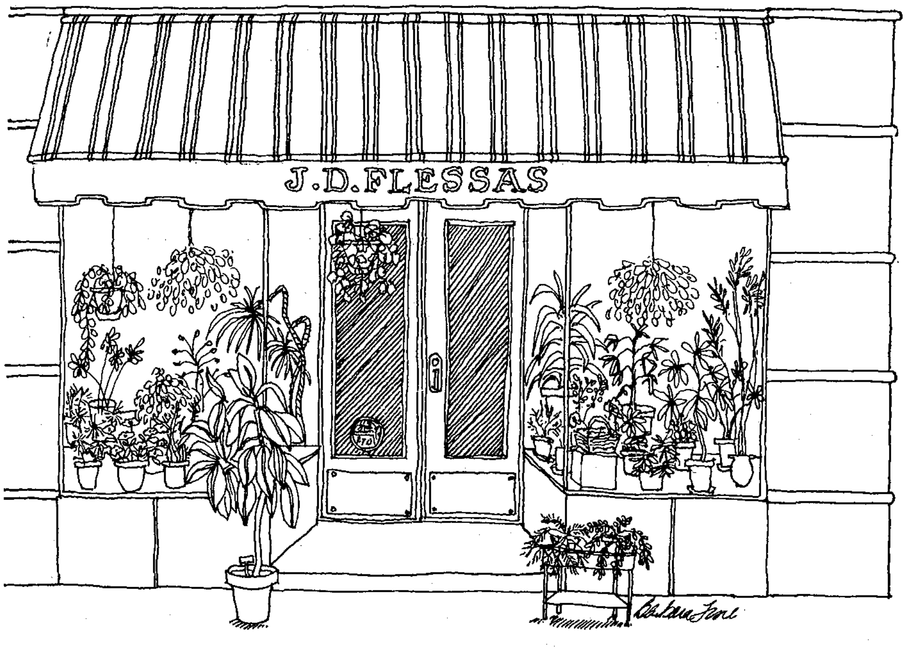
Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904) / **Yousuf Karsh**—Yosemite Valley prints plus animal-locomotion photographs. Through Jan. 28. / Portraits (what else?) of Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, Hemingway, and others. Through Feb. 11. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

John Phillips—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948 (Phillips was on assignment for *Life*), and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Arthur Rothstein—A documentation of life in America from the Depression years through the late forties by a former member of the Farm Security Administration best known for his ubiquitous photograph of a farmer and his two sons plodding through an Oklahoma dust storm. Through Feb. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Karl Struss—Platinum prints mostly from the Photo-Secession years. Through Feb. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Francis Bruguière (1879-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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1945)—Surrealistic multiple-image prints. / *Forty vintage photographs, many of them abstract.* Through Jan. 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

The Fashion Revolution: 1908-30—An exhibit of photographs, prints, and watercolors by Cecil Beaton, Sonia Delaunay, Erté, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Harlow, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Pictures by Harry Callahan, Alfred Stieglitz, Barbara Morgan, and about fifty other photographers, in an exhibit entitled "New York, New York." Through Jan. 28. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs of sculptures (some of the sculptures themselves are also on exhibit): Mary Frank's disembodied terra-cotta figures as seen by Jerry Thompson, Rodin's Balzac as seen by Edward Steichen, and Elie Nadelman's draped bronzes as seen by W. Eugene Smith, plus other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. For their time and place, they represent the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian glass beads. . . . ¶ A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Sunday, Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by European artists (Braque, Dali, Klee, Moore) comprise a show, called "Forty Modern Masters," with which the museum salutes itself at the end of its fortieth year. Through Feb. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. This exhibit fills the third and fourth floors: the third floor closes Sunday, Jan. 15; the fourth floor closes Sunday, Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Etchings, lithographs, and silk screens by Jasper Johns, who based them all on images in his 1972 painting "Untitled." Through Tuesday, Jan. 17. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County of the People's Republic of China," a show of eighty genre gouaches done by Chinese farmers in their spare time. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Sunday, Jan. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of drinking vessels and such, made of metal (often silver) and engraved, embossed, or inlaid with niello, the work of Persian craftsmen of the Sasanian Empire (226 to 651 A.D.). Also related works. Starts Thursday, Jan. 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or a drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. In one of the latter, of Brigham Young and his family, the two Young spaniels do every bit as well as the six Young children. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Sunday, Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Mass-produced dolls, handmade dolls, and those in between (the earliest is an eighteenth-century Queen Anne-style doll), together with miniature furniture, folk art, and silver. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 14: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14, and Monday evening, Jan. 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Anatoly Solovianenko, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 17: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 18: A new production of Massenet's "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 19: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 20: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 21: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 21: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 21, at 1:30.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" (in English), staged by Charles Kondek, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Repertory Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 8. Tickets at the box office at performance times.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—A Haydn-Bruckner program on Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 13, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 14, and Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. . . . Performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 9 on Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 20, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 7:30.

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis directing, with Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Alexander Stevenson, tenor; Norman Bailey, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18-19, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Friday, Jan. 13, at midnight. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Ithaca College String Orchestra—Pamela Gearhart conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting a program of music by French composers, with Robert Black, saxophone. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 5:30.)

Moscow Chorale—Vladimir Minin directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a program entitled "Great Choral Music: From Palestrina to Debussy." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Manhattan Opera Singers—Lois Albright directing a performance of Honegger's oratorio "King David," with soloists and an orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

RECITALS

Edward Auer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Cristina Ortiz—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, viola, cello, and piano, in Mendelssohn's three piano quartets. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Ko Iwasaki, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Jan. 14, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting, with Elizabeth Marshall, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—With Philip Levin, recorder. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With John Graham, viola, in the third in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten "great" quartets and the cycle of quintets. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Tedd Joselson—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Beethoven Society—Claude Frank, piano, playing the last three great Beethoven sonatas. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Menuhin's New York début. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

Aldo Ciccolini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Eastman School of Music Series—A recital by Charles Castleman, violin, and Robert Freeman, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Gwyneth Jones—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Music Project—With Janis-Rozena Peri, soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 7:30.)

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Lee Hoiby—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Heiichiro Ohyama—Viola, with Patricia Zander, piano; Ani Kavafian, violin; and Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Sequeira Costa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Michael and Beveridge Webster—Clarinet and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Borodin Piano Trio—A program of Russian music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

Eugen Sarbu—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

André Watts—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Aulos Wind Quintet—With Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2.)

SPORTS

Professional Basketball—At Rutgers University Athletic Center—Wednesday, Jan. 11: Nets vs. Golden State. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14: Nets vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 18: Nets vs. Portland. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 20: Nets vs. Seattle. (Piscataway, N.J. Games begin at 8:05. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Darts—United States Open Darts Championship. (Grand Ballroom, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14-15, at 10:30; the finals begin at 4:30 on Sunday. No tickets necessary.)

Hockey—Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, May 22. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8, from Wednesday, Jan. 18, through Saturday, Aug. 5.

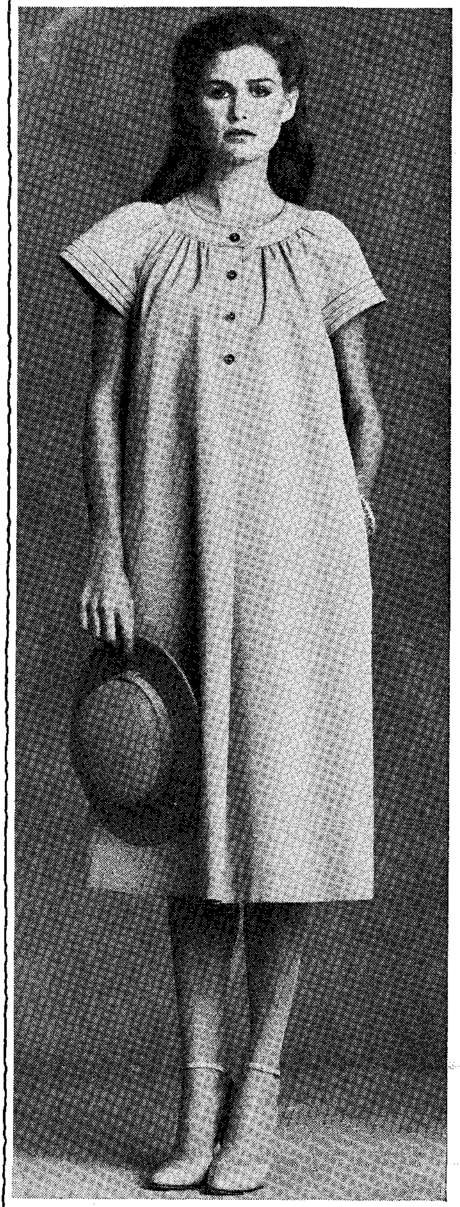
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—David Ignatow reading from his own works and discussing his writings with fellow-poet Harvey Shapiro. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-eighth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 14 and 21, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 15 and 22, from noon to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 16-20, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, including some etchings by Anders Zorn; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 2: Old Master paintings, from the estates of Alfred Zweig and Johanna Helena Cohen and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2: English furniture and clocks, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 19, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . **christie's**, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 12, at 10:30: Old Master paintings, belonging to E. Roland Harriman and others.



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One of the prettiest, our smock tent. A big shape made smaller, more in keeping with your delicate nature. With a belt to tie or not. But why wait? Our tent is perfect right now over a turtleneck or shirt. Khaki or navy polyester and cotton poplin. From Parade for 6 to 16 sizes, 52.00. Add 1.35 outside delivery area and sales tax where applicable.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

68th
PLAYHOUSE
68

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15	16	17	18	19		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Outrageous!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 14: "Taxi Driver" and "Straw Dogs."
Jan. 15-17: "Man on the Roof" and "Harlan County, U. S. A."
From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 12: "A Special Day."
From Jan. 13: "Outrageous!"

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Choirboys."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 12: "The Lacemaker."
From Jan. 13: "The Duellists."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Iphigenia."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 12: "Semi-Tough."
From Jan. 13: "Dersu Uzala."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 12: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Jan. 13: "Sasquatch."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Children of Theatre Street."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Goodbye Girl."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 17: "Heroes."
From Jan. 18: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 12: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."
From Jan. 13: "Sasquatch."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Gauntlet."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Telefon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Choirboys."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Short Eyes."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 19 (tentative): "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Special Day."
Theatre 2: "Equus."
Theatre 3: "Short Eyes."
Theatre 4: "Heart of Glass."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt." (Previews through the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 16, with only a few seats available at the box office. The official opening will be that evening at 8.)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 17: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 18: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The World's Greatest Lover." (No evening performances on Wednesdays, Jan. 11 and 18.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 14: "The Children of Theatre Street."
From Jan. 15: "The Best Way."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 12: "Oh, God!"
From Jan. 13: "Sasquatch."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Which Way Is Up?"
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 12: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator." From Jan. 13: "Equus."
Theatre 3: "The Gauntlet."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 12: "A Special Day."
From Jan. 13: "Outrageous!"

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 12: "Heroes" and "Airport '77."
From Jan. 13: "Sasquatch."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 11: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (1940), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu, Fernandel, and Josette Day; and "The Baker's Wife" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu.
Jan. 12: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando and Anna Magnani; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.
Jan. 13-14: "Persona" (†) and "The Passion of Anna." (†)
Jan. 15-16: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
Jan. 17: "Demons" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Toshio Matsumoto; and "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori.
Jan. 18: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Boccaccio '70." (†)
Jan. 19: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†) and "The Clock." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 11: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1968), directed by Tony Richardson, with Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave, John Gielgud, and David Hemmings.
Jan. 12: "Der Rosenkavalier" (1963), a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.
Jan. 13: "Divorce—Italian Style" (†); and "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.
Jan. 14: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "It's Always Fair Weather." (†)
Jan. 15: "A Nous la Liberté" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair; and "Le Million" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Annabella.
Jan. 16: "Burn!" (1970), directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, with Marlon Brando; and "Antonio das Mortes." (†)
Jan. 17: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "I Dood It." (†)
Jan. 18: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†) and "The Clock." (†)
Jan. 19: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 12: "Tom Jones" (1963), directed by Tony Richardson, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, and Edith Evans; and "Irma la Douce" (1963), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Lou Jacobi, and Herschel Bernardi.
Jan. 13-14: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Jan. 15-16: "Boris Godunov" (†) and "Plisetskaya Dances." (†)
Jan. 17: "Smile" (1975), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "The Queen" (1968), directed by Frank Simon, a documentary on the 1967 transvestite pageant at Town Hall.
Jan. 18-19: "La Chienne" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 11: "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg.
Jan. 12-14: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
Jan. 15-16: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with

A Fluke of Nature

A new grapefruit discovery may change your concept of fruit —

I'm a farmer. And the story I tell you is the absolute truth, as incredible as it may seem.

It all started in a grove owned by Dr. Webb, our family doctor. One of the men who was picking fruit in the doctor's orchard came up to the Webb house holding six of the strangest grapefruit anyone had ever seen! A single branch of an ordinary grapefruit tree had produced these six unusual fruit.

These were big grapefruit, unusually big, And they had a faint red blush on their skin. When Dr. Webb sliced open the grapefruit, the fruit was a **brilliant ruby red** in color.

Doctor Webb decided to taste this strange new grapefruit. The fruit was perfect, juicy and luscious. It wasn't sour like other grapefruit either — it was naturally sweet without sugar.

For some reason, we'll never know why, nature had chosen to produce an entirely new kind of grapefruit here in our Magic Rio Grande Valley. It was incredible — men had labored for years to produce the ideal grapefruit, and had failed. But suddenly on a single branch of one tree in one grove, Mother Nature had done it all herself!

YOU CAN IMAGINE THE EXCITEMENT

From the fruit on that one branch, grove after grove now produces our own Texas Ruby Red Grapefruit. When I say, "not one man in a thousand has ever tasted this grapefruit." — you can easily understand why.

To begin with, Ruby Reds are rare. You can look for them in stores, but I doubt if you'll find one. You may find pink grapefruit, but seldom if ever do you see the genuine Ruby Reds.

So you start with the rarity of Ruby Reds, and to get to ROYAL Ruby Reds you have to get rarer yet. Only 4 to 5 percent of the entire crop will qualify as a "Royal Ruby Red."

Each Royal Ruby Red weighs a pound — or more! Each has a rich red color, flowing juices, luscious naturally sweet flavor, and the ability to stay this way for many weeks.

Why, we won't even consider harvesting a grove until I've checked out the fruit for tree-ripened maturity myself. I check for "natural sugar," low acid balance and high juice content. I check to see that the fruit is plump and meaty, and I even check to see that the skin is thin. Not only does each factor have to check out, but all the factors have to be in a proper relationship to each other before I'll harvest a grove.

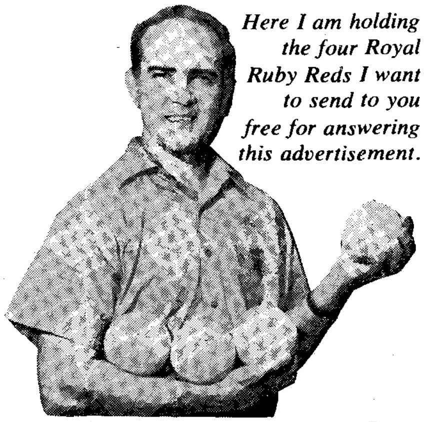
And when we pick the fruit we're just as fussy. Every one of us takes a "picking ring" when we harvest. If the fruit is small enough to pass through this ring — we don't pick it! It simply isn't big enough to qualify as a Royal Ruby Red!

This is a picture of the actual harvest of this season's first Ruby Reds.

Even after picking there are other careful inspections each fruit must pass before I'll accept it. I size the fruit. And I grade it for beauty. Sometimes the fruit will be wind scarred. I won't accept it. Or sometimes it will have a bulge on the stem end that we call "sheep nose." I won't accept it. You can see I really mean it when I say I accept only **perfect** Royal Ruby Reds.

When I realized that the Royal Ruby Reds were the ultimate fruit, I decided to form a club and sell only to my club members. In this manner I can control my production to insure that nobody will be disappointed.

But before I ask you to join my club, I want you to sample my Royal Ruby Reds for yourself, at no cost to you whatsoever. Let me send you a box prepaid of 16 to 20 Royal Ruby Reds. Place four of them in your refrigerator until they are thoroughly cool. Then cut them in half and have your family sample this unusual fruit.



Here I am holding the four Royal Ruby Reds I want to send to you free for answering this advertisement.

You decide whether or not Royal Ruby Reds are everything I say. You determine whether or not eating a Royal Ruby Red is the fantastic taste experience I promise.

You decide. I'm confident that you and your family will want more of this superb fruit - and on a regular basis, too. If the four Royal Ruby Reds make you say "yes," then keep the remaining fruit. Otherwise return the unused fruit (at my expense) and you won't owe me a single penny.

But you are never going to know just how wonderful genuine Royal Ruby Reds are unless you place your order right quick.

This way you are sure to receive your package containing 16 or 20 Royal Ruby Reds for you and your family to sample. But since the supply is strictly limited it's important to place your order now.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

I'll put the bill for $9.95 for this first shipment on the top of the box. That's a saving of $5.00 off the regular price of $14.95. All delivery charges are prepaid by me. Remit only after my Ruby Reds have proved themselves, otherwise you don't owe a thing.

Now suppose you do like Royal Ruby Reds — suppose you **love** them — can you be sure of getting more?

You surely can. By saying "yes" to my first shipment you have the privilege of automatically joining my Winter Fruit Club. Please be assured **you pay nothing in advance.** But each month during the winter I'll ship you a pack of 16 to 20 orchard fresh, hand selected, hand picked Royal Ruby Reds.

Every Royal Ruby Red you receive will pass my tough tests. Each will weigh a pound or more. Safe delivery is guaranteed. This fruit is picked, packed and shipped each month, December through April.

You pay only after you have received each shipment. And you may skip or cancel any shipment, simply by telling me your wishes.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER

Call my toll-free number below, or send your name and address to me at the address below.

Remember it obligates you to nothing, except making a taste test of the best grapefruit that has ever been grown. And this taste test is on me!

Of course, as you can well imagine, when I say supplies are limited — I'm not kidding! There's just so many club members I can accept before I must close my membership this year.

So to taste this "miracle" grapefruit, and have the opportunity to savor it each month during the growing season, be sure to place your order at no obligation today.

CALL TOLL-FREE
800 + 531-5366

Frank Lewis - **FARMER**
108 North Tower Road
ALAMO, TEXAS 78516

Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "Blithe Spirit." (†)
Jan. 17-18: "The Soft Skin" (†) and "Knife *in* the Water." (†)
From Jan. 19: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "Wild Strawberries." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 12: "Pursued" (1947), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Teresa Wright and Robert Mitchum; and "The Enforcer" (1951), directed by Bretaigne Windust, with Humphrey Bogart.
Jan. 13-14: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 15-17: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Jan. 18-19: "Street Scene" (†) and "Winterset." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 11: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou; and "The North Star" (1943), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, and Walter Brennan.
Jan. 12: "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard; and "Remember the Night" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.
Jan. 13-14: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.
Jan. 15: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (†); and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Jan. 16: "Reveille with Beverly" (1943), directed by Charles Barton, with Ann Miller and Larry Parks; and "Sweetheart of the Campus" (1941), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Ruby Keeler, Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard, and Don Beddoe.
Jan. 17: "One More River" (†); and "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.
Jan. 18: "Shanghai Express" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, Anna May Wong, and Gustav von Seyffertitz; and "Blonde Venus." (†)
Jan. 19: "Sullivan's Travels" (†); and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Jaws" (1975), directed by Steven Spielberg, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "Car Wash" (1976), directed by Michael Schultz, with Franklyn Ajaye. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings" (1976), directed by John Badham, with Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: "There Was a Father" (1942), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, with Chishu Ryu; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at noon: "The Big Beat" (1958), directed by Will Cowan, with William Reynolds and Andra Martin. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Interlude" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk, with June Allyson and Rossano Brazzi. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5: "Slap Shot" (1977), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at noon: "Rock, Pretty Baby" (1956), directed by Richard Bartlett, with Sal Mineo, John Saxon, Luana Patten, and Rod McKuen. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Francoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at noon: "My Hands Are the Tools of My Soul" (1974), directed by Arthur Barron and Zina Voynow. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Man Without a Star" (1955), directed by King Vidor, with Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain, Claire Trevor, and Richard Boone. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: A program of films by David Haxton. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at noon: "My Hands Are the Tools of My Soul.". . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Side Street Story" (1951), in Italian, directed by Eduardo De Filippo, with Mr. De Filippo and Totò; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "In Memory of the Land and the People" (1977), directed by Robert Gates. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "Il Bell'Antonio" (1960), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, and Pierre Brasseur; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "La Viaccia" (1961), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale, and Pietro Germi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8:30: A film by Mauro Bolognini. (*A limited number of tickets are available, but only to* those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 15: "The Red Tapes" (1976), a videotape by Vito Acconci. Showings at noon and 3. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 17: "Life and Other Anxieties" (1977), directed by Ed Pincus and Steven Ascher. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Flaherty, Cornell, Logue, Eisenstein, Chaplin, Hanoun, and others. Showings Jan. 11-13 at 7 and 9; Jan. 14 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Jan. 15 at 8; and Jan. 17-19 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Battle of Chile" (1973-76), in Spanish, directed by Patricio Guzman; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Olympia; through Jan. 12.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (*Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.*) (Eastside Cinema.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

The Best Way—With Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal; directed by Claude Miller. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 15.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Noël Coward wrote this flippant, ectoplasmic comedy in 1941 to provide some relief for war-torn London; it was airy in the theatre then, but it sags more than a little in this arch David Lean version. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who, in order to gather material for a story, jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a séance. Inadvertently, he conjures up the ghost of his pouty, blond first wife (the husky-voiced Kay Hammond), and she ensconces herself in the home he now shares with his second wife (Constance Cummings), and flits about, making salacious comments. The novelist finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy." Margaret Rutherford plays Madame Arcati, the brisk, exuberant medium, who wears long woollen scarves, moves with a skating motion, and whoops clichés like a football coach: "Let's make it a real rouser!" she cries at the start of a séance. (Regency; Jan. 15-16.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as a detective, and Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

Boccaccio '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment *features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on* a gigantic poster, advertising milk; the skit is as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raffle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 18.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Cinema Village; Jan. 15-16.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (Cinema Village; Jan. 18-19.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Jan. 14.)

The Choirboys—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

The Clock (1945)—A sweetly charming, if maybe too irresistible, Second World War romance, featuring Judy Garland and Robert Walker. There's a very wet script—Robert Nathan spread his trembling sensitivities upon the already shaky story by Paul and Pauline Gallico—but fortunately the director, Vincente Minnelli, fills the edges with comic characters. (Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill are the most memorable.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

Dersu Uzala—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Baronet; starting Jan. 13.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 13.)

The Duellists—With Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel, directed by Ridley Scott. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 13.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 13.)

The Gauntlet—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, and Pat Hingle; directed by Mr. Eastwood. (Reviewed in this issue.) (U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Goodbye Girl—With Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason, directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 12.... ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 19, tentative.)

Harlan County, U.S.A. (1977)—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 15-17.)

Heart of Glass—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Quad Cinema.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Olympia; through Jan. 12.... ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 17.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. Brooks plays Dr. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist who is the new director of a Los Angeles asylum—the previous one having died suddenly. He leaves the "Spellbound" situation and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention and into locations that recall "Vertigo." There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

I Dood It (1943)—Red Skelton's best movie musical. (The direction is credited to Vincente Minnelli, but there is some doubt about whether he directed all of it.) It's a lavish M-G-M production, with a comedy-of-errors story about a pants presser who is mistaken for a millionaire, and it features Lena Horne and Eleanor Powell, and Hazel Scott at the piano in the extraordinarily intense "Jericho" number—which is in the hot, revivalist, jazzy style of twenties theatre. With Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 17.)

Iphigenia—With Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. In Greek. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

It's Always Fair Weather (1955)—Comden and Green's tart followup to "On the Town," with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd as three buddies who swear eternal friendship at war's end. At their reunion ten years later, they discover they hate each other and themselves, and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The movie compromises on some of its best ideas, but it's still a topnotch musical, full of exhilarating numbers, most notably Dan Dailey's Chaplinesque satire of "advertising-wise" jargon, brassy Dolores Gray singing "Thanks a Lot but No Thanks," and Cyd Charisse in a song and dance about Stillman's Gym. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Regency; Jan. 17-18.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 12.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Waverly.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Jan. 12.... ¶ 72nd Street East, and Playboy; starting Jan. 18.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 15-17.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.... ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 12.... ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 19, tentative.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

Oh, God!—George Burns as God, and John Denver as a supermarket assistant manager chosen to be a modern-day Moses. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 12.)

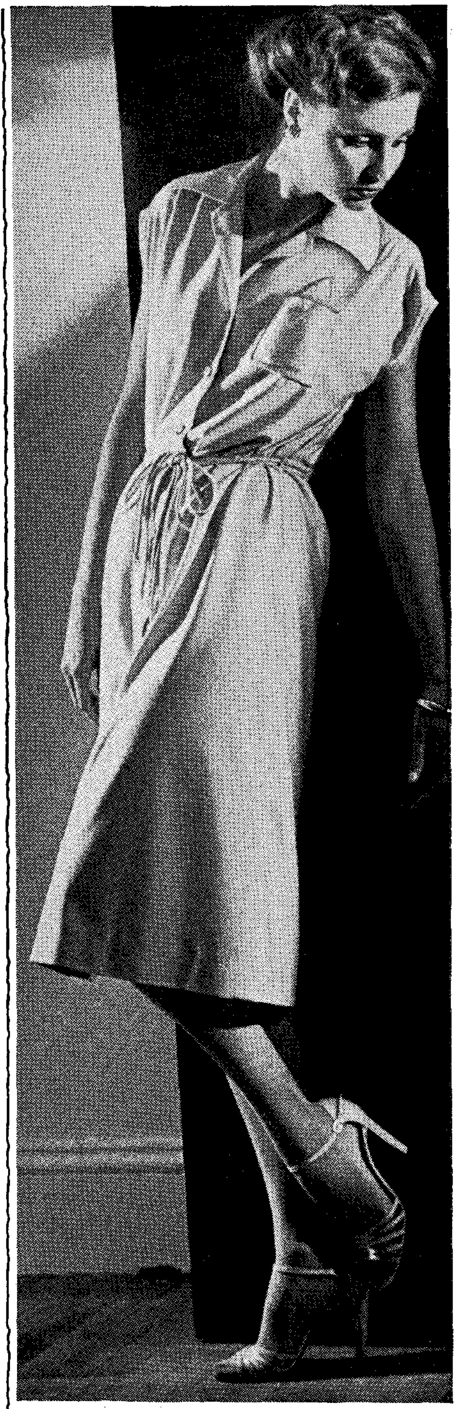
One More River (1934)—This rather tedious English courtroom drama was put together by lifting the divorce story of the Corvens out of Galsworthy's "One More River," using whole chunks of the original dialogue. Colin Clive is the sadistic husband, Diana Wynyard is boringly stately as the injured, honorable lady, and Frank Lawton seems too inconsequential and schoolboyish as the corespondent, but Mrs. Patrick Campbell turns up as Lady Mont and enlivens things a bit. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild. Previews through the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 16, with only a few seats available at the box office. The official opening will be that evening at 8.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art.... ¶ Gramercy, and New Yorker; starting Jan. 13.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman



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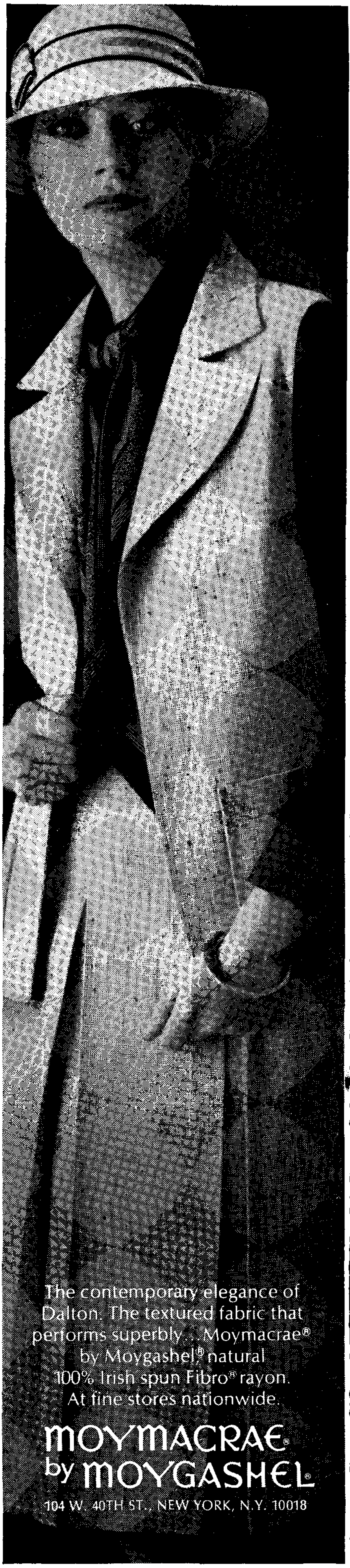
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 13-14.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann plays an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 13-14.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Cinema Village; Jan. 15-16.)

The Royal Family of Broadway (1930)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (co-directing with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. The film presents actors as childishly vain and narcissistic; as Cukor has said, "It represented what people at that time liked to believe about the theatre." The picture is stagebound and awkward, but good fun anyway. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully on screen (she did only once—in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"), but some of her legendary technique is in evidence. With Henrietta Crosman, as the family matriarch, Frank Conroy, Mary Brian, and the stodgy juvenile Charles Starrett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 15.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976 *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Baronet; through Jan. 12.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Its aura of magic, its modern erotic and psychological insights, and its ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with Death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Regency; starting Jan. 19.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

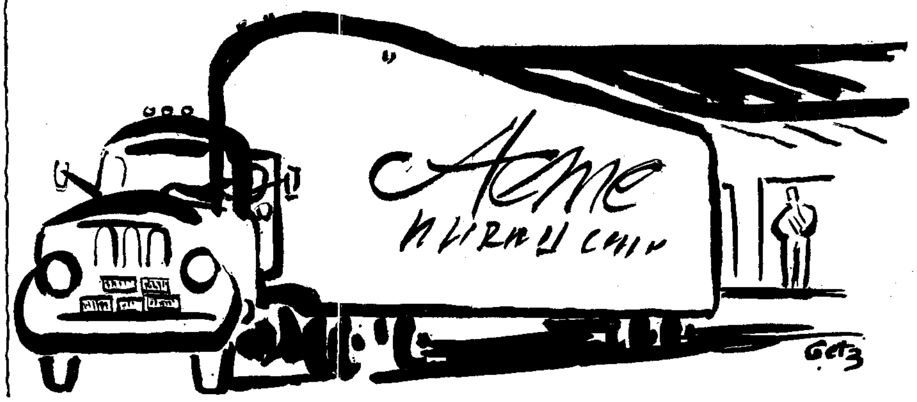
The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Regency; Jan. 17-18.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema. . . ¶ Gramercy, and New Yorker; through Jan. 12.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

Street Scene (1931)—Samuel Goldwyn, who had a high regard for dramatists, produced this remarkably faithful version of Elmer Rice's famous play, with the lovely and gifted young Sylvia Sidney, David Landau as the man who murders his wife (Estelle Taylor), and members of the original Broadway cast, including Beulah Bondi as the venomous old harpy. The intelligent direction is by King Vidor. (Thalia; Jan. 18-19.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower



depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19.)

TAXI DRIVER (1976)—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver, which is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from Underground." Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 14.)

TELEFON—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Ciné.)

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

THE TURNING POINT—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

WHICH WAY IS UP?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Regency; starting Jan. 19.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Maxwell Anderson's most famous verse drama—a blend of "Romeo and Juliet" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case—was widely held to be the supremely eloquent last word on the unconquerable soul of man. Burgess Meredith, who mastered the cadences for Broadway, made his first screen appearance as Mio, giving fine voice and excellent interpretation to the soaring banalities that one might—in a romantic mood—mistake for poetry. Even with Anderson's poetics slightly trimmed by the adapter, Anthony Veiller, the play is still in a grand manner that just won't do on the screen. But there are fine moments in the performances, and there's something childishly touching in the florid dramatic effects. With Edward Ellis as Judge Gaunt, Margo as Miriamne, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock Estrella, Stanley Ridges as Shadow, Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras, Paul Guilfoyle as Garth Esdras. It's a clue to Anderson's popularity at the time that the actors have been forever identified with the characters they play here. Directed by Alfred Santell. (Thalia; Jan. 18-19.)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER—Gene Wilder's slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises to sophomoric humor—it's infantile humor, for young, slow kids, who want everything pounded at them. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. Script by Wilder, with a "thank you" credit to Fellini (for the use of part of the plot of "The White Sheik"). (Murray Hill, and Beekman.... ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Wednesdays, Jan. 11 and 18.)

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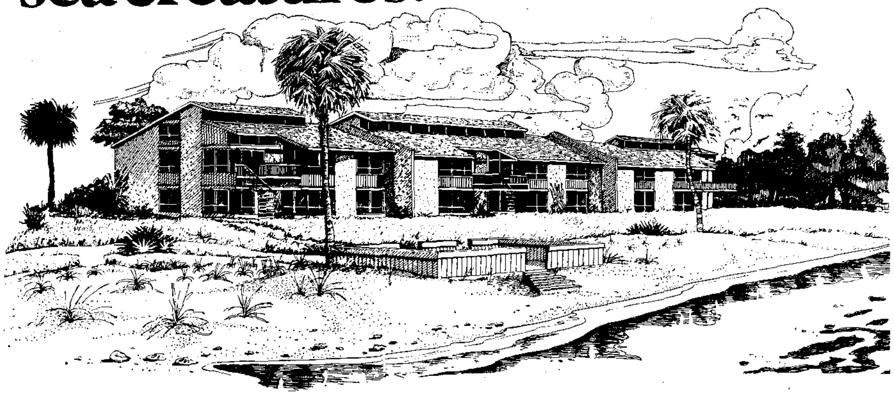

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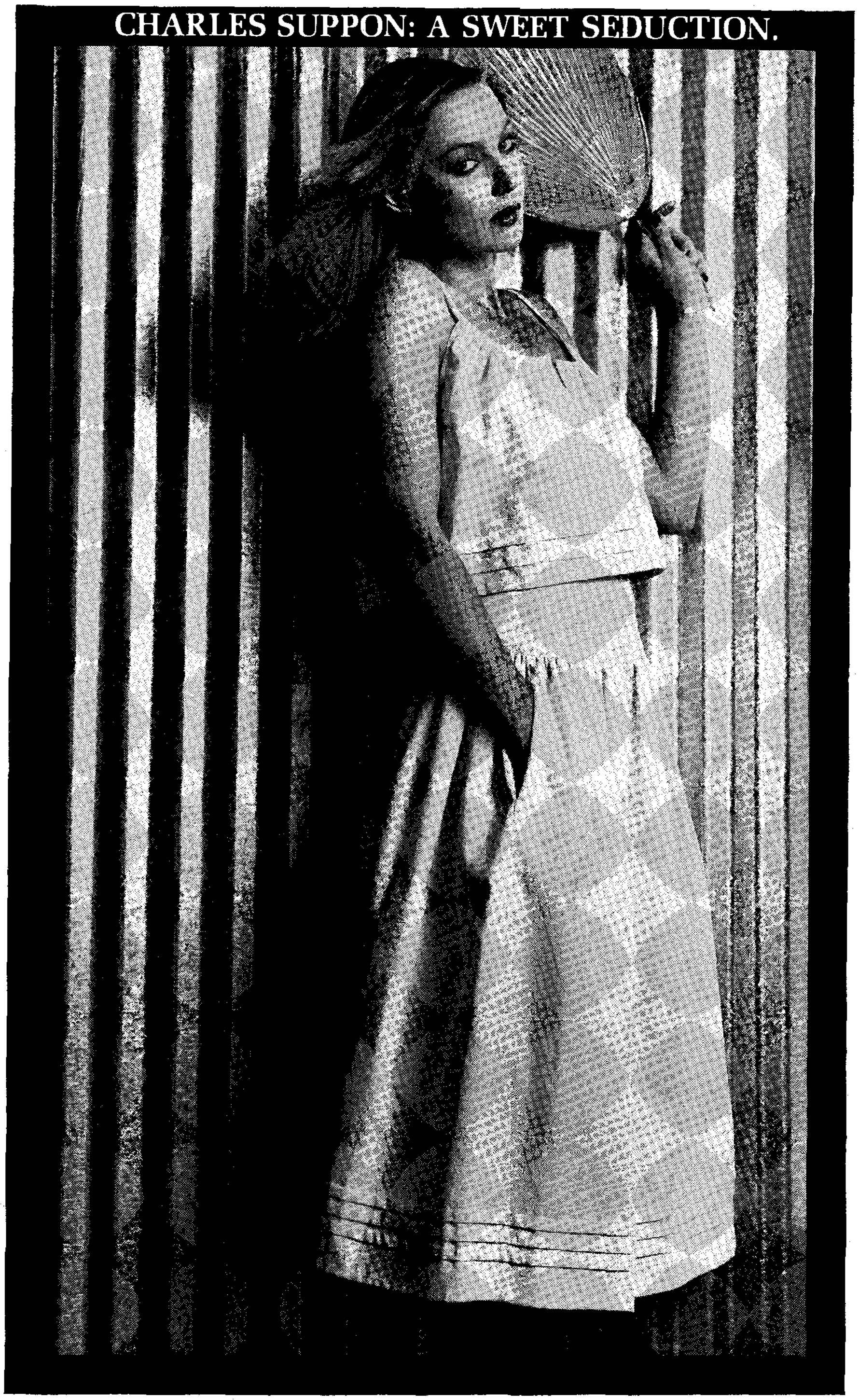
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have a letter from an excitable young woman we know:

I've just returned from a party given to celebrate the publication of a book, edited by Linda Rosen Obst, that is called "The Sixties." The subtitle is "The Decade Remembered Now, By the People Who Lived It Then." I took a look at it. It's a great book—especially if you only look at the pictures. My favorite picture is one with Muhammad Ali holding Ringo Starr aloft in his arms as if he—Muhammad Ali—were a butcher and Ringo Starr were a leg of mutton. The other Beatles are in the picture, too. My favorite article, by Wavy Gravy, is on the Woodstock music festival. It made me glad I wasn't there—particularly since I didn't want to go. My favorite title for an article in the book is "Dylan Goes Electric." To that I would like to say, "Yes, and thousands cheered." But here's the thing about the party for the book. It was held in a sort of high-toned discothèque called New York, New York. I heard many people say that this was a huge irony, because when you think of what the sixties meant and what discothèques mean you reach the conclusion that the sixties and discothèques are horses of such different colors. But actually I thought that the people who gave the party (Random House) provided some nice sixties touches. For one thing, there was a full bar and you didn't have to pay for any of the drinks you ordered. For another, there wasn't anybody to take your coat and you had to plop it down in an alcove that was reserved for coats, so there were all these coats in an alcove and if you had a particular nice and favorite coat you just had to leave it and trust that no one would take it. I thought that the leave-it-and-trust part was very sixties. For another thing, they played "Purple Haze" at least once. In fact, they played many songs by groups from the sixties, but not many people danced to them. There were about three hundred people at the party, and I saw six people dancing to "Sympathy for the Devil." When it was followed by "Love Is the Message," a disco song by the MFSB Orchestra, the whole dance floor got very crowded. I also heard a group of people talking about Punk Rock and New Wave music, and they talked about it as if it were really important, but I couldn't figure out if Punk Rock and New Wave were the same thing or two completely different things. Anyway, one man said he liked the energy in New Wave music, even though the politics of New Wave music was offensive. I am sure that in years to come he will write an article about New Wave music that has as stop-the-presses a title as "Dylan Goes Electric." Later, a woman told me that all those people talking about Punk Rock and New Wave were rock-and-roll critics. She said, "Do you know how Mick Jagger said that he didn't want to be forty-five and singing 'Satisfaction'? Well, worse than that is being forty-five and writing about Mick Jagger singing 'Satisfaction.' " I laughed. That is the only funny thing I heard anyone say at the party the whole evening.

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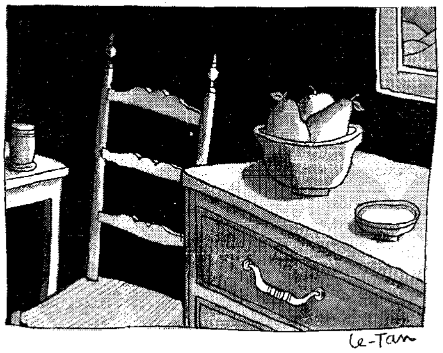
New Mayor

A CRISP and cold New Year's morning. The temperature was twenty-eight degrees, and twelve-mile-an-hour gusts were coming from the northeast when we arrived at City Hall Plaza for the inauguration of the one-hundred-and-fifth administration of the City of New York. Mayor Edward I. Koch, of Manhattan, is carrying on a line that began in 1665, when Thomas Willett assumed the mayoralty of the former Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. Also to be formally sworn in that morning were City Council President Carol Bellamy, who is the first woman ever elected to citywide office, and Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, who is the only citywide-office holdover from the 1973 elections and the one-hundred-and-fourth city administration. A platform draped in bunting had been set up at the base of the City Hall steps. Facing the platform, and surrounding it on three sides, were hundreds of wooden folding chairs aligned in rows over the breadth of what on more routine days serves as the City Hall parking lot. Eventually, these chairs and a standing-room area behind them were filled by about twenty-three hundred spectators—the consensus approximation of several City Hall reporters we joined at a vantage point they had staked out at the base of the westernmost column of the building's portico. Also in place by that time were the musicians of the forty-five-piece Seuffert Band and the singers of the All-City High School Chorus, huddled together for warmth on the easternmost reaches of the steps.



A question that was debated by the reporters as they marked early arrivals among the spectators (prominent in the first row of folding chairs was former Representative Bella Abzug, who has already announced her candidacy for the congressional seat given up by the new mayor; and several rows farther back was Mario Cuomo, New York's Secretary of State, who was the principal contender defeated by Koch last November) was how best to describe the skies overhead. "Lowering," one reporter said. Another proposed "leaden." "Both clichés," said a man from the *Times*. "Think I'll just stick with ‘overcast.’ ” A few minutes later, the question was settled by the new mayor himself. “A day like this,” he said in an ad-lib prologue to his prepared text, “is like the City of New York—gray but a little sun shining through—and that’s a good portent.”

By our watch, it was eleven-thirty-four when the Seuffert Band struck up “N.Y.C.”—the tune, from the musical comedy “Annie,” that Mr. Koch had adopted as his campaign song—and the procession of past and present municipal and state officials marched out of the City Hall entrance and onto the platform. A slight confusion about who would sit where was resolved by the new mayor—who, according to custom, had been sworn in officially shortly before midnight—and the first row on the platform was occupied expeditiously on Mayor Koch’s left by Governor Hugh Carey; Louis and Rose Koch, the new mayor’s parents; Ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young; former Mayors Abraham Beame, John Lindsay, and Robert Wagner; and City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite. Prominent among the officials seated to the new mayor’s right were Miss Bellamy, Mr. Goldin, Senator Patrick Moynihan, Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, and State Comptroller Arthur Levitt.

Bess Myerson, the former City Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, former Miss America, and former co-chairman of Mr. Koch’s campaign, who was now serving as a kind of master of ceremonies, brought the proceedings to order at eleven-thirty-six, only six minutes behind schedule, and then sat down at Mr. Koch’s immediate right. The speeches that soon followed were relatively brief. The *Times*, which often keeps such a box score, later reported that the new mayor was interrupted twice by applause, while Miss Bellamy was honored with four interruptions and Mr. Goldin was unapplauded until his concluding promise to work toward a termination of the city fiscal crisis: “Whatever must be done, we will do. Whatever must be ended, we will end. Whatever must be changed, we will change. Whatever must be paid, we will pay.”

In retrospect, we were struck by the way the proceedings lent themselves to tripartite organization. Interspersing the three formal oaths (administered by three different judges) were the three customary religious representations, with the invocation delivered by Rabbi Arthur Schneier, of the Park East Synagogue; the benediction by the Most Reverend James P. Mahoney, Auxiliary Bishop of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese; and a scripture reading by the Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., the Episcopal Bishop of New York. The poet John Ashbery read three works, by Marianne Moore, James Schuyler, and Paul Goodman, celebrating, respectively, the Brooklyn Bridge, Rockefeller Center, and the Hudson River. Even the demonstrators manifested themselves by threes: a small group of anti-abortion pickets took up stations on Park Row; a group of lesbian-rights and gay-rights activists were restricted to Broadway; and several shouters on behalf of improved wages for city employees managed to slip by the ushers on both sides but were removed, without force, after a momentary interruption of the new mayor’s speech.

Then, after the ceremony (which lasted exactly an hour, concluding with the Seuffert Band’s rendition of a selection from Handel’s “Water Music”), there were three receptions to attend inside City Hall. Council President Bellamy, in her new chambers on the first floor of the east wing, served cider and sugared pastries; in the Council chamber overhead, Comptroller Goldin’s guests breakfasted on cheese omelettes; and in the west-wing Blue Room the entrée was hot potato-and-pea soup. “My idea,” the new mayor pointed out.

We stayed on in the Blue Room long enough to enjoy the potato-and-pea soup and to watch reporters attempt, without much success, to induce Mayor Koch to disclose a few of his plans. “I don’t want to spell anything out right now,” he said. “And I particularly don’t want to pass judgment on anything that previous administrations have done.”

“Is there anything you will commit yourself to doing today?” a reporter asked.

“Why, yes,” said Mayor Koch, passing up the offer of a cup of his own soup. “I’m going to get started losing the nine pounds I’ve put on since the end of the campaign.”

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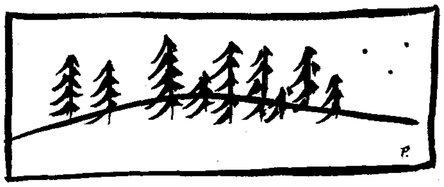
THE rule in political haberdashery seems to be “Less is more,” especially when the temperature sinks below freezing. Looking down on the inauguration dais from the City Hall steps, we were able to divide the honored guests into three distinct categories. First, there were the Spartan, no-coat-no-hat people. They included Mayor Koch, elegant in a navy pin-striped suit, a white shirt, and a red silk tie; Carol Bellamy, in a sleek black wool suit and a plum cowl-neck sweater; John Ashbery, in gray flannel; an unidentified photographer, in a light-blue three-piece suit and an open-necked sports shirt; Rabbi Schneier, who wore a dark-blue suit; and Bishop Moore, who walked to the microphone wearing a dark-navy suit, a purple clerical shirt, and a round white collar. (The Bishop moved down a notch when he put on a beige raincoat after his scripture reading.) The second group—hatless-but-overcoated—included Bess Myerson, stunning in a powder-blue Ultrasuede coat and skirt; Bishop Mahoney, in a loose black coat; Governor Carey, former Mayor Beame, and Comptroller Goldin, all in formal, fitted dark overcoats; Senator Moynihan, in a flowing, rumpled gray mantle; and Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo, in black-and-gray tweed. In Category Three—play-it-safe-with-both-hat-and-overcoat—were former Mayor Lindsay (who had appeared hatless at his own inaugurations) and former Mayor Wagner (who had avoided the entire issue by taking the oath of office indoors); Attorney General Lefkowitz, in a jaunty gray tweed touring cap; and Bella Abzug, barely visible under a broad-brimmed eggplant velour. Most of the women present wore the latest in knee-high leather boots, but we didn’t see a mink in the crowd. The most visible fur was beaver on the lapels of former Mayor Wagner’s black overcoat.

To our way of thinking, the prizes for imaginative dressing should be equally divided between Phillip Trimble, the new Counsel to the Mayor, and Henry Geldzahler, the new Cultural Affairs Commissioner. Mr. Trimble wore a battered red nylon down jacket (which he had used on the 1976 Mount Everest expedition) over a pepper-and-salt suit. Mr. Geldzahler wore a black pin-striped suit, an electric-blue bow tie, a white shirt, and orange-and-blue snow boots with crêpe soles.



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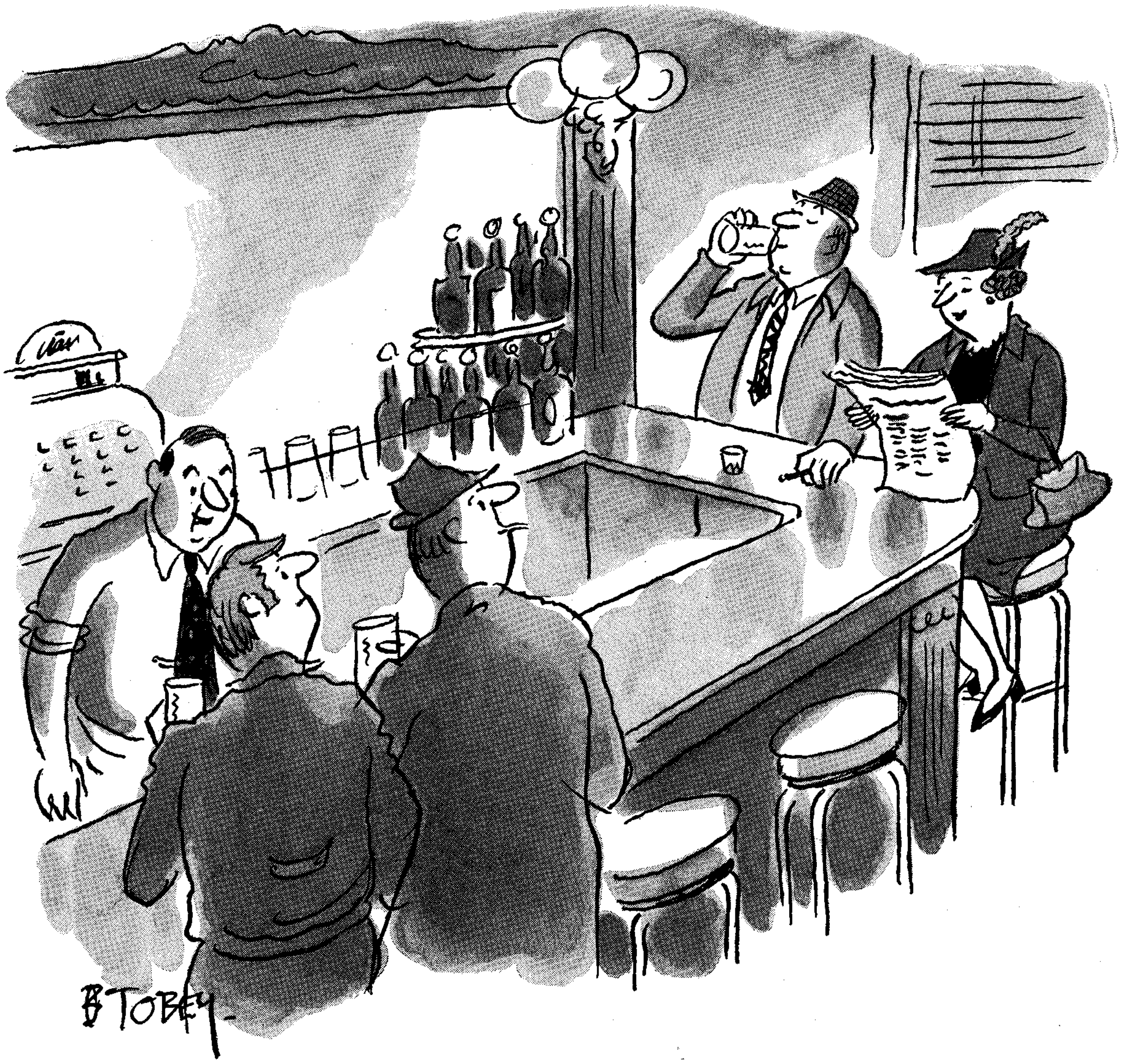
AT a quarter to two, we climbed aboard a blue city bus that had been assigned to transport the press corps to five borough receptions being held for the new mayor. Seated near



"What a wife! Night after night, she sits there and reads the sports page to him."

the driver was Transit Authority Surface Line Dispatcher John Barberi, a pleasant gray-haired man, who explained that the vehicle was reserved for V.I.P. use. "The unique thing about this bus is that it hasn't got a fare box," he said. "Also, it has upholstery in the center of the seats like the culture buses. Everything else is standard." Mr. Barberi introduced us to the driver, Eugene Duffy—a young man with a mustache, who had been taken right from the regular holiday duty list.

"No overtime unless we break down," said Mr. Barberi.

"I drive No. B10 out of the East New York Depot," said Mr. Duffy. "The route goes through Williamsburg, Bushwick, Bed-Stuy, and Crown Heights. If you can handle that, you can handle anything."

"I scouted the route yesterday in my car," said Mr. Barberi, "and I figure we'll cover about eighty miles."

At two o'clock, with a small group of press people on board (many of the newspaper and television reporters were driving their own cars), our bus hitched on to the end of a ten-car motorcade that was being shepherded by two police cars. As we headed up the F.D.R. Drive on the way to Queens, the bus fell behind, because private cars kept cutting in front of it. When we turned off the drive at Thirty-fourth Street, the entire motorcade was parked along the curb waiting for the bus to catch up. People were walking toward us along the sidewalk; seconds later, Duffy opened the bus door to admit Mayor Koch, City Council President Bellamy, Comptroller Goldin, Deputy Mayor Badillo, Bess Myerson, and a phalanx of reporters and photographers. "I'm very unaccustomed to limousines," said the Mayor, sitting down at the front of the bus. "Fancy cars make me nervous. Besides, as long as I'm in the bus it can't get lost."

The motorcade resumed with ten cars behind the bus. Comptroller Goldin, who had taken the seat next to the Mayor, said of the Mayor's speech, "Ed, I really liked that phrase 'Come East, young man.' "

"That's going to be the new slogan of this administration," said Miss Myerson.

"Who's paying?" asked the Mayor as the bus paused beside a startled toll collector at the Queens end of the tunnel.

"That would be like the city paying itself," said Mr. Goldin.

"I believe it's called a wash," said the Mayor.

Nothing was paid by anyone.

In Queens, Mr. Koch made two stops at Project Studios One, which is a work center for contemporary artists. The first was in a crowded ground-floor room that contained rows of people in wheelchairs and a red-robed choir singing "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore," and the second was upstairs in an art gallery overflowing with community activists. "I'm especially glad that the handicapped were not shut out," the Mayor told the wheelchair group. "This is a unique institution—a former public school, vacant ten years, that has been transformed into galleries and studios for community artists. What it stands for makes it the proper place from which to start my borough visits." Upstairs, he said, "We are embarked on a long and extraordinary journey to make New York City once again the first city in the world. To do this, I need your help and your prayers."

At the next three stops—the Bronx Museum of the Arts, at three-twenty; the Public Theatre, in Manhattan, at four-twenty-five; and the Snug Harbor Cultural Center, on Staten Island, at five-thirty—the agenda was roughly the same. At each one, the borough president introduced the Mayor and put in a discreet plug for more aid to his constituents. There were multiple benedictions—Bishop Francis J. Mugavero had given the one in Queens, and it was the Reverend Wendell Foster in the Bronx, Archbishop Torkom Manoogian in Manhattan, and Father Geoffrey R. M. Skrinar on Staten Island—followed by a brief speech from the Mayor. (Sample: "Let me tell you why I love the Bronx. I was *born* in the Bronx. It's a great borough, and we're going to bring back that greatness that, over the years, has been permitted to, er, diminish. I make no promises that miracles will occur, but we will employ the resources we have for the best uses of the people, and not for the uses of the specific interests.") Then Mr. Koch introduced Miss Bellamy and Mr. Goldin. (Sample Bellamy: "If this city is to survive, it will be as a partnership. Join with me and I will join with you to make New York the paramount city it was once again." Sample Goldin: "Government is a mixture of substance and symbolism. There is great symbolism in this room, showing how we can renew and make vital something that was sterile and cold.") They were succeeded by the particular deputy mayors who had political clout in the area. There were a couple of demonstrations—a vehement gay-rights group in front of the Public Theatre, for instance—but Mr. Koch weathered verbal abuse with the cheerful aplomb that has become his trademark. "People ask me 'Aren't you frightened of the tremendous responsibility of being Mayor of New York?' " he said to the gay-rights activists. "I say 'What do you want? A hysterical mayor?' "

As the bus left the Public Theatre, Richard Lukins, the organizer of the borough receptions, handed Mr. Koch a briefing paper for Staten Island and asked, "How do you like things so far?"

"It's terrific!" said the Mayor, with a grin that turned his eyes to slits. "Could we do it again?"

"In about four years," said Mr. Lukins.

Somewhat later, while the bus was crossing the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge on the way to Brooklyn, we asked the Mayor to sum up his feelings about his new job.

"Public service, if it's done really well, is the most exciting and rewarding profession in the world," he said. "There is going to be a whole new housecleaning at City Hall. Not only in people but in ideas and concepts. Seth Low and Fiorello LaGuardia were the best mayors New York has ever had, and I would hope to be as much like them as possible. Of course, I expect criticism. If people aren't yelling and screaming at me when I start work, I'm not doing my job. But this time next year I want people to say 'It wasn't just hyperbole. He really meant it when he said he was going to change things.' Every area in this town is contaminated by special interests, and the pressure they can apply is tremendous. I don't want them to dominate their areas of government. I want to undominate the system. Look at my appointments—there's not a clinker or a political favor in the lot. I'm not promising miracles, but I think we can bring about a genuine improvement in the quality of city life—a better delivery of services and a better perception of government. Now a great many people perceive government as the enemy. But I want them to say, 'That's *us* up there. That's *us*.' "

The crowd waiting for the Mayor in the Auditorium Court of the Brooklyn Museum was large, well organized, and predominantly hostile. Most of its members were protesting the recent acquittal of a white policeman who had shot and killed a young black boy. When Borough President Howard Golden conducted Mr. Koch to a central platform and said, "Let's give the Mayor a real Brooklyn welcome," the room erupted in a frenzy of boos, cheers, shouts, and whistles. Thirty-odd demonstrators waving placards surged forward to the edge of the platform, causing uniformed policemen to stiffen and police officials in raincoats to murmur into their walkie-talkies.

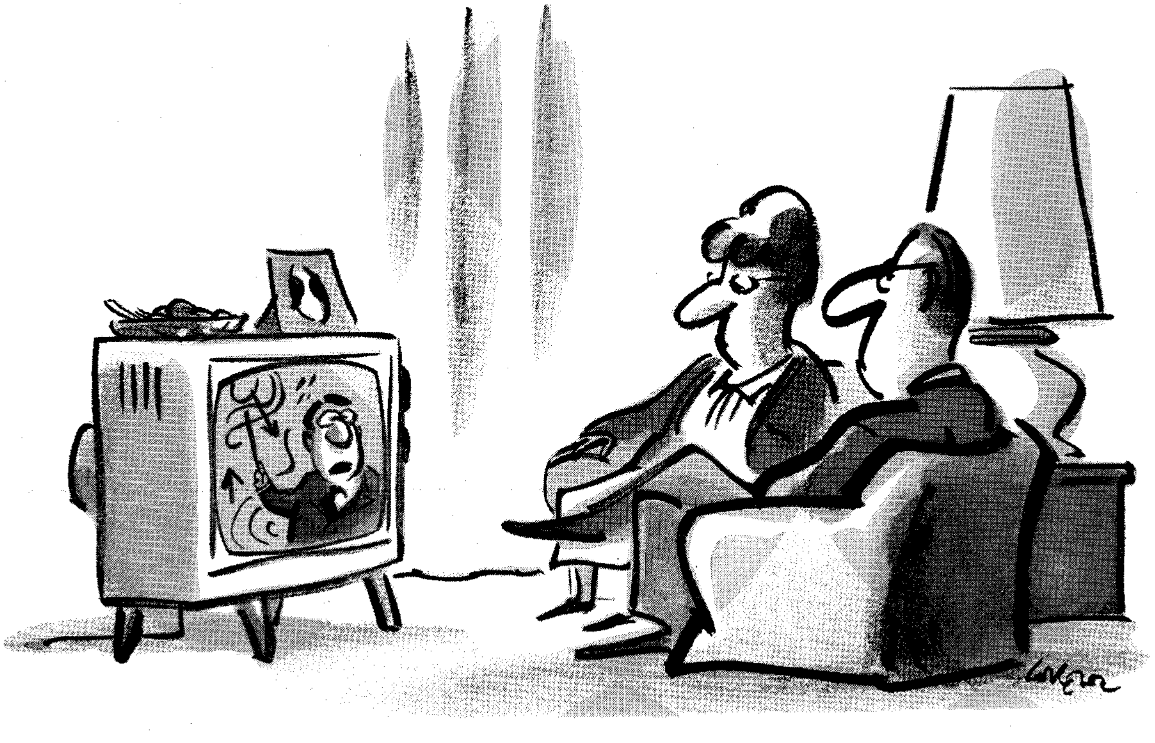
Mr. Koch stood his ground at the microphone and looked out at the demonstrators. "You have a mayor who cannot and will not be intimidated," he said, "and it would appear that those who have had an opportunity to make clear their grievances should now give us an opportunity to speak."

"Speak to the issue!" called a voice from the back of the room.

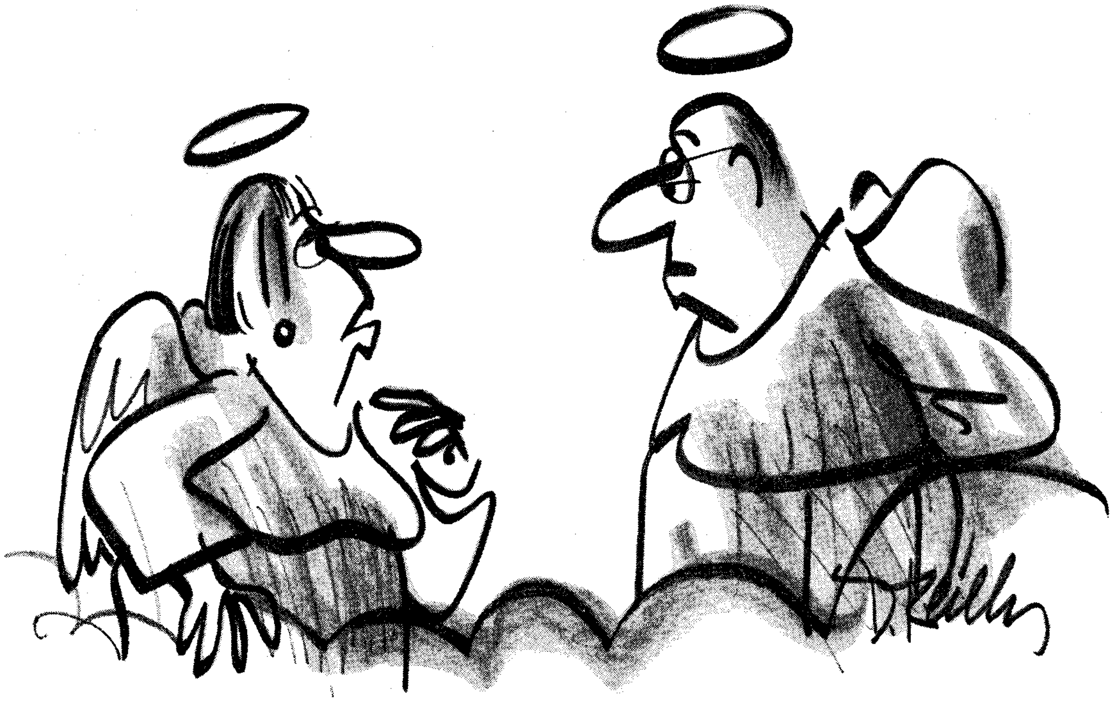
"I am committed to ending discrimination in this town, and for that I will need everybody's help," said the Mayor. "I urge you to prepare a memorandum on your demands."

A young, bearded black minister leaped onto the platform, grabbed the microphone, and asked the Mayor if he would agree to see a delegation.

"I appreciate your willingness to have the matter discussed in a



"The local forecast calls for dropping temperatures, snow flurries, and a few loud bangs off the coast of New Jersey."



"I must say I find it somewhat difficult to adjust here. I was always a very physical person."

"rational manner," said Mr. Koch.

"The Mayor's on record that he will see a delegation!" shouted the minister. "I suggest we take him up on this and let him make his speech. We'll see him—when?"

"In the next ten days," said Mr. Koch. "Give me a reasonable time."

"O.K., let's hear it for the Mayor!" said the minister.

Applause filled the room, and the political ritual continued, ending with a benediction by Rabbi Yakov Bronner. When it was over, Mr. Koch and a comet's tail of police, reporters, politicians, and museum staff headed downstairs to cut a cake and call it a day.

"How'd we do?" the Mayor asked Deputy Mayor Badillo as they walked past glass cases filled with Andean artifacts and Costa Rican pottery on their way out of the museum.

"O.K.," said Badillo. "Just make sure that somebody sets up that appointment."

"We've agreed to meet with a responsible group and find out what the complaints are," the Mayor said rhetorically, and in a patient tone. "Isn't that intelligent? Isn't that reasonable?"

A detective pushed the front door open, and Mr. Koch turned to smile and wave at his entourage. "Bye-bye," he said, and he disappeared into whirling snow. For the trip back to Manhattan, and Gracie Mansion, he took a blue city sedan.

Ninety

FRANCES STELOFF, the founder of the Gotham Book Mart, has been a New York City bookseller for seventy years—ever since the management of Loeser's department store, in Brooklyn, transferred her from the corset department to the gift-editions table at the time of the Christmas rush of 1907. During the final hours of 1977, there was a noisy party in the Gallery, on the second floor of the G.B.M., on West Forty-seventh Street, to celebrate both Miss Steloff's professional anniversary and an equally remarkable personal one: on December 31st she turned ninety. (That day, an ad appeared on the bottom of the front page of the *Times:* "FRANCES STELOFF—Happy 90th Birthday from the Gotham Book Mart staff.") The current show at the Gallery, the last pieces of which were tacked into place just minutes before the party began, is devoted to Frances Steloff, and is crammed with fascinating G.B.M. memorabilia, including the famous "We Moderns" G.B.M. catalogue of 1940, which really established the Gotham for all time as the store with the most complete stock of twentieth-century writers (the catalogue is now a collector's item and sells for as much as $12.50), a Christmas, 1951, telegram from Edith and Osbert Sitwell on a Western Union "Holiday Greeting" form, and a framed tribute to Frances Steloff from James Dickey ("I would not have existed as a writer or as a man without you"). Several hundred people crammed into the Gallery to pay tribute to Miss Steloff, who was wearing a bright-yellow silk blouse and, when we arrived, was cutting an enormous birthday cake (yellow sponge cake with chocolate-butter-cream filling) in the shape of an open book, made by Dumas, the fancy French bakers on the upper East Side—a cake so big that G.B.M. staffers had trouble getting it down to the shop, because it just about completely filled the back seat of a taxi. Patricia Brooks, the opera singer, whose father, Jerome, was one of Frances Steloff's fellow-clerks at Brentano's in 1915, was there, and so were Marian Seldes, the actress, who got down on her knees in front of Miss Steloff (briefly, for Miss Steloff made her get right up again); a carload of friends from Saratoga Springs, Miss Steloff's home town, including Miriam Benkovitz, a recently retired professor of English literature at Skidmore College (Skidmore made Miss Steloff a Doctor of Humane Letters in 1967); William York Tindall, the Joyce scholar (the James Joyce Society still holds quarterly meetings at the G.B.M.); the actor Kevin McCarthy; the author and artist Edward Gorey; and Andreas Brown, the bibliographer and expert rare-book appraiser, who bought the Gotham from Miss Steloff ten years ago. The Gotham is itself fifty-eight years old now, and has been doing business on Forty-seventh between Fifth and Sixth for fifty-four of those years. Since 1945, the block has become the center of the diamond business in New York. When Miss Steloff moved there—she has lived ever since over the shop, in an apartment with a terrace and two cats (she goes downstairs to the shop every afternoon to run the philosophy-and-religion department, which has a stock of several thousand books)—it was almost entirely a residential block: brownstones with high stoops and, on the south side of the street, little front lawns. The milkman and the iceman came by every day. Mr. Brown said that business at the Gotham has con-

"Carolyn, je t'aime."

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tinued to be good since he took over the shop, even though the area right around West Forty-seventh now has almost as many bookstores (the Classic Bookshop, the new Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, an expanded Brentano's) as the G.B.M. block has diamond merchants. Governor Carey sent a two-page telegram that said, in part, "THE GOTHAM BOOK MART HAS BEEN OF INESTIMABLE SERVICE TO MANY. JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO, MY SPEECHWRITER TURNED TO THE GOTHAM TO FIND TWO BOOKS ON GOVERNOR AL SMITH THAT HAD APPARENTLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. HE FOUND THEM AT YOUR BOOKSTORE. . . . IF AMERICANS WERE TO ADOPT THE JAPANESE IDEA OF IDENTIFYING 'NATIONAL TREASURES,' THE GOTHAM BOOK MART WOULD HAVE TO BE NUMBERED AMONG OURS. . . . I COULD GO ON, BUT . . . HAPPY BIRTHDAY. MAY YOU ENJOY MANY MORE." Miss Steloff also got a telegram from Kay Steele, who had been her assistant back before the Second World War and is now living up in Massachusetts and looking after grandchildren.

Just after New Year's, when we stopped by the G.B.M. for a quieter chat with Miss Steloff (it turned out to be the day before she took off for California for a vacation), we asked Philip Lyman, who has been the manager of the shop since 1967, about the Governor's quest for the Al Smith books. He said he remembered it only as a routine order. The caller hadn't identified himself as being from the Governor's office, and Mr. Lyman had simply gone and got the books, which he remembered having seen not long before. "We were just lucky enough to have them," he said.

Miss Steloff, who had been looking through her correspondence, told us she had just been reading a letter from a woman in Johannesburg to whom she had recently mailed some books. The woman was so delighted to get what she wanted—some out-of-print books—that she had written back, "I do believe that if I asked you for books published B.C. you could find them for me."

"That's very rewarding," said Miss Steloff, who looks about two-thirds of her age. "I don't know why, but I've always had this delight in having the book my customer is looking for. Maybe that's a selfish tendency, a greedy tendency—I leave it to you to figure out. It means so much if a person has come out of his way to my store—and even when we started, people always had to pass several good bookstores to reach my shop. Dutton had an elegant bookstore near here; Putnam's had an almost elegant store. It's a very personal thing with me, to be able to share my precious books. And it's so important to build good will—you can't stay in business long enough to share wonderful books unless you do. Service is the only thing that has made this shop any different from any other shop. And I was always so anxious to learn, and so grateful to anybody who would help me. The only thing that's changed for me in the last ten years is that I don't rush anymore, I don't have deadlines anymore. A great blessing. I can feed the cats and go back to bed and read. Oh, that is precious! I used to have a rule never to start a book till I had finished another one. Now I go to bed with three. Oh, I break rules! White-haired men come in and tell me that when they were seventeen they would come into the shop on Saturdays, because they were never hurried, never questioned, never made to buy anything. How could I hurry them? I just loved to see young people going in the right direction. The only thing worthwhile when you get older is watching other people grow. I sometimes think, What effect would the Gotham have if I started it today? Then I think, Probably the same effect. It's got to be that way. If we knew the truth about each other, it would be very easy to be kind to each other. I used to think that if I had a million dollars I would buy an old hotel and make it a residence for young people—in which they could have experiences of music, lectures, food—that would show them the beautiful and the normal. But I never had a million, so I had to do things in bits and pieces in a book shop. One thing I always did when I hired new assistants was quote them my favorite line from William Carlos Williams: 'The difference between a palooka and a trained fighter is form, nothing but form.' "

SECRETS

THERE are four of us at the barbecue, two married couples. Eric, who is married to my younger sister, Lauren, and in charge of the chicken, accidentally tips a plateful of white meat into the grass. Eight pieces lie there, skin side down, and we stare at the patches of grass streaked red with barbecue sauce, all of us momentarily horrified and unable to move. Then Eric takes the garden hose and rinses each piece off delicately, with a fine spray of water.

Lauren frowns. She seems to be about to say something, but then walks off to the house. Her rubber thongs slap sharply against her feet. She is sweet-faced and small, and might almost be mistaken for a child. She unwittingly invites kisses on the forehead, pats on the cheek. People smile at her while she is speaking to them and often do not take the things she says seriously. I have seen it happen many times, seen her kept back by the illusion of innocence that surrounds her like a second skin. Although I don't radiate the particular charm that Lauren seems to, or affect people in quite the same way, I am also small and young-looking, and able to sympathize with her.

Eric takes Lauren seriously. They have been married for four years, nearly twice as long as William and I, and I have always understood them to be well matched in their tranquil, easy way. They live here in this rented house, in a small Vermont town, at a nice distance from their families. Eric is serene and soft-voiced. He designs and builds tables, chairs, and lamps, though most of his income is from his part-time job in a lumber store, where he sells two-by-fours and cans of varnish and paint, and dispenses advice to amateur craftsmen. He was once, in another life, a business major at Syracuse, a fact which I can hardly believe. The way Eric tells it, one night, despairing of the unimaginative, middle-class ordering of his life, he called his father and summoned him to a meeting. He booked a room for the two of them at a Holiday Inn and the following evening spent hours explaining why he was switching his major from business to forestry. Afterward, he and his father got amiably drunk on six cans of beer apiece, and threw rolls of toilet paper and bedding into the snow outside their window, though the next morning at checkout time his father went back to Connecticut with, as he'd put it, "a heavy heart."

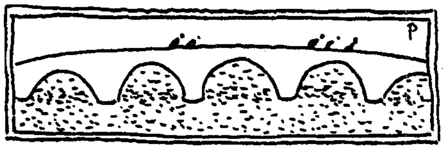
My husband and I live in New York City. William is a lawyer, often restless and disappointed in his work, and he likes to hear Eric tell this story. Of all the people I care about deeply, William likes only Lauren and Eric. I believe this is because they are as determinedly rural as is possible for them. They carefully tend to their garden and show off their vegetables like new parents, discussing size and color and shape with great solemnity. They drive two and a half hours to the nearest movie and even farther to a department store. Several towns away there is candlepin bowling, which they play infrequently. And there is the one-room library where Lauren works.

Twice a week, Eric receives chemotherapy treatments for the small tumors that have appeared periodically on one leg and foot since the year before their marriage. He and my sister live with this uncertainty patiently, without rage, though I don't know if they have always been this way; I only know what I see on my visits.

Eric's father owns a chain of bath shops that sell expensive fixtures, towels, and shower curtains. He has a good deal of money, some of which he sends monthly to Lauren and Eric. At the beginning of their marriage, when the checks were uncomfortably large, Eric wrote emotional letters explaining why they would have to send them back. Soon his letters turned polite, and then they stopped altogether. Lauren and Eric put the checks in a special account from which they never draw, though they plan to someday buy land with it. Eric's illness has been woven into the fabric of their days. Except for the checks, their life together seems uncomplicated and untainted.

THE barbecue is not going well. A sudden breeze blows smoke in Eric's eyes and he, too, retreats into the house, coughing and limping slightly, as if he had turned an ankle. William and I take over while he recovers from the smoke. From inside the house there is shouting. I am put off balance by the raised voices of people always so gentle.

When the chicken is finally done, we decide to bring it indoors and eat in the kitchen, away from the mosquitoes. We eat by candlelight, on dishes of assorted patterns, no two of which are the same. Lauren begins to apologize for the variety, but Eric says, "What are you apologizing for?," and quickly Lauren stumbles from the room, banging her chair against a cabinet door.



From the yard the singing of summer insects lulls us into an awkward peace. Lauren returns for dessert, without apology. Later, Eric and William go out to clean up the fireplace.

While Lauren washes the dishes we talk together. We have seen each other very little in the past few years, and so our talk is slow and shy. Lauren's guarding of secrets puzzles me, for I spill my life over to one friend and then another, carelessly giving myself away, revelation by revelation. But there has always been love between the two of us, a satisfying sympathy, a leftover from our easy, shared childhood.

When the dishes are washed, Lauren dries her hands on a towel that says *A Woman's Work Is Never Done.* "Eric's father brought this up from one of the stores," she says, laughing. "It's hopeless." She pulls out a chair and sits down with me at the table.

I smile and sweep the crumbs that remain on the table into my palm.

She closes her eyes. "Eric isn't getting any better," she says. "The tumors come back so fast."

The candles on the table flicker; her face is golden, angelic. She is rocking back and forth in her chair, arms crossed against her stomach. Her eyes, open now, look sleepy, confused. I want her to tell me more than she has ever told anyone.

LAUREN was a moody and secretive child. I remember walking by her room one summer night at bedtime and hearing her chanting: reciting numbers that seemed endless. I ran outside the house, stopping directly under her window, but the recitation was over. The shades were only partially down and I watched as Lauren, a tiny ghost in her faded nightgown, looked under her bed, checked inside the closet, and then counted the collection of china animals on the top of her dresser. Satisfied that all was in order, she at last got into bed. It was my first time spying, and though I could make little sense of what I had witnessed, what troubled me most was that this had been kept secret from me, that my sister's life was not open to me in the way I had always thought it to be. Even then, so many years ago, I did not believe in secrets.

WILLIAM and I leave for New York the next day. Before breakfast, I write a note for Lauren on the back of a receipt from a gas station. The paper is thin and waxy and difficult to write on. The note says:

Dear L——
I don't feel that I know very much, but I see that you're strong and patient.
Things will go well.

I slouch mournfully in the passenger seat of our M.G. for nearly five hours as we drive homeward through Massachusetts and Connecticut. Occasionally, William tries to involve me in conversation; he talks about the new sports car he wants to buy, the house he wants to build, but I don't feel responsive to any talk of the future. In the car now a hard and sour lump of sorrow catches in my throat.

I see Lauren and Eric, shortly before their marriage, kissing outside the bathroom door in my parents' house. Lauren stands on her toes as her face meets Eric's, and the heels of her hard bare feet are blackened with dirt.

They did not care at all who caught them at it. Often Eric stood with his hands in the back pockets of Lauren's dungarees, or Lauren curled her toes around his ankles.

My mother and I are shopping together, not long after the visit to Lauren's. We are impatient shoppers, losing interest quickly. Mostly it is an excuse for us to spend time with each other. I sit on the floor in my underwear in a department-store dressing room, rejected clothing all around me. My mother is seated on a small stool. She leans over and pulls the curtain tightly across the booth. She asks me if I am still happily married and sighs when I say I am. "I only like to hear about happy things," she says, but then we talk of Lauren.

"Your sister," says my mother, "was never a talker. It was always like pulling teeth, from the time she was a child. So now, in the midst of all this, who knows what she's thinking?" Her voice softens; the word "cancer" is uttered in a near whisper, as if it were a sexual term mentioned in the presence of children—a word to be used with care. "Let me tell you something," she says. "No parent likes to see her child enter into a situation that's doomed from the start."

"Let's just wait and see what happens," I answer. "You might very well be wrong."

The carpeted floor is full of discarded straight pins and, keeping my head lowered, I concentrate on arranging them in geometric patterns. I will not study my mother's sadness: the droop of her face, the eyes canine in sorrow.

Eric is in the hospital on Thanksgiving. He is sitting up in bed and smoking, his yellow beard full and strong against his narrow face. Partially draped by a sheet, his swollen left leg lies fiery and peeling, made monstrous by chemotherapy.

I look away, afraid of what more I might see out of the corner of my eye.

William and I give Eric a small display case filled with butterflies. He is pleased by it and props the case up in his lap. William discusses the butterflies with him, and the kinds of wood and varnish he used in making the case. It is a first creative effort and he is proud of it. They seem related by blood, these two lean, bearded men talking of butterflies in a hospital room. Afterward, William vomits at the curb where our car is parked.

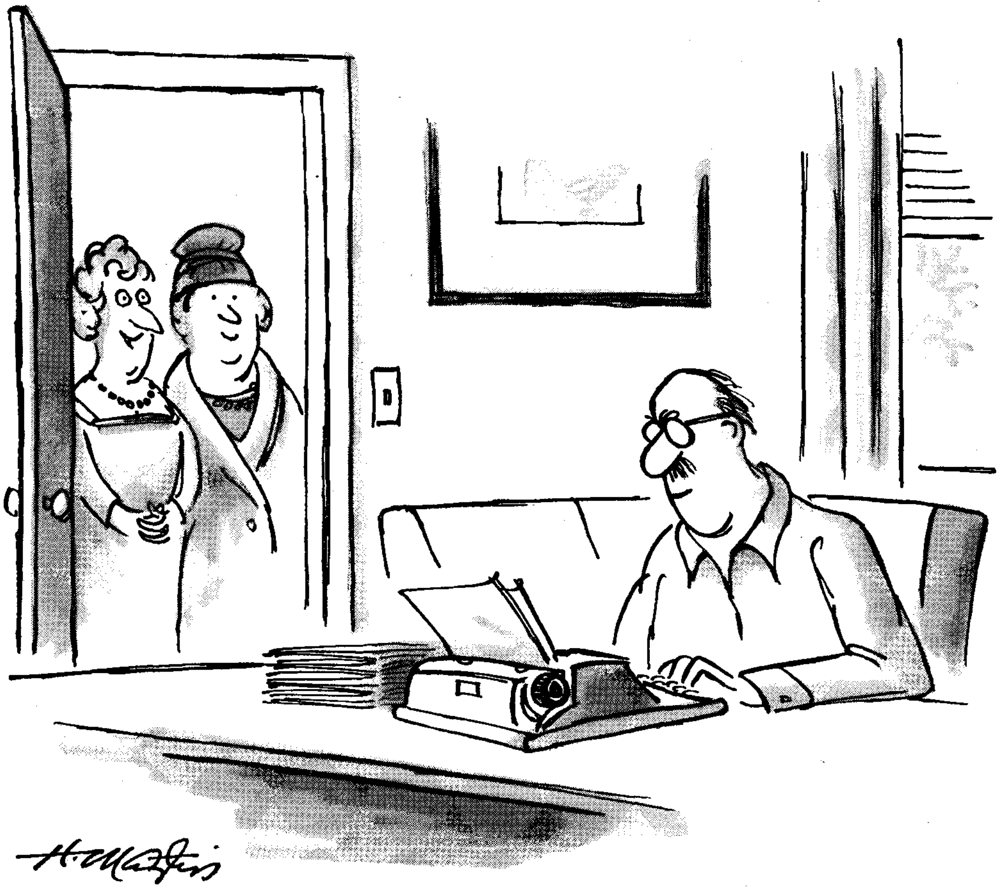
The private manner in which my sister and her husband have chosen to live out the misery of his illness puzzles me. I hunger after the facts of their survival together. Though I know it is wrong of me, I call some of Lauren's friends, hoping for clarity. "Look," they say, one after another, "I don't know any more than you do." They are eager to discuss their own marriages, but I'm not interested in the interfering in-laws, the boredom, the complaints of selfishness that are detailed and digested in the blink of an eye. It's the complexity of my sister's troubles that I want to know about. Ignorant of details, I am of no use to her, of little comfort, hardly a sister at all.

In the years since Lauren's marriage, there's never been a baring of the soul, a revelation to me of true importance or consequence. She's kept me at a distance and I feel cheated, excluded. William says I ought to respect her silence, her need to keep her life to herself, but I believe that love entitles me to something more.

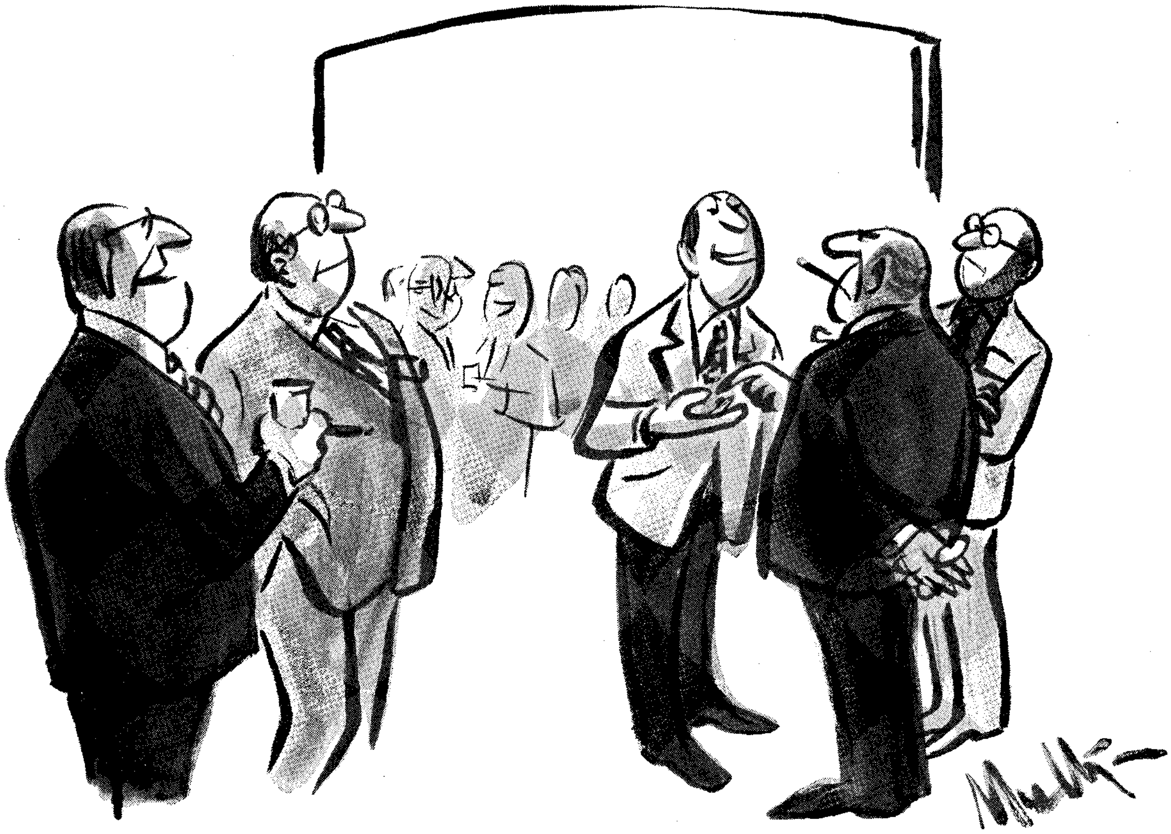
In the spring, we visit them again. Eric is wearing specially made shoes now, the left heel of each pair extravagantly built up, a wedge of rubber meant to ease the disorder of a leg still swollen by the wonders of modern medicine. He uses a walking stick outdoors, looking as if he were seeking adventure as he greets us in the driveway.

Settling down in the living room, we all make much of how well everyone looks.

We decide to go canoeing. The four of us paddle across a wide and lovely lake and



"Harvey fictionalizes my every word and deed."



"*Unmitigated gall. I like that in a man.*"

drift slowly under the sun. On the shore people are having a picnic, the cheerful sound of their activity reaching out across the lake, an arc of well-being that settles over us like something comfortable and familiar.

But soon Lauren and Eric are quarrelling, mildly at first, about a doctor Lauren doesn't trust.

"Lay off, will you," Eric tells her after a while.

I drag my hand in the cool water and pretend that William and I are alone.

Lauren looks at Eric with exasperation. "You haven't the slightest notion of how to deal with these things," she says. "If it weren't for me, you'd be dead by now."

There is a splash and Eric is out of the boat, sidestroking slowly toward shore. The canoe hasn't tipped over, a small miracle.

That night, lying on a new and uncomfortable convertible sofa in my sister's living room, William and I whisper about our untroubled lives, anxious to separate ourselves from the misfortune that so clearly belongs not to us but to my sister and her husband. Good health and a comfortable marriage, these things that have always seemed unremarkable, so unworthy of contemplation, now suddenly appear to be a luxury.

But in the morning, when I see Lauren in a shabby pink terry-cloth robe setting the table for breakfast, adding a bowl of chrysanthemums in the center, I am shame-stricken for having last night taken comfort in my own life. I see exactly what it is I want: for Lauren to bring her life closer to mine, to share with me a substantial weight of grief that I can take with me when I leave. But I cannot ask her for any of it, nor can I console her in a weepy embrace, for it is not her way to allow these things. Instead, I ask her if I can help prepare breakfast, an offer she refuses.

ONE night in September, I call them. Lauren answers the phone. She tells me that Eric has moved out, to live in a cabin at the edge of a nearby woods; that he quit his job at the lumber store and leads nature tours for the Parks Department.

I am stunned. In my mind, Lauren and Eric are poignantly bound by a threat of death that sets them apart from the rest of us. That they have failed to live peaceably together seems unforgivable, a terrible breach of love.

"It's all right," says Lauren, quick to fill the space of my silence. "Things are going to work themselves out. I'm happy alone, very comfortable." Her voice is animated, hopeful. She tells me that she saw Eric several weeks earlier. "I couldn't wait for him to leave," she says. "Everything he did annoyed me; he left cigarettes burning all over the house. What it is is that he's lost the ability to deal with practical matters."

"Well," I say, "it's not easy."

Lauren sighs and soon ends the conversation.

During the winter, Lauren comes to New York and we have lunch together. I learn that Eric has gone into remission, and deeper into the woods, an old young man with a walking stick venturing farther than I had guessed.

Lauren tells me she is living with a former high-school Spanish teacher who breeds show dogs for a living now. She seems happy; her eyes glitter in the restaurant. That's all I know, for she will always be careful with her confidences.

—Marian Thurm

• •

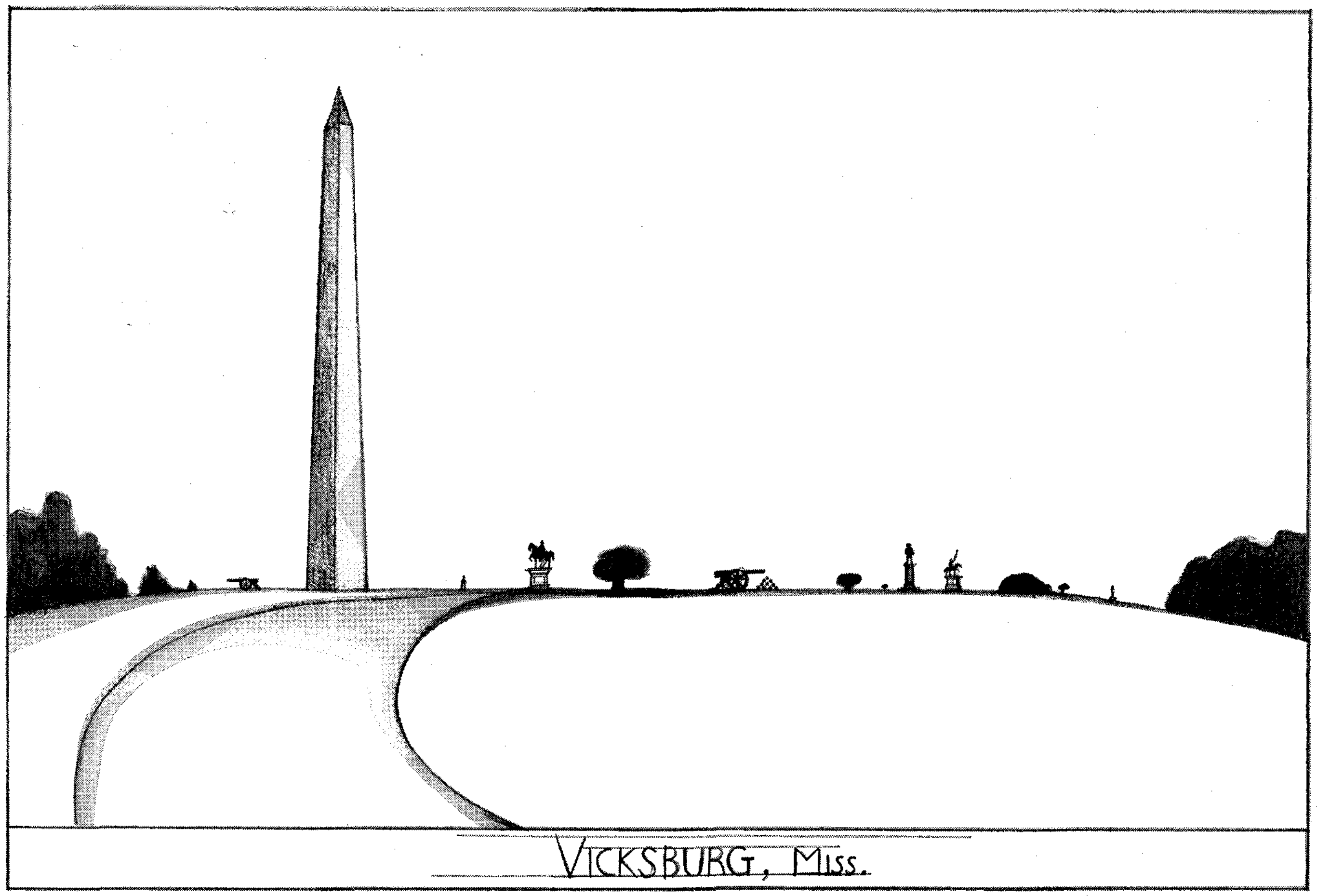
WINTER STARS

In winter also, climbing up
From underground, he sees them,
Each one a tear of light that falls
From beasts or heroes unconsidered

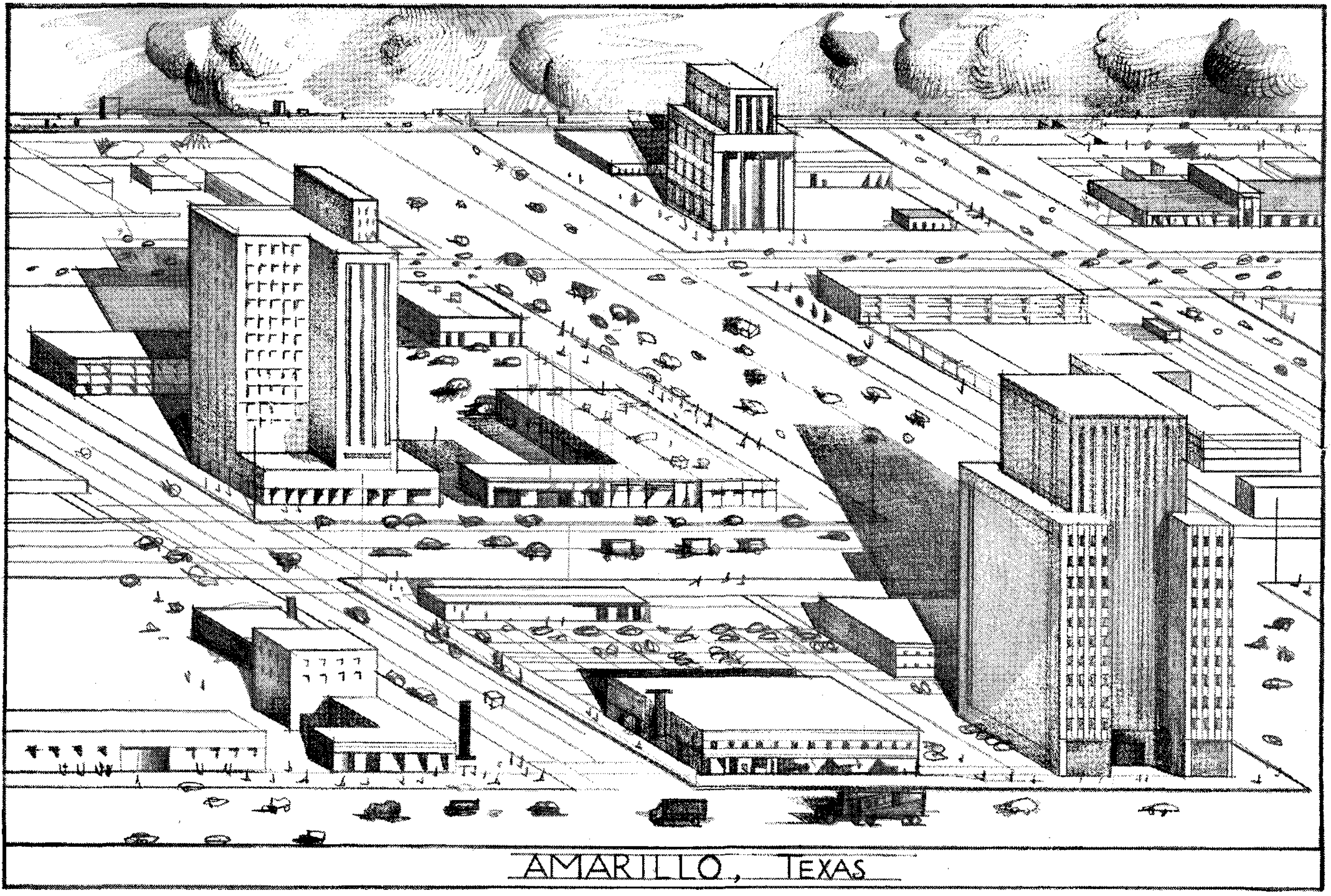
In cities till the traveller
Stops, looks up, and then remembers
Their names, whose forms will star his eye,
Diamond fables in the dark well.

—Alfred Corn

POSTCARDS



VICKSBURG, MISS.



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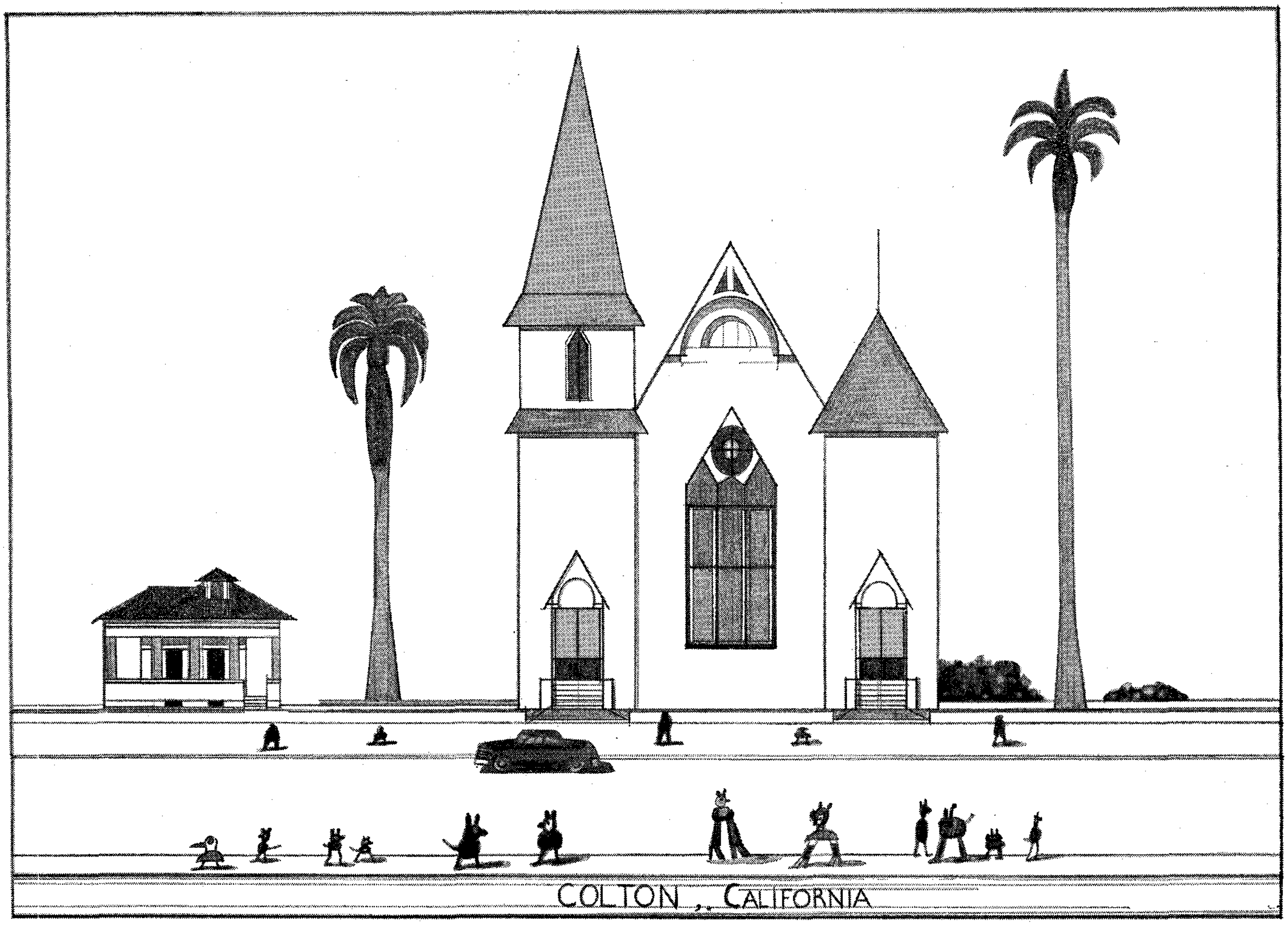

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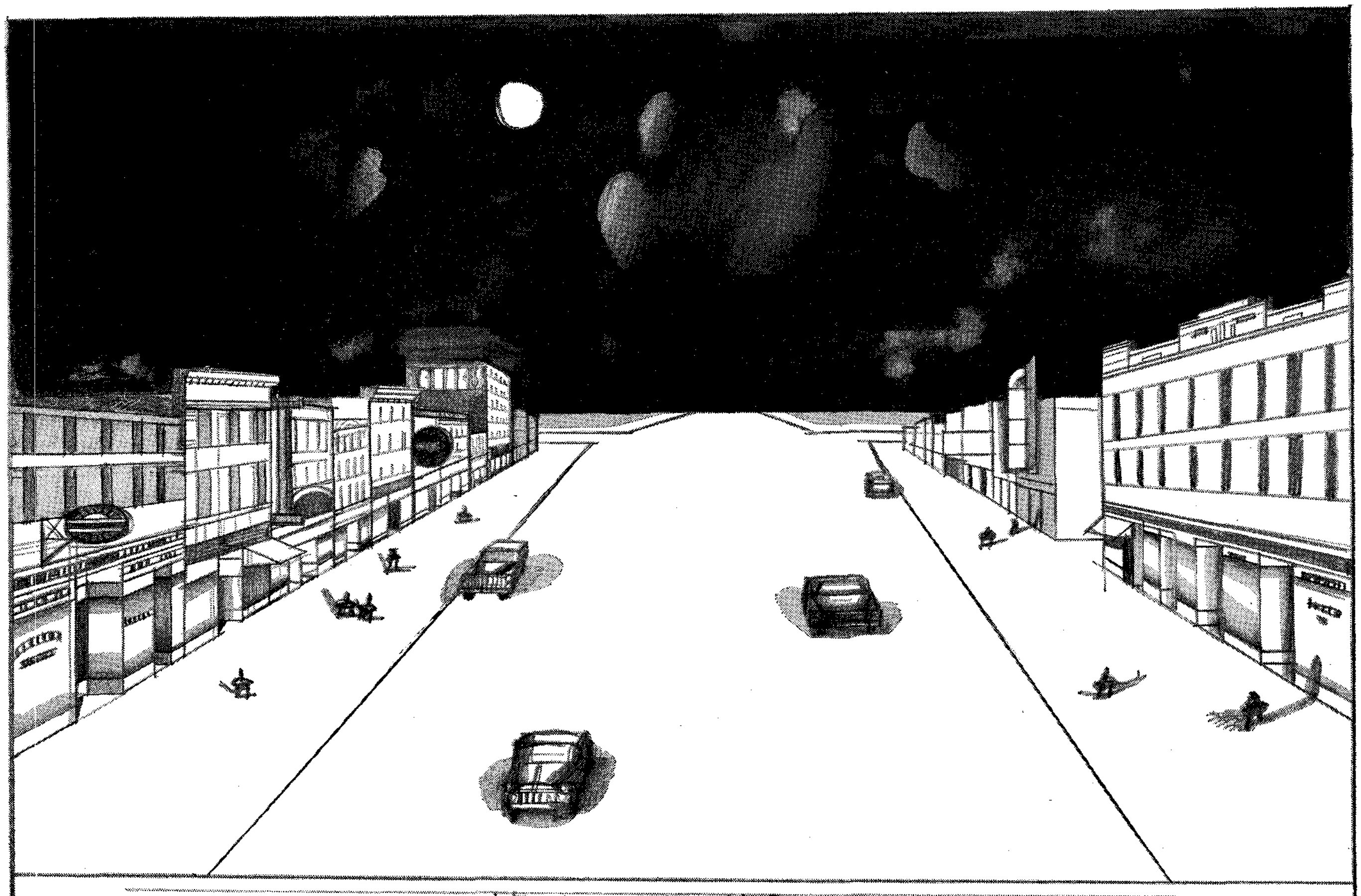

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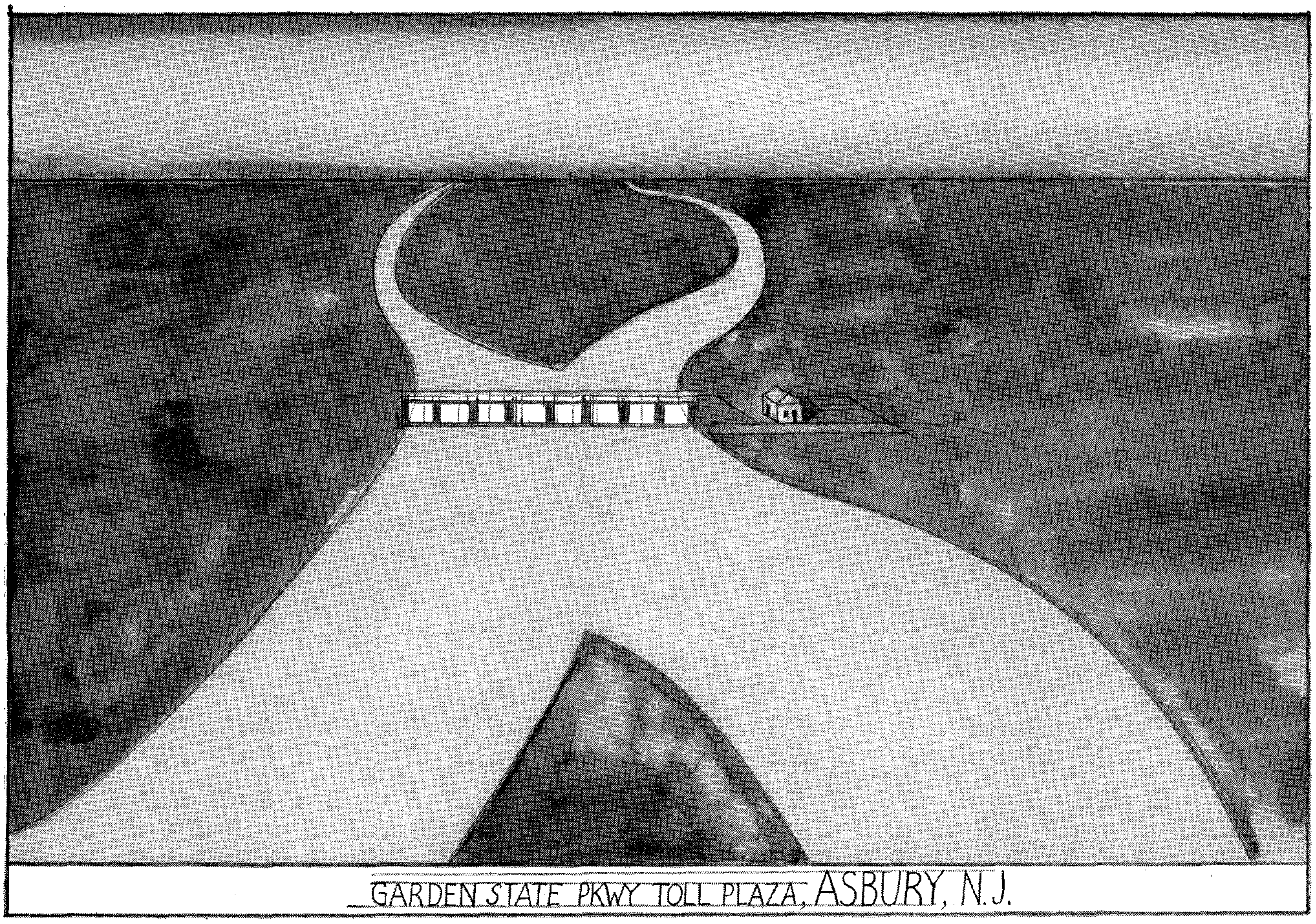
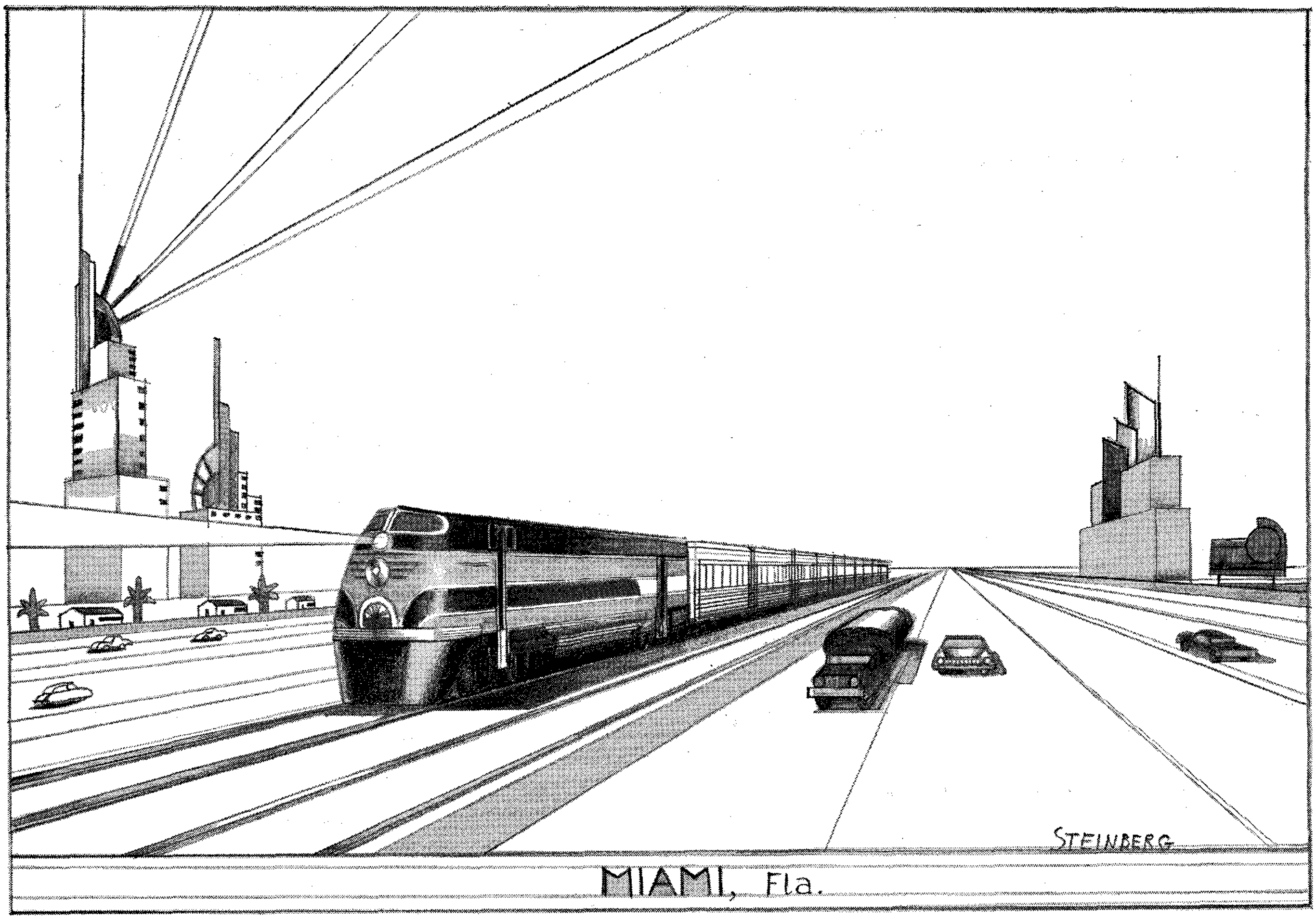

GARDEN STATE PKWY TOLL PLAZA, ASBURY, N.J.


STEINBERG
MIAMI, Fla.

MOVING DAY IN JACKSON HEIGHTS

I USED to think that all moving was done in October, and I believe it might be good if it were. October is a temperate month, free of ferocious elements to battle. But my daughter Carola undertook her moving at the end of January, and that is how it came about that my sister Helen and I, who share an apartment in Manhattan, rented a small truck and drove over the ice to Jackson Heights to help her. Helen and I are neither by years nor strength suited to such an operation; we have, however, a certain store of good will to be drawn on, and then we had some furniture to contribute to Carola's new apartment: a vanity for one of her little girls, a pink love seat, various chairs. They would not fit into Helen's Japanese car. A small truck was needed, so Helen telephoned a car-rental agency and reserved something she called an Econovan for ten o'clock on the morning of moving day. She was told that would be fine. Then Carola asked us not to come until the afternoon, so Helen telephoned the agency again and asked if the van could be held until one o'clock. She was told that would be fine.

We knew the moving was going to be complicated. Carola had sold the old house in which she and her children had been living and was going into an apartment some blocks away. She had arranged what she called two "closings" for the morning; the first involved going to one lawyer's to sign over the house and collect a certified check for it, the second going to another lawyer's, handing him the money for the new apartment, and signing on for that. Both transactions had to be completed by noon, when she would dash back to the house for some final packing before the moving men arrived. The purchaser of the house was anxious to get in but had promised to wait until Carola was out. A further complication—at some time early in the afternoon, the children would be coming home from school. It was going to be tight, we agreed. We also agreed that Helen and I should go by the house first, so that Carola could come with us in the van and show us the way to the new apartment. Her telephone was being changed over on moving day, and we would not be able to get in touch except by van.

Helen is a careful organizer. Shortly before one o'clock, she and I drove the Japanese car over to the car agency in the West Twenties. We parked in a garage just across the street, in case it should be dark by the time we returned. Walking on the ice with gingerly, stiff-legged care, we crossed to the agency. It took time to find anybody in the great vaulted garage, but at last a man appeared.

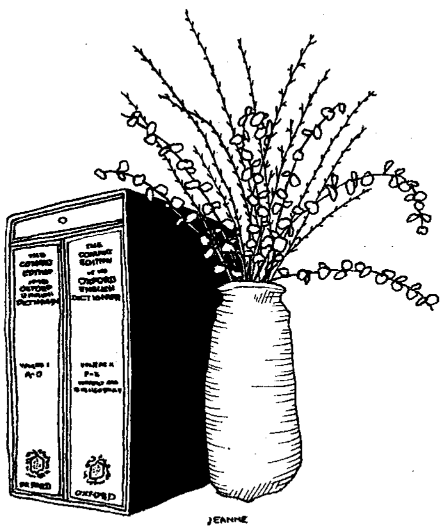
"Oh, we haven't got that van," he said cheerfully. "It's out."

"Out?" asked Helen, outraged. "I telephoned—"

"Somebody took it," he said. "Sorry. You might try that place up the street. Sometimes they have vans." We stood and glared at him, and finally he reached out to the telephone and dialled the place. Yes, they did have a van, though at a higher price than the one agreed upon with the first agency. So again with careful, mincing steps we walked to the place up the street. There, a man in a blue work shirt, shuffling papers behind a counter, said, when we told him where we were going, "I hope you brought cotton to put in your ears. That's an awfully noisy truck on cobblestones."

Somebody filled the tank, we signed forms, and then, with a certain effort, we climbed into what I believe is called the cab, and started out. The man in the blue shirt had not exaggerated the noise, but by the time we got back to our apartment house to pick up the furniture we were pretty well used to shouting at each other above the din. We are efficient. Two male friends were waiting to fetch down the vanity, sofa, and chairs on the freight elevator and load them into the van. Finally, rattling like giant castanets, we turned the van's nose toward Jackson Heights.

The day was really bitter, and as we lumbered along the streets appeared to be more and more choked with glaciers, both flat and peaked. The one that stood outside Carola's house was peaked, filling so much space that we had to tuck ourselves in on the ice among all the other parked cars which stood there in the cold like hunched birds or polar animals. Nobody came, nobody went; it was a frozen afternoon.



"Horrendous, isn't it?" Carola said, greeting us. She, too, looked pinched with cold. "Yes, Mummy, I finished the closings," she said. "It took longer than I expected, but it's done. I do hope they keep their word and don't come until we're out. There was an old woman with the man who bought the house, and she acted funny."

"How, funny?"

"Well, sort of suspicious. I don't think she understood English—they're Chinese. She looked as if she didn't have a very good temper." Carola is always gentle. "Is there any room to spare in that van?" she asked. "If there is, I thought we might put a few things into it, like suitcases and bundles. There's such a lot."

The family clothes all seemed to have been thrown into large black plastic trash bags, which, with suitcases and piles of books, we carried down the porch steps and across the ice to the van. Carola explained that she had found a friend to help her at the other end.

"I had to have somebody," she said, puffing as she lifted a suitcase to push it in, "because there's no elevator in the apartment building. The stairs aren't bad—I'm on the third floor—but even so. My friend, who's a Greek, thinks he's persuaded another Greek he knows to come and help. Dionysos is a very big man, and he says his friend George is even bigger. I do hope so. No, I won't lock the door; the kids ought to be getting home any minute."

She climbed in and sat on some of the luggage, and we started the van, going slowly and carefully until we reached the apartment house, where, with difficulty, we parked. One man, not two, waited for us in the vestibule. He was bearded and tall. This, said Carola, was her friend Dionysos.

"George didn't come," he told us, "but I think we'll manage all right by ourselves, if you don't have to get the stuff upstairs in a hurry or anything like that. What happens is I get short of breath when I move fast. It might be my heart."

We protested. Ought he to be carrying things at all, in the circumstances?

Dionysos shrugged. He said he was

almost sure that he didn't have a bad heart. "My doctor never said so outright," he said. "He only told me it would be better if I put on some weight. He never said I shouldn't carry things."

We allowed ourselves to be reassured, and started to unload. Slowly and carefully he carried the furniture in, across the pavement, up the outside steps, through the door, and then, pausing now and again to puff, up the stairs. And all the time he talked, telling us how much he weighed and what he liked to eat. For myself, I missed a good deal of it, because after the first trip I had been told to stay and keep an eye on the pile of goods. So I waited, stamping my gelid feet, and thus missed a crisis when Carola suddenly realized that she had done nothing about having the electricity and gas turned on in the new apartment. When she appeared, she was in tears.

"I just never thought," she said. "I fixed it up about the telephone, but I never thought about electricity or gas. What are we going to do?"

"What about heat?" I asked anxiously.

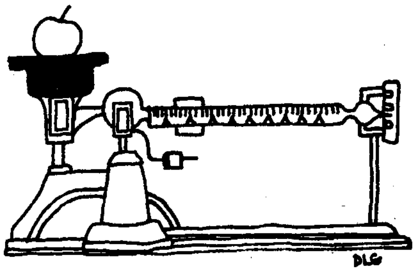
"Oh, that's all right; it's hot in there. But the other things—"

Dionysos joined us with news that for some reason the electricity hadn't been cut off. "Go to that drugstore phone and tell them," he advised her, "and they'll leave it on until you sign the contract."

This was done. The gas, we agreed, could wait, and in the meantime the van had been emptied, without any harm to Dionysos that we could see. He and Carola got into the back, Helen got behind the wheel, and we returned to the house. The street was transformed: a huge pantechnicon now stood in front of the house, straddling the ice peak as only a vehicle that high-slung could do. Through the open door came the moving men, working in tandem, carrying beds and tables and desks and stowing them away in the deep recesses of the pantechnicon. The wind had grown in strength and iciness, I observed as I hurried indoors, hoping that I might thaw out. Unfortunately, it was almost as cold inside. The heat had obviously been cut off. The children were there, running upstairs and down, and Chin, the dog, behind her little fence at the kitchen door, was barking wildly at everybody, though Sofia, my younger granddaughter, shouted at her repeatedly to shut up.

"I've got to talk to the men a minute," said Carola. "Mummy, could I wear your coat to go out? Mine's upstairs."

Stripped of my coat, I waited impatiently. In the gloomy living room, now furnished only with a bedspring and a half-empty bookcase, Dionysos was talking to Helen about coffee. "I drink a lot of coffee," he said, happily certain of her interest. "Every morning I drink at least five cups, sometimes as much as seven, with three or four spoonfuls of sugar in each, but afterward I get this strange pain right *here,* a kind of burning pain. Do you think it could be heart trouble?"



"It just might be your digestion," Helen said after a suitable pause to think it over. "It's interesting how the symptoms of indigestion can imitate those of heart trouble."

"But the burning, and sometimes a feeling of giddiness."

"Well . . . Perhaps you ought to cut down on the coffee. I'll tell you what. Why don't you ask a doctor about it?"

I paced about, trying to warm myself, but polar winds kept sweeping through the front door. Where was Carola with my coat? Outside, the sky clouded over. The children, who had been squabbling cheerfully, seemed to have disappeared; at any rate, there was silence except for the voice of Dionysos: "Sometimes I wake up—it might be any time of the night—in a cold sweat. Do you think—"

I walked with a sort of jiggling step down the hall and into a room where Sofia was changing her shoes. The

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THE LONGING TO BE SAVED

When the barn catches fire
I am wearing the wrong negligee.
It hangs on me like a gunnysack.
I get the horses out, but they
wrench free, wheel, dash back,
and three or four trips are required.
Much whinnying and rearing as well.
This happens whenever I travel.

At the next stopover, the children take off
their doctor and lawyer disguises
and turn back into little lambs.
They cower at windows from which flames
shoot like the tattered red cloth
of dime-store devil suits. They refuse
to jump into my waiting arms, although
I drilled them in this technique years ago.

Finally they come to their senses and leap,
but each time the hoop holds my mother.
Her skin is as dry and papery
as a late onion. I take her
into my bed, an enormous baby
I do not especially want to keep.
Three nights of such disquiet
in and out of dreams as thin as acetate

until, last of all, it's you
trapped in the blazing fortress.
I hold the rope as you slide from danger.
It's tricky in high winds and drifting snow.
Your body swaying in space
grows heavier, older, stranger,

and me in the same gunnysack
and the slamming sounds as the gutted building burns.
Now the family's out, there's no holding back.
I go in to get my turn.

—Maxine Kumin

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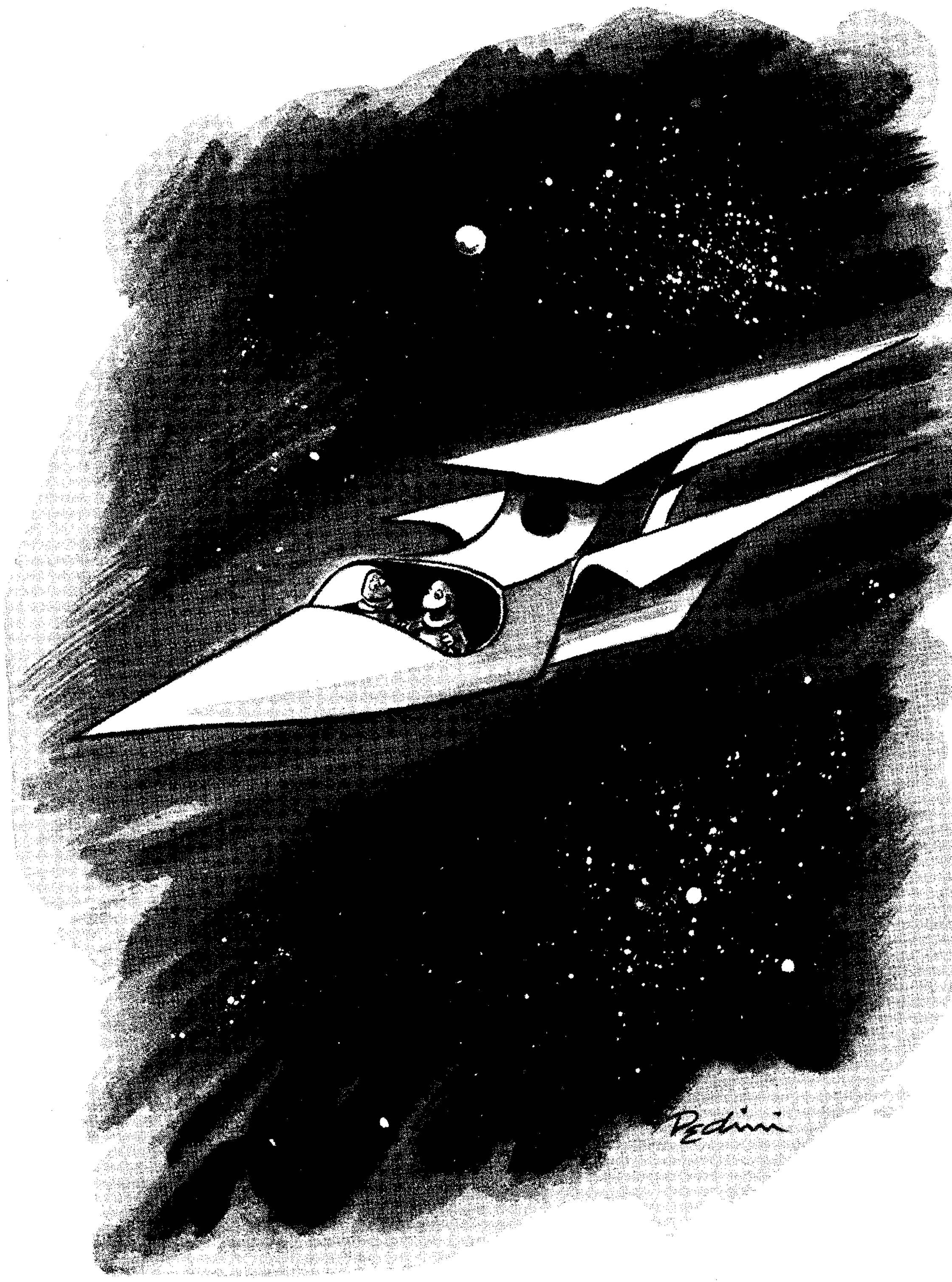


"I've been all over this galaxy, and, take it from me, Earth makes the best popcorn."

• •

room was full of things not yet packed—her doll's house, two large, staring, crippled dolls, boxes of dispirited-looking books, an old calendar, an unstrung tennis racquet.

"It's quite an upheaval, isn't it?" I asked, sitting on the edge of a stripped cot.

Detecting a note of commiseration in my voice, she answered quickly, like a person who has been brainwashed. "I don't mind at all about moving. I'll still be near my best friend, Dawn, and it isn't much longer to walk to school."

I heard Carola's voice in front, and rushed to claim my coat. "Really, darling—"

"I'm sorry, Mummy, the men wanted to ask me about packing. Look, I thought if you didn't mind making one last trip to the apartment, we could put some of the little luggage . . ."

When we arrived, I was delegated to pile things at the back of the van, where Helen and Dionysos would clear them off. Working in darkness and a half-crouched position—it is impossible to stand up in a small van like that unless one is a midget—I began to be uneasy. An eerie silence reigned as I bustled back and forth in the dark, and nobody appeared to whisk away the objects I moved so laboriously—the half-opened boxes, the heaps of records, the musical instruments, the mysterious shrouded bags of black plastic, with here a stool, there a chair. Like Dionysos, I had a dizzy feeling.

"Is anybody there?" I shouted at last, in despairing tones. "Hey! Hello! What the hell?"

Suddenly Helen appeared where she ought to be. "Oh, Emily, I'm so sorry," she said. "Dionysos was telling me about his blood pressure and I couldn't interrupt."

By the time we returned to the house the scene had once again changed drastically. "Oh, God," I said, "the new owners. They can't . . ."

There they were, in a van covered with Chinese ideographs, pulled up down the street. It looked even larger than Carola's. As we watched, the door at the back opened and out spilled what looked to be a large number of Chinese coolies, right there in the middle of Jackson Heights. Each one shouldered, or put on his head, a burden—a bed, perhaps, or a roll of blankets, a mattress or pots and pans—and made inexorably for the open front door of the house. At the same time, the moving men from inside appeared, carrying a load of their own, and began arguing. Carola ran to the door and joined her expostulations to theirs. Off to one side, out of the battle line, stood two Chinese gentlemen in overcoats and homburgs; one of them, catching my eye, smiled and bowed. At last the coolies gave way, though they remained on the steps and waited while the moving men continued to move.

"I'm so sorry," I heard Carola say to the bigger Chinese gentleman, "but you just can't come in yet. You can see for yourself there's no room. If you could just wait a little while— Oh dear, Mummy, isn't this horrendous?"

An old Chinese lady had joined the gentleman; she seemed to be remonstrating. Nevertheless, we all bowed again. It was getting late, going-home time, and the street was now much busier, with motorists all honking loudly as they came to the row of vans and slowing down to make their way between obstacles.

"Carola," I said, "I'm awfully sorry, but we've got to get the van home before the garage closes."

"That's all right, we're almost finished," she said. "But could you possibly take me back to the apartment once more on your way? There's one last load of—"

"Of little things," I finished for her. "All right, but where are the kids?"

"They're on their way, walking with Dionysos and Chin," she said.

So we rolled off down the street, but at the corner she yelped in anguish: "My bag! It has all my moving money in it! Can you wait a minute?"

She scrambled out and we waited, motor running, for a very long time. When she got back at last, her arms full of children's shoes and various other odds and ends, her face was flushed and she was silent. Later she told me what had happened: the old woman had abused her loudly and incomprehensibly, pointing in indignation at the floor. "And, of course, it *was* pretty dirty," Carola admitted. "After all, when you've just moved out— Anyway, she grabbed a broom and shoved it into my hands, and held on to my arm and yelled at me to clean it up properly. Well, it was their fault for coming too soon."

The moving men, said Carola, had become very angry when this happened, and yelled at the old woman to let go.

"Everybody began arguing," said Carola, "so I ran. Somewhere back there is my velveteen jacket and a lot of the kids' stuff, but I'm not going back to get them. Never!"

WAITING in front of the apartment house were the children, with Dionysos and the dog, and at sight of us Sofia began shouting before we came to a halt, "Mommy! Mommy! Is my mother in there?"

"Here I am," said Carola, sticking her head out the window. "What's the matter?"

"My dog just vomited!" Sofia yelled.

"If you'll wait until I can park . . ." said Helen.

Unloaded one last time, we left Dionysos and Carola standing in a clutter of household goods and started back to Manhattan under the evening sky. They were not to finish moving, I learned next day, for another four hours.

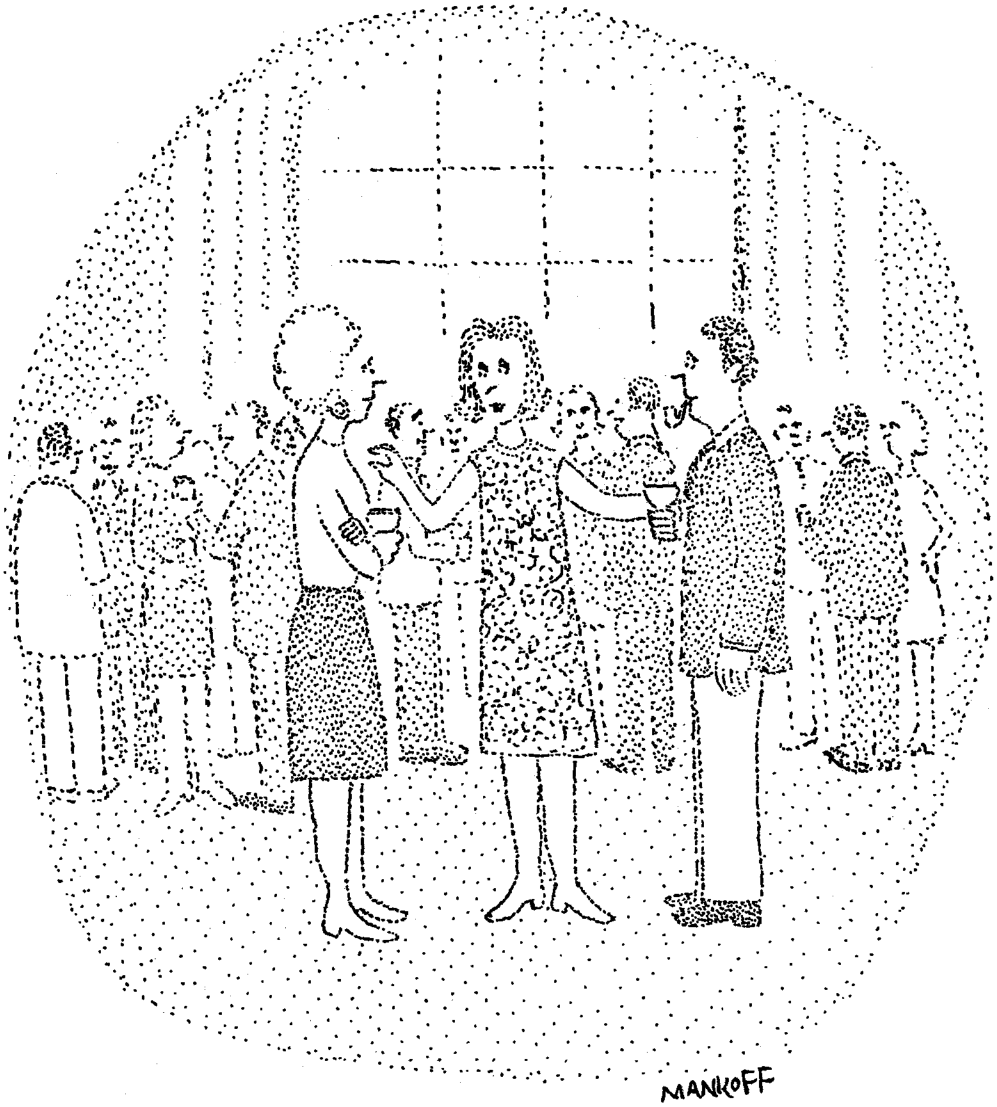
"When we get home," I said, "let's have a drink and eat out."

Helen said, "I'd rather not. I just want to get home."

I didn't argue. Later, on the telephone, we told our older sister, Rose, in Winnetka, all about the afternoon. But she laughed so hard we didn't get finished. "What are you laughing at?" Helen asked.

"You," said Rose. "Both of you. Did you two little old ladies really drive a truck all the way to Jackson Heights?"

—EMILY HAHN



"I think you two may hit it off. Craig, here, is an attractive male academic in his early forties who seeks a warm, vivacious woman delighting in conversation, arts, and nature for an evolving romantic commitment, possibly marriage, while you, Vivian, are a good-looking, intelligent, stimulating woman in her late thirties who seeks an educated, unattached, well-bred man concerned with ideas, culture, and the environment with whom to share your life interests and companionship."

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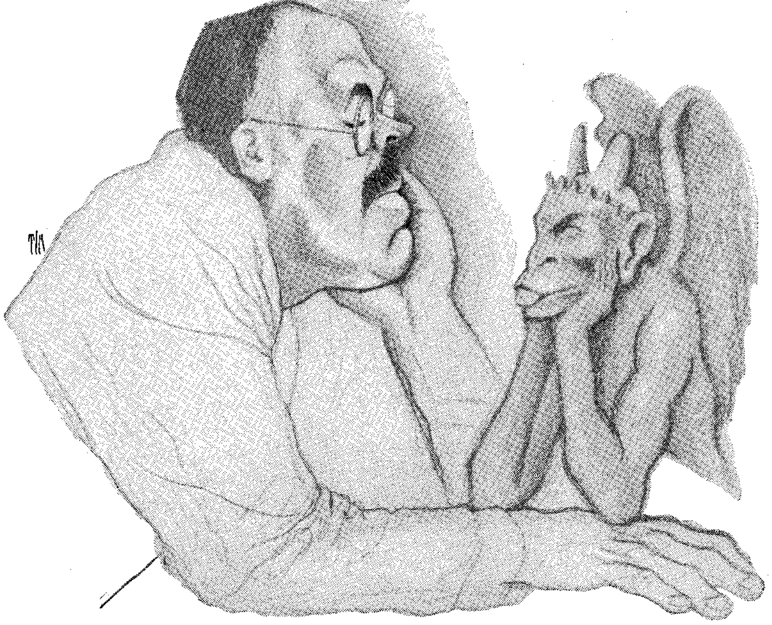
Q. In May 1976, I applied for an increase in my VA pension due to loss of hearing. I was examined in September 1976. So far I have heard nothing. Isn't this a little ridiculous?—B.C., Brighton. —*"Ask the Globe," in the Boston Globe.*

Well, yes and no.

PROFILES

A GOOD MONSTER



Pontus Hulten

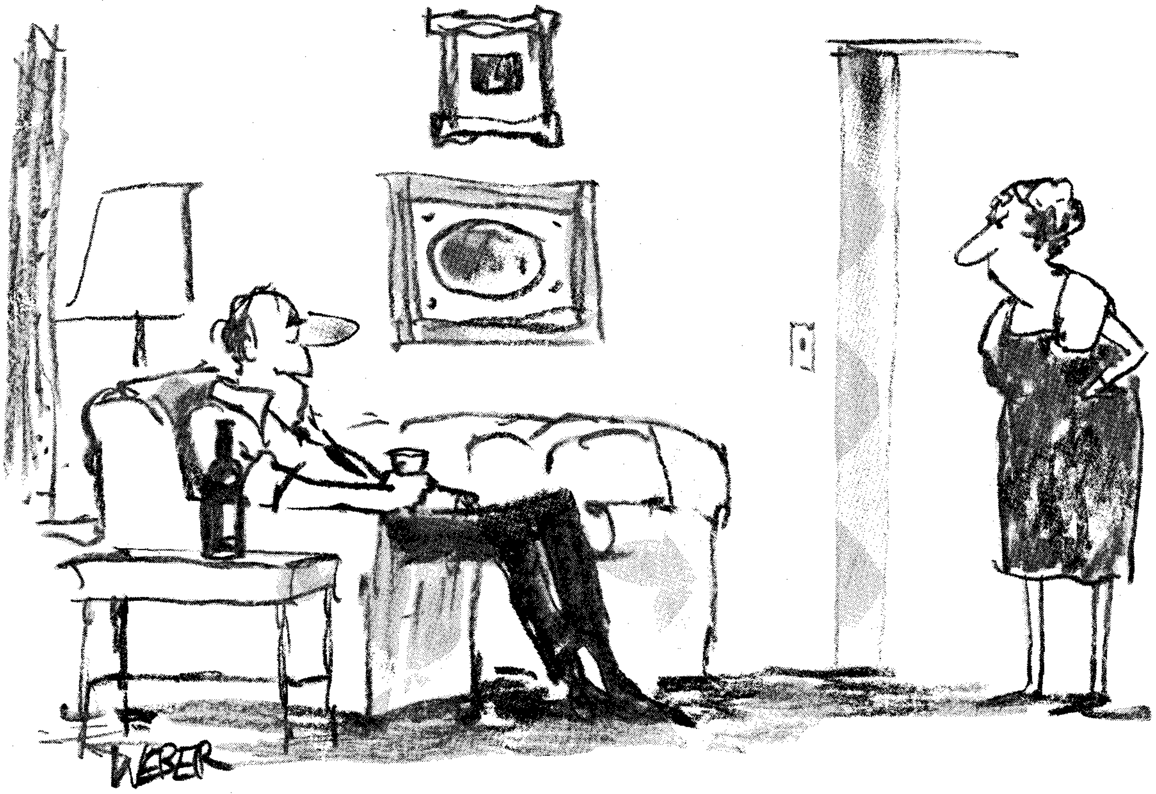
PARISIANS who loathe their new glass-and-steel Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou often speak with particular scorn about the "circus atmosphere" of the place. They mean this quite literally. At any hour from noon to ten at night, the wide cobblestone plaza that slopes from the Rue Saint-Martin down to the Centre's main entrance is a stage for competing street acts of all kinds—mimes, strong men, fire-eaters, magicians, contortionists, dancers, guitar players, jazz groups, poets, Hare Krishnas, animal trainers, flutists, men who pierce their flesh with safety pins and lie down on broken glass, and the types who simply impose their personalities on you and are known in Paris as "*mecs*." Inside the Centre, in the vast ground-floor space called the Forum—each floor of the building is the size of two football fields placed end to end, as the brochures never fail to mention—the main exhibit in recent months has been a scrap-iron fun house, a hundred and fifty feet long, called the Crocrodrome, which devours children and sends them out again eating chocolates. (It was built *in situ* by the artists Jean Tinguely, Daniel Spoerri, Bernard Luginbühl, and Niki de Saint-Phalle.) All this has doubtless contributed to the Centre's amazing popularity. Since it opened last February, it has had an average of twenty thousand visitors a day, and up to fifty thousand on Sundays. The Centre Pompidou—or Beaubourg, as it is usually referred to, after the Plateau Beaubourg, on which it stands—is the new focal point of Paris, even though three-quarters of the people who are asked about it say that the building, with all its pipes and tubes exposed and painted in bright colors, is an abomination, an affront to the city, a billion-franc mistake.

An escalator in a glass tube snakes its way up the outside of the building, affording its riders a view of the plaza. The second, third, and fourth floors house the Bibliothèque Publique d'Information—France's first public library on the American and British model. Sharing the third and fourth floors is the Musée National d'Art Moderne. The museum's temporary exhibitions are displayed on the fifth floor, making for a grand total of seventeen thousand square metres of exhibition space—more than the Museum of Modern Art in New York has available. Elsewhere in the building are the Centre de Création Industrielle, which concerns itself with architecture, design, urban planning, and audiovisual communications; the new home of the late Henri Langlois's Cinémathèque; other cinemas, theatres, and lecture and recital halls; other exhibition galleries; *terrasses* that are not yet *fleuries* because the funds ran out before the flowers arrived; two cafés and a restaurant; and, from the top floor, breathtaking views of all the Paris monuments. In addition, the Institut de Recherche et de Coördination Acoustique/Musique, or IRCAM—Pierre Boulez's center for advanced musical and acoustical experimentation—has its own, underground quarters just south of the main building.

For some reason, though, when people talk about the Centre Pompidou they usually mean its museum of modern art. Even the tiny butcher shop on a nearby corner now calls itself the Boucherie du Musée. And, one asks, what in the *nom de Dieu* is an art museum doing in a circus like Beaubourg?

Art museums get embroiled in all sorts of controversies these days as they attempt to respond to the multiplying demands and expectations that we place on them. Where once they appealed to a rather specialized audience, they now find themselves dealing with the mass public, which in itself is a situation fraught with dilemma. Any museum that depends on public funds (as most European museums do) is supposed to serve everybody, of course, but many art lovers and scholars are not really convinced that everybody belongs in a museum. The complaint has a certain historical relevance. When the first public museums came into being, in the eighteenth century, access to their collections was strictly limited. The British Museum (opened in 1759) was described by its founders as "a national establishment . . . chiefly designed for the use of learned and studious men, both natives and foreigners, in their researches into the several parts of knowledge;" the learned and the studious also had to be "gentlemen," and they had to apply for tickets a week in advance. When the Louvre opened, in 1793, as the "museum of the Republic," five days out of every ten were reserved for artists, and it has remained ever since the great laboratory for French art. Not until the nineteenth century did museums become truly public. By that time, they were looked upon—especially in the United States—as educational institutions whose primary function was to help in civilizing and uplifting the lower orders of society. The curious idea that art can or should be educational took hold mainly in the English-speaking countries. Its persistence has made museum-going a mixed blessing for generations of American schoolchildren, and it probably helped to keep museum attendance down until quite recently, when, for a number of reasons that are not yet clearly understood, art museums became overwhelmingly popular.

Beaubourg is the first museum to address itself directly and entirely to the



"'Quiet enjoyment.' It's in our lease."

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new mass public, and as a consequence it is looked upon with suspicion and some hostility not only by aggrieved art lovers but by museum people everywhere. Although the Beaubourg museum retains many of the attributes of a traditional museum, among them a large permanent collection, covering the period from 1905 to the present, the director, Pontus Hulten, has made it clear that the collection represents "only a part of other activities, which draw their inspiration from it." Beaubourg, Hulten has said, is designed for a new public—an "anonymous public, curious, much larger, more varied, and, in a way, disoriented, which has replaced or bypassed the literate and curious traveller of the last century." It was conceived as an open, highly flexible space where traditional distinctions between art, literature, music, and science would not apply—a place where the artist himself could come and work and engage the public in a direct relationship with living art. "We are moving toward a society where art will play a great role," Hulten wrote a couple of years ago. "The museum must be opened to disciplines once excluded, and to the largest possible public, and this right away." In all the furor over the architecture of the Centre, the radical nature of this program has received little attention. Hulten is really out to desacralize art. In the past, as he sees it, museums have been conservatories of "beautiful fossils, not always of the highest quality, which had been sanctified by bourgeois taste." For a good many contemporary artists, though—and, one feels, for Hulten—art in our time is no longer a sacred matter. Art has come down into the street and into everyday life. It has become ephemeral and rude, using every sort of material and at times dispensing with materials altogether; the process of making art has come to be valued in many cases above the finished product. To hear some artists tell it, art has become a way of living, an attitude, a mode of dealing with the chaos and confusion of daily life, rather than an élite profession for an élite clientele.

The remarkable thing is that the French, with their built-in conservatism in cultural affairs, their imperviousness to most of the art produced since the Second World War, and their chauvinistic pride, should have picked a Swedish iconoclast like Hulten to run their museum. But, of course, the French did not pick Hulten—Georges Pompidou did. Pompidou, the ex-schoolteacher, financial wizard (with Rothschild Frères), bon vivant, and trusted aide to Charles de Gaulle, succeeded de Gaulle as President of the Republic in 1969 and announced soon afterward, in his somewhat regal style, "*Je voudrais passionnement que Paris possède un centre culturel qui soit à la fois un musée et un centre de création, où les arts plastiques voisineraient avec la musique, le cinéma, les livres, la recherche audiovisuelle.*" Pompidou and his wife collected modern art. Although their taste ran to the established masters of the School of Paris, Pompidou was keenly aware that Paris had lost its position as a center of artistic creation—that since the Second World War the real focus of aesthetic energies (to say nothing of the art market) had moved to New York. With a nationalistic fervor that was, in its own way, the equal of de Gaulle's, Pompidou did want "passionately" to regain for Paris her old role as the fountainhead of modern art. Having decided that the way to do this was to construct a "polyvalent" cultural center, he was content to leave the details to others. He did, however, select the international jury that picked (from six hundred and eighty-one entries) the winning architectural design—the joint work of Richard Rogers, an Englishman, and Renzo Piano, an Italian. And, in the same princely manner, when he was informed that there was only one man qualified to run the new museum, he did not hesitate to select Hulten, who was then the director of the Moderna Museet in Stockholm.

Six feet tall and powerfully built, with a squarish face, a mustache, and close-cropped sandy hair, Hulten, at fifty-three, looks more like a military officer than like a museum director. He comes from a family of scientists. His father is an Arctic geographic botanist, the author of the definitive work on Arctic flora. His mother, who died last year, taught mathematics in Swedish schools, and his sister, who is eight years younger than he, runs a biological institute in England. Hulten remembers feeling a lot of opposition to "all that science and rationality" when he was growing up. (He was born in 1924, in Stockholm.) As a child, he painted a lot, and he thought about becoming an artist. When he was sixteen, he started to work, off and on, for an uncle who was a professional organizer of exhibitions—industrial exhibits for trade fairs, promotional shows, fine-arts

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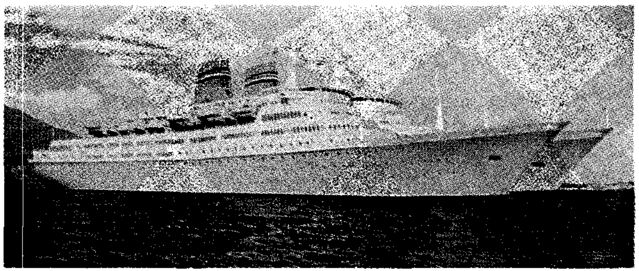

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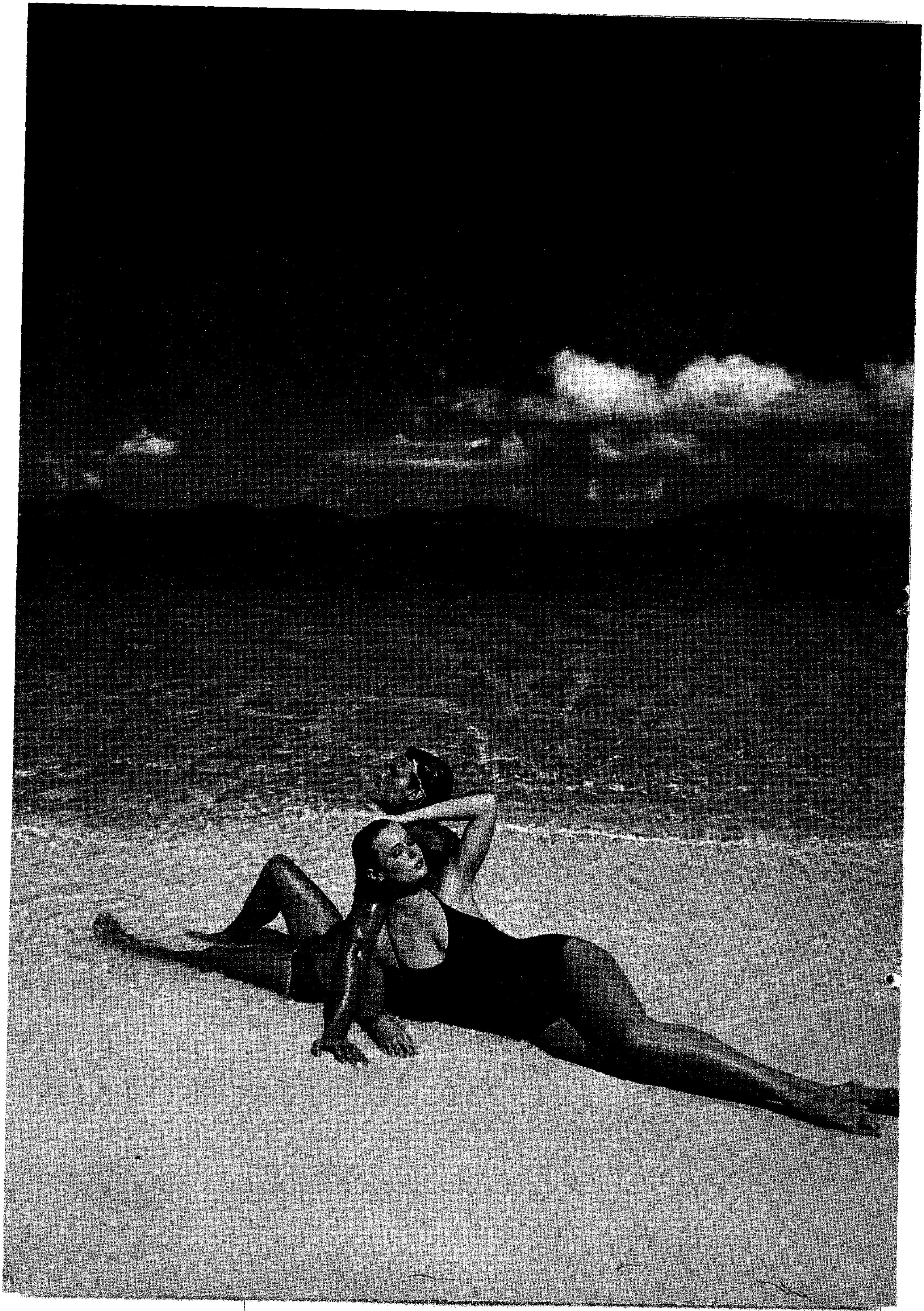

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exhibitions in museums around the country. By the time Hulten entered the University of Stockholm, where he majored in art history, he had pretty well decided to go into museum work.

Hulten came to Paris for the first time in 1946, at the age of twenty-two, to do some research for his graduate thesis on Vermeer and Spinoza, and the city struck him right away as a place he would return to as often as possible. And, indeed, in 1950 he was back, this time planning to become a journalist, and living in a room on the roof of an apartment building on the Boulevard Raspail—you went up on the roof and walked across to his place, which was like a tiny house. But art eventually overcame journalism, and 1953 found him on the staff of the National Museum in Stockholm. He continued to make frequent trips down to Paris, however, driving his big, one-cylinder A.G.S. motorcycle non-stop through Germany so as not to have to put his foot down on German soil—everybody still hated the Germans then. His best friends in Paris were artists, particularly the group centered on the Left Bank gallery of Denise René. There were only two avant-garde galleries in Paris at the time—hers and the Galerie Arnaud, on the Rue du Four. Among the livelier spirits at Denise René's were Robert Breer, an American Abstract painter who was getting interested in filmmaking, and Jean Tinguely, a Swiss who made crazy-looking bent-wire sculptures with moving parts. In the spring of 1955, Tinguely, Breer, and Hulten persuaded Denise René to organize a showing of kinetic, or moving, sculpture at her gallery. Called "Le Mouvement," it had works-in-motion by eight artists, including Marcel Duchamp and Alexander Calder. It was the first such exhibition anywhere, and it was a sensation.

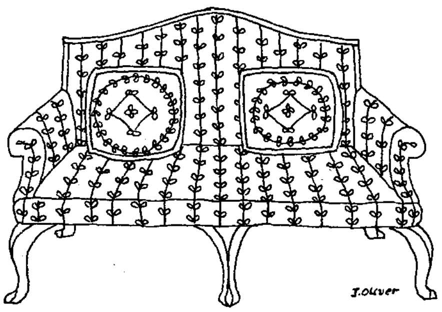
Hulten and Tinguely became close friends. They shared an interest in anarchism—as a historical movement and as an attitude that seemed to have a lot in common with the practice of art. "When we met, Tinguely had hardly heard of Duchamp," Hulten said recently. "I'd been through all the books. He told me a lot about how artists live and think—what it is to be an artist—and I told him a lot about art history." The fifties in Paris was a period of gestation for many young artists, and more seemed to go on at the café tables than in the studios. Completely at home in French, Hulten could sit up all night talking and drinking. People liked his bearlike solidity, his directness, and his relaxed physical presence. A young woman once reported that he had become so angry with her as they were walking in the city late at night that he had actually bent a lamppost, like the strong man in the Chaplin movie, but few people ever saw him lose his temper. Breer remembers him during those years as a sort of big kid with whom he would occasionally go off on bibulous adventures; once they won a pair of goldfish in a plastic bag at a little street fair and released them in the baptismal font of a church in Montparnasse. Hulten was accepted by the artists on equal terms. According to Niki de Saint-Phalle, the American-born sculptress who later married Tinguely, the key to Hulten's character is that, in spite of his academic background and his phenomenal erudition, "Pontus works in the same way an artist does—mainly on instinct."

One of Hulten's early assignments at the National Museum was to draw up plans for a museum of modern art in Stockholm, which would be a subsidiary of the National. A wealthy Swedish woman named Emma Spitzer had donated a large sum of money to the National Museum for this purpose—not because she liked modern art but because she hated it and wanted to decontaminate the National Museum by having the modern works moved out. Hulten spent six months going around Europe, studying museums and talking with curators, but it was not until 1955 that a suitable site was found—a former drill hall of the Stockholm Naval Station, on the island of Skeppsholmen, which was connected to the grounds of the National Museum by a causeway. Renovations were begun, and the Moderna Museet was inaugurated on May 9, 1958. The next year, Hulten became its director.

From the outset, the new museum reflected Hulten's informal style and his instinctual way of working. While the renovations were still going on, he managed to arrange for a temporary showing of Picasso's "Guernica," which was then on a tour of several other European museums, together with its preliminary sketches and drawings; this was the Moderna Museet's first exhibition, and it did a lot to fix the place in the public eye. Hulten had a minuscule budget for operations, and his staff for a while consisted of one guard and one part-time secretary. He had a lot of artist friends, though, and in no time the museum was a center of impromptu activities—film showings, poetry readings, jazz concerts, and special events of all kinds. "It wasn't very programmed," Hulten recalls. "We just became a place for a lot of homeless art that didn't have anywhere else to go." In providing a home for homeless art, Hulten was following the example of the museum director he admired above all others—Willem Sandberg, of the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Sandberg had been one of the top leaders of the Dutch resistance during the Second World War. After the war, he became, as Hulten saw it, the first museum man to respond actively to the new currents in art. He showed contemporary work before the dealers did, in many cases, and he made the Stedelijk a place where aesthetic actions and confrontations often took precedence over static exhibitions. "The basic difference was that he took the side of the artist," according to Hulten. "The old-style museum person was always a little suspicious of living artists—even at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. But Sandberg felt that the museum belonged to the artists. That was very impressive. That's been the whole basis of my approach."

An early instance of this approach was a huge kinetic-art show in 1961, which Hulten organized together with Tinguely and Daniel Spoerri. Thinking that Sweden might not be ready for the shock of such an unfamiliar aesthetic, Hulten arranged for the exhibition to open first in Amsterdam, at the Stedelijk, and stay there for two months before moving to the Moderna Museet. Even so, critical and official circles in Stockholm were sorely unprepared, and pressure was even brought on civic authorities to close down the exhibition entirely. With the public, however, the show was a resounding success. "People flocked to it as though to Luna Park," Hulten says. "And that became our argument—the people came. After that, things were not the same between us and the National Museum. We felt we had been let down." From this point on, although the Moderna Museet remained technically under the authority of the National Museum, it steered an independent course.

Hulten was way ahead of any other European museum director in recog-



SECONAL
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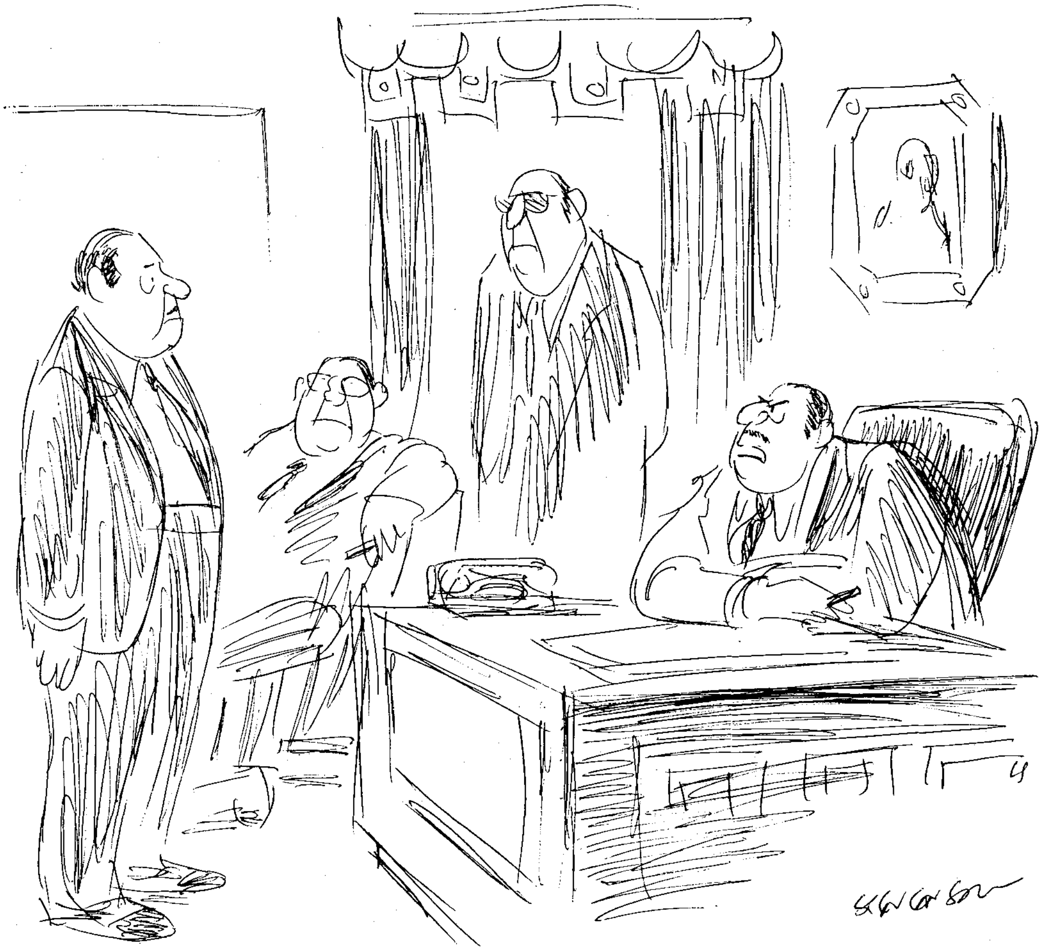
nizing the importance of what was going on in New York, which he visited for the first time in 1959. Sent by the National Museum as a delegate to the São Paulo Bienal that fall, he returned by way of New York and spent several weeks here. "I was literally in a state of shock for days," he recalls. "It was not only the art but the city, the buildings, the traffic—everything. You had the sense that anything was possible." On his visit, he stayed with Billy Klüver, a Swedish research scientist whom he had known at the University of Stockholm and later in Paris, and who was at that time working at the Bell Laboratories. In their student days, both Klüver and Hulten had been interested in experimental filmmaking. Klüver knew Al Leslie, a New York artist who had just made a film called "Pull My Daisy" (soon to become famous), and it was through Leslie that Hulten met a great many artists of the younger, post-Abstract Expressionist generation—Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Richard Stankiewicz, and others. He went to an early "happening," to readings by Allen Ginsberg and the Beat poets, and to experimental-film screenings; he met John Cage and Merce Cunningham, and attended avant-garde dance performances at the Judson Church, on Washington Square. It was an extremely lively period in New York. "People were not attacking the artists, and nobody was famous," Hulten says. "Things were less polarized than they are now. The people at MOMA were very coöperative but somewhat formal. They thought of themselves as the people who were running the show—they were responsible for modern art. But actually they were somewhat out of touch with all the new things that were going on."

From 1961 on, the Moderna Museet put on show after show of the new American art: "Four Americans" in 1962 (Johns, Rauschenberg, Leslie, Stankiewicz); Jackson Pollock in 1963 (not so new in America but still little known in Europe); the first big European exhibition of American Pop Art (subtitled "107 Forms of Love and Despair") in 1964; Rauschenberg and James Rosenquist in 1965; Claes Oldenburg in 1966; Andy Warhol in 1968. There was some grumbling among Swedish artists about Hulten's pro-American bias, to which he paid no attention whatever. Frustrated by his modest acquisitions budget, which came to about forty thousand dollars a year, Hulten put together in 1963 a loan show called "The Museum of Our Dreams" and then went to the government to ask for funds to buy the show. The government appropriated a million dollars, to everyone's surprise, after which Hulten went on television and made a public appeal for more. By these means, he was able to acquire twenty-seven major works by Picasso, Magritte, Miró, Mondrian, di Chirico, Kandinsky, Calder, Giacometti, Pollock, and others, some of which had been in the "Dreams" show and some of which had not. He also bought Rauschenberg's "Monogram," the notorious stuffed angora goat with a tire around its middle—one of the most controversial art works of the sixties. Hulten had wanted "Monogram" from the moment he first saw it, on his visit to New York in 1959, and he had persuaded Rauschenberg to hold it until he could come up with the purchase price—thirty thousand dollars. In the early sixties, though, most of the newer American art was nowhere near that expensive, which was one reason Hulten was able to acquire such a lot of it without incurring too much criticism. In 1961, he purchased for the Moderna an early Tinguely "metamatic"—a motor-driven sculpture with an armature that held a felt-tipped pen. When activated by the insertion of one Swedish crown in a slot, the armature moved erratically across a sheet of paper and produced abstract pictures; in four years at the museum, the machine earned enough for Hulten to buy Tinguely's much larger "Meta-matic No. 17," which had achieved fame at the 1959 Paris Biennale by spewing abstract pictures in all directions. Some of the goings on at the museum led to great indignation in the press and elsewhere. A visitor was so infuriated by Hulten's acquisition of a Lotus Formula One racing car, which was exhibited as a piece of modern sculpture, that he put his foot through one of its paper-thin fenders. (Later, a night guard at the museum could not resist climbing into the Lotus, and got wedged in so tightly that he couldn't get out; his extrication required further restorations.) Now and then, the authorities would question Hulten's policies, whereupon he would threaten to resign. Whenever the job began to seem overly burdensome, he went sailing. A passionate sailor since his early years, he had started a boat club on Skeppsholmen as soon as the Navy moved out. Young curators who came to work at the museum found it was an advantage to know something about navigation. "Working with Pontus was wonderful," according to one of them who happened to be an accomplished sailor. "He has a naïve, childlike quality that's contagious—he comes to work every morning full of excitement, ready to respond to anything."

By the end of the sixties, the Moderna Museet was attracting three hundred thousand visitors a year—in a city with under a million inhabitants. All this, naturally, brought Hulten's name to the attention of a lot of people outside Sweden. He was particularly well known in American art circles, of course, and it was no secret that in the fall of 1968, when he came over to direct a major exhibition, called "The Machine," at the Museum of Modern Art, he was being considered for the top job there, René d'Harnoncourt having tragically died that summer. The idea appealed to Hulten very much, but matters never reached the stage of formal consultations, because Hulten made it clear that he would take the job only on condition that the ownership of the museum be transferred from the board of trustees to the City of New York. "I am profoundly against private museums," he said. "Art belongs to everybody, and that's how it should be." The board lost interest in Hulten without delay.

"The Machine" was nevertheless an invigorating experience for all concerned. Hulten's good-humored but ironclad determination about details impressed his colleagues no end. He absolutely had to have one of Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion cars for the show—he is a great admirer of Fuller. Only three prototypes of the car had been produced, in the thirties, and not even Fuller knew where any of them were. In the end, one turned up in an Arizona garage, battered but more or less intact. It seemed that one of the mechanics who had worked on it originally, angered at not getting any salary for several weeks, had simply taken the car out of the shop and driven it away. This was the first time it had surfaced since; a young Arizona art student saw a photograph of a Dymaxion car in a book on Fuller and realized that one just like it was sitting in an abandoned garage near his house. Most of the time, Hulten got his way at MOMA, but he lost a few battles, such as when he argued that the show's catalogue, which he had the museum bind in metal covers, be priced at eight dollars rather than the recommended seven ninety-five. American merchandising has an inviolability all its own.

The MOMA exhibition's full title was "The Machine—As Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." In his catalogue essay, Hulten delved into the history of the relationship between art and technology from Leonardo to Tinguely, and he also drew some conclusions about the future of art and society. During the nineteenth century, he wrote, public opinion had embraced the utilitarian principle in everything: "Art was placed on a pedestal, respectfully venerated, and consequently quite misunderstood." Now we were passing into a new technological phase, characterized by electronic rather than mechanical processes, and it was of vital importance for us not to make the same mistakes of omission that had marked the machine phase. The important decisions of the future would be shaped by technology, according to Hulten, "but they must be based on the same criteria of respect and appreciation of human capacities, freedom, and responsibility that prevail in art." Art's importance as a humanizing social force was the principle underlying the exhi-


"Damn it, Lou, you're a lousy organizer and a lousy criminal. Why don't ya get the hell out of organized crime?"

bition—at least in Hulten's mind. At MOMA, where older ideas of connoisseurship prevailed, the message did not quite get through. Jennifer Licht, a young curator who was Hulten's main collaborator there, believes that he was keenly disappointed by the show's reception as just another MOMA spectacular, with the emphasis on the aesthetic qualities of the objects shown. Hulten himself says that he was not disappointed at all, and that the museum's coöperation was all he could have wished. "I like MOMA very much, but I also thought, for myself, that it was absolutely deadly to continue in that direction, to disinfect art, to make a place where it could be explained and controlled."

At the Moderna Museet, in any event, the emphasis was increasingly centered on art as a social force, and one of the last really big exhibitions that Hulten mounted as director had very few objects that could even be called works of art. It was entitled "Poetry Must Be Made by All! Transform the World!" and it focussed on the links between radical art and revolutionary societies: the Constructivists in post-revolutionary Russia, the Dada and Surrealist movements, the Paris student uprising of 1968. In his preface to the catalogue, Hulten offered the view that art in our time was undergoing a process of "dematerialization"—that as painting and sculpture lost their old dominance as vessels of the creative spirit it might be that art was "moving to people's interior" and becoming "a kind of behavior." And in that case "the kind of sincerity, responsibility, invention, etc., that rules in the best of art should then come to rule in society in general. This evidently requires that society must change completely."

The trouble was, society did not seem to be changing. The events of May, 1968, did not bring "imagination to power" in France, as the student posters demanded—the government simply moved, quietly but effectively, to prevent similar uprisings from occurring. Hulten began to feel that the new political and social activism that had invaded museums such as his own was moving to other arenas. Somewhat discouraged, he took a leave of absence late in 1971 to write a book on Tinguely. Of all the artists he knew, Tinguely, he thought, had most successfully resisted the temptations of celebrity; he had held on to his freedom as an artist and as an individual. Tinguely lived in a ramshackle twelfth-century redoubt in the country outside Paris, and he spent

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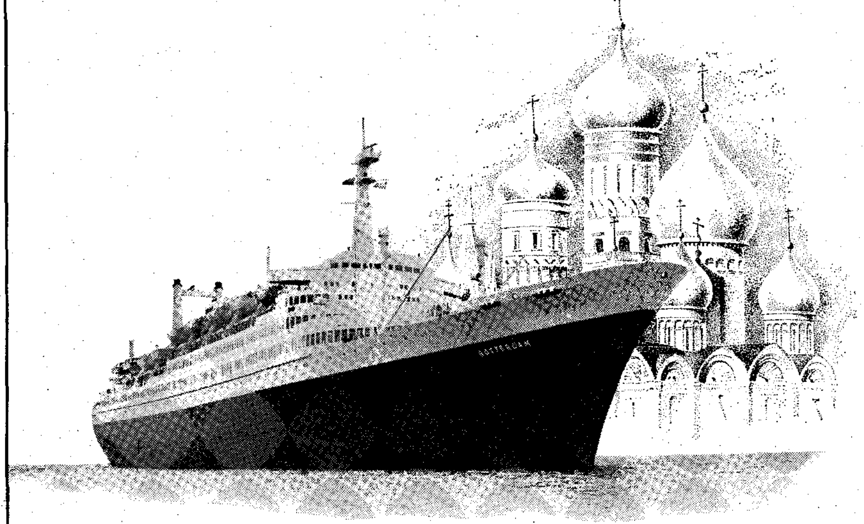

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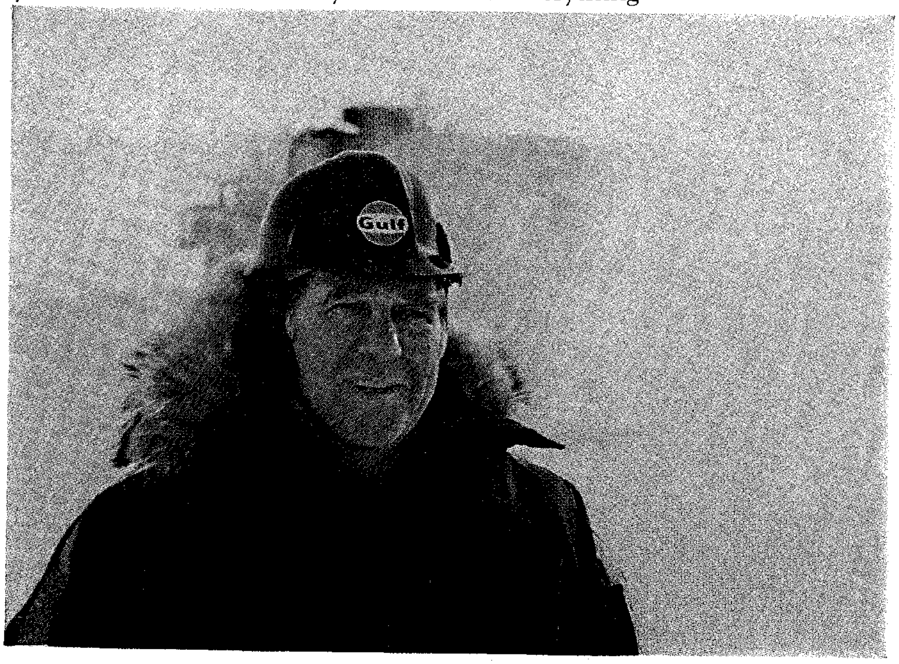

Left to right: Bob Toole, roustabout Jacob Kuhoktak, and the freezer.

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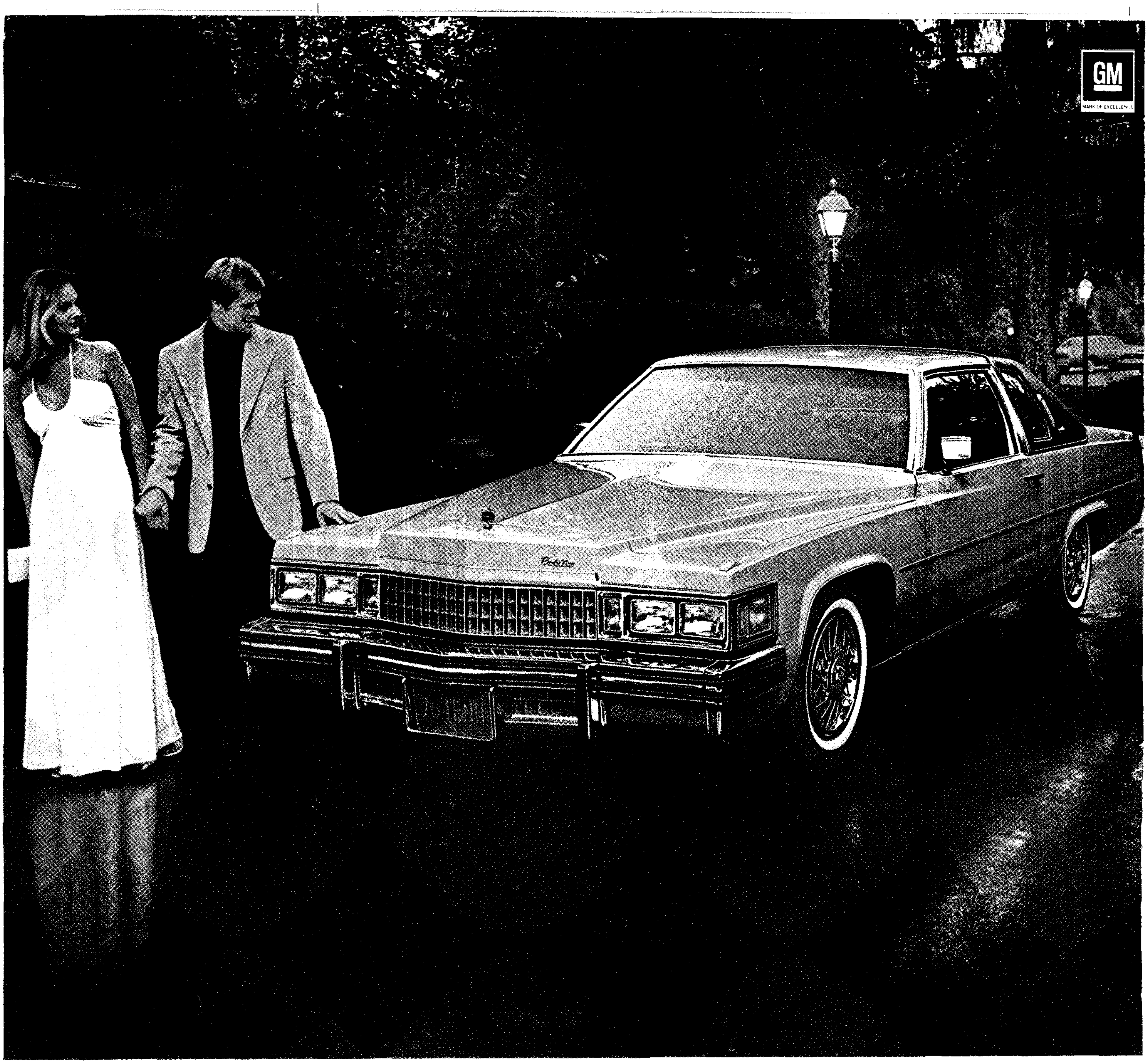

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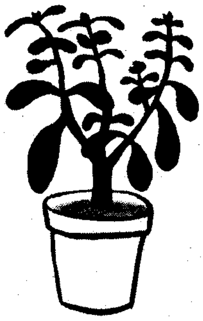
most of his working time on a gigantic, mechanomorphic "Head," which he and other artists he invited to collaborate with him were building—for nobody's benefit but their own—hidden away in the forest of Fontainebleau.

Around the time Hulten finished the book on Tinguely, he was approached about the museum director's job at what was then called the Établissement Public du Centre Beaubourg, in Paris.

THE old Musée National d'Art Moderne, a cavernous and cheerless building inconveniently situated on the Avenue du Président-Wilson, out near the Palais de Chaillot, had been something of a scandal for three decades. Scheduled to open during the International Exposition of 1937, it was not completed until years later. Parts of it were never opened to the public at all—a movie theatre in the basement, for which no suitable fire exits were provided, has been gathering dust, unused, for forty years. There was never enough light in the galleries. The roof leaked under snow, and in summer the air-conditioning invariably broke down. The postwar efforts of Jean Cassou, the director, to build a representative collection of modernist works were consistently thwarted, in part by insufficient funds but more decisively by the monumental indifference or outright antipathy to modern art shown by successive French governments. Cassou was notably successful in one area: he persuaded a number of leading artists of the School of Paris—Robert and Sonia Delaunay, Aristide Maillol, Georges Braque, Constantin Brancusi, Georges Rouault, Paul Signac, Henri Laurens, André Dunoyer de Segonzac—or their families to donate generously of their work. But the collection as a whole remained woefully thin and second-rate compared to that of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and even to some of the newer museums in Europe. It had no Mondrians, no Klees, almost no German Expressionism or Italian Futurism or Russian Constructivism, and only a feeble showing of the Surrealist movement that dominated the French art scene between the two world wars. The moribund museum seemed a sad reflection of the fact that Paris had ceased to be the vital center of contemporary art.



A change in this situation appeared imminent in 1959, when, soon after de Gaulle's return to power, André Malraux became France's first Minister of Cultural Affairs. Malraux established the Paris Biennale, a salon for artists under thirty-five held at the Musée d'Art Moderne every two years. He also commissioned France's greatest living architect, Le Corbusier, to design a museum for twentieth-century art that would be a "museum of unlimited growth." But Malraux was not really a partisan of modern art. His interests ran more to cleaning the architectural monuments of Paris and to setting up *maisons de la culture*—government-sponsored centers in the larger towns and cities, where the emphasis was on theatre rather than on the plastic arts. Malraux did nothing to help the existing Musée d'Art Moderne, whose condition grew shabbier each year.

The Corbusier museum was to be situated in a new development called La Défense, in the Neuilly section, west of the Étoile. When Corbusier died, in 1965, without having produced a working design for the museum, sentiment against the city's westward expansion was already gaining strength. Meanwhile, the decision to uproot Les Halles, the Paris food market, and move it out to Rungis, in the suburbs, had created the prospect of a very large open area in the heart of the old city. There was, in addition, a vacant five-acre spread a few blocks east of Les Halles, on the other side of the Boulevard de Sébastopol. This was the Plateau Beaubourg. Situated at the edge of the once-elegant Marais district, it had been for seventy years one of the most dilapidated and dangerous parts of Paris, known mainly as a red-light district. In 1933, the government had declared it an "insalubrious" area, and over the next five years all its buildings were demolished. Since then, the Plateau Beaubourg had been used as a parking lot for the trucks that delivered produce to Les Halles.

Many plans were put forward for developing the space vacated by Les Halles, and most of them included a Bibliothèque des Halles—a great public library of the kind common in Great Britain and the United States but not in France. (The leading French libraries have always been somewhat restricted in their use, with scholars and students enjoying access privileges denied to the general public.) Proposals for a free, truly public library dated back to 1868, but it was not until the decision was taken to relocate Les Halles that any serious planning was

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done on the project. Then, in the fall of 1968, it was officially decreed that the Bibliothèque des Halles would be built not on the site of Les Halles, after all, but on the Plateau Beaubourg. A year later, thanks to Pompidou, the project was expanded into a "polyvalent" cultural center, which the library would share with the Musée d'Art Moderne and with an industrial-design center. (The center for music research was not added until 1971.) Things moved relatively quickly after that. Declaring that the center must be "a monument that will mark our era," Pompidou decided to select the architect through an international competition—a rather daring innovation, and one that hardly endeared him to the intensely touchy French architectural establishment. He appointed a nine-man jury that was also international—it included Philip Johnson (United States), Willem Sandberg (Netherlands), Sir Frank Francis (Great Britain), Oscar Niemeyer (Brazil), and Herman Liebaers (Belgium), and was chaired by Jean Prouvé, the grand old man of French postwar building—and when this august body chose, from among the six hundred and eighty-one entries, the startlingly functional design by the virtually unknown Italian-English firm of Piano & Rogers, Pompidou managed to appear pleased by the verdict. The choice was made public in July, 1971. Nobody was more surprised than Piano & Rogers.

Richard Rogers was born in 1933 in Italy to an Italian mother and an English father. He grew up partly in England and partly in Italy, and, after graduating with honors from the Architectural Association, in London, he took his master's degree at the highly esteemed Yale School of Architecture, where he worked under Paul Rudolph. In 1963, he came back to London, started his own firm, built a few private houses and several small office buildings and factories in England and on the Continent, and established a reputation as a comer. His partner was Su Rogers, a fellow-student (of urban planning) at the Yale School of Architecture, whom he had married in 1960. (They are now divorced.) The economic situation was pretty unfavorable, though, and commissions were not exactly pouring in. Then, in 1969, the Rogerses met Renzo Piano. A young Italian architect (born in 1937) who was doing highly innovative work in lightweight shelters (and who was himself the son of a building contractor in Genoa), Piano

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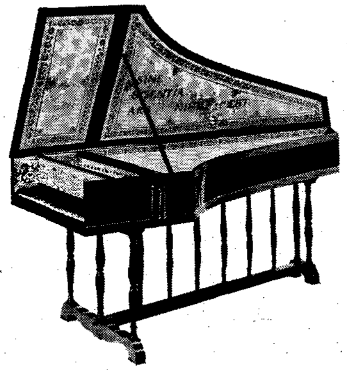

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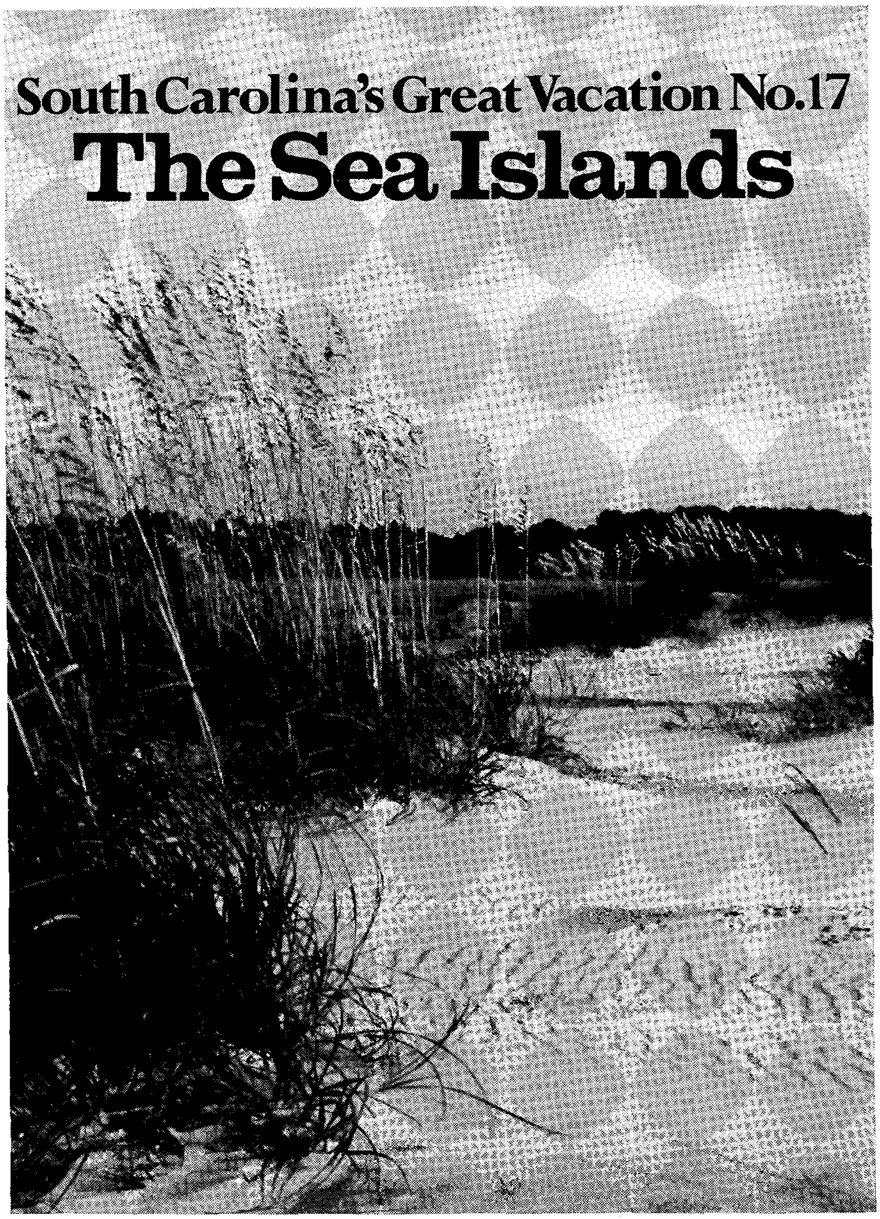
came to London that year to look into some research that the Rogerses' firm had been doing, and, after a lively exchange of ideas, they and he decided to share what Rogers called "the no-work situation" by going into partnership together. The no-work situation continued more or less dolefully until 1971, when Rogers, just back in England after a semester of teaching at Cornell, was approached by a friend of his at the London headquarters of Ove Arup & Partners, one of the world's largest consultant-engineering firms, to see if he and his colleagues would be interested in entering the Beaubourg competition. Rogers was unenthusiastic. He doubted that the project would ever get built—a frequent fate of winners of architectural competitions—and he was not entirely sure that it should be. To him, a big "cultural" edifice in the congested heart of Paris sounded more like a political gesture than like a popular center, and he argued against getting involved. But there still wasn't much work coming into the office, and he was overruled. Moreover, Ove Arup agreed to put up three hundred pounds to cover their costs while they were working on the design. Rogers and Piano spent three months on the job. "The brief that governed the competition projected a building with three major departments," Rogers has said. "The entirety was called a building for culture. Right from the start, we decided to change this to a building that would attract a much larger public. We called ours a building 'for culture, information, and entertainment,' which we thought was important."

Rogers and Piano got their drawings to the London post office a few minutes before closing time on the last day of the competition, only to be told that the cardboard mailing tube was too long—English post offices did not take that size. They spent the next ten minutes or so on the floor, frantically cutting several inches off the drawings and stuffing them into a smaller tube. Three days later, Rogers came into the office and found the tube on his desk, returned—in error—for insufficient postage. He stormed back to the post office and made the clerk re-accept the package with the original stamps and their dated postmark. The next piece of news was that most of the competition entries sent from Britain on the final day had been lost in transit. Rogers didn't know if this applied to their entry, which had not gone out on that day, but it scarcely seemed to matter: obviously, they didn't have a chance. He was teaching in the South



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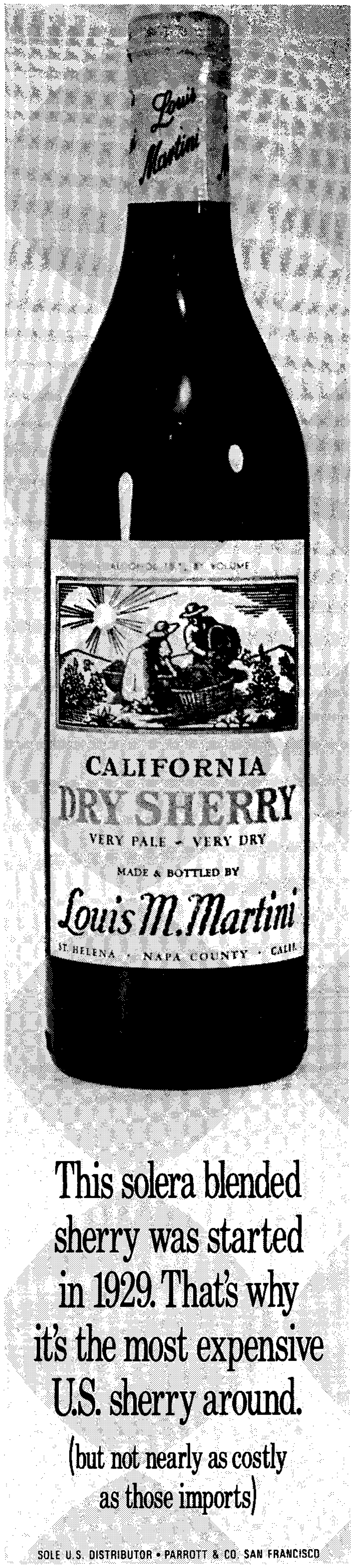
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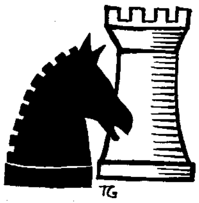
of England when Piano called, from Genoa, to say they had won.

The entire firm went to Paris for the award ceremony. Only the architects and their wives had been invited, but Piano & Rogers was a small and cohesive firm (six architects in all), and it was decided that everybody should go, secretaries included. Told that the ceremony was to be on a *bateau mouche* on the Seine, the British group arrived wearing T-shirts and jeans or miniskirts, and found everyone else in a long dress or white tie and tails. Things could only get better after that, Rogers thought. He was wrong. At a large public meeting and press conference the next day, the laureates were attacked from all sides. The project's cultural pretensions, its cost, its location in the center of Paris, and the Piano & Rogers design all came under heavy verbal assault. Rogers spoke no French whatever, but the general tone was clear enough to him; one woman screamed so violently that she had to be taken out. It was the architects' first exposure to the passionate opposition they would be encountering for the next five years, during which the project was nearly always in some danger of being aborted. Working in France, they soon discovered, presented all sorts of unforeseen difficulties. Under the French system of building, Piano & Rogers would normally have had to entrust management of the actual construction to a firm of French architects and engineers, thereby losing effective control. They balked at this and, after endless negotiations and a special vote in the National Assembly, succeeded in working out a contract that gave them complete control but included stiff penalties if the building was not finished on time or exceeded its budget. Both architects came to feel that if they had not had Ove Arup & Partners behind them (as consultants, that is; the actual construction was awarded to French firms) they would not have been allowed to put up their own building.



Most of the critics simply hated the design on aesthetic grounds. What Rogers and Piano had done was to turn a large steel-and-glass building inside out. To make the interior spaces as uncluttered and as flexible as possible, they had taken out all the service elements that are usually concealed—generators, elevators, plumbing, air-conditioning and heating ducts, electrical circuits, and the rest—and put them on the roof or on the outside walls. What piping and wiring were left inside were fully exposed, and, inside and out, the building's viscera were to be painted in the bold, no-nonsense colors that engineers use as an identifying code—blue for heating and cooling systems, green for water pipes, yellow for electricity, red for elevators, escalators, and such. Essentially, the building was to be a glass box suspended inside a steel grid, thus doing away with the need for bearing walls and all other internal supports. The technology involved was very advanced, with structural elements borrowed from other technologies, such as shipbuilding and automotive design. Clearly, such a design was headed for trouble in Paris (Pompidou, when he saw it, said that it would "make for a lot of shouting"), and all the more so in a quarter—the Marais—that was both ancient and historic.

Rogers and Piano had given a great deal of thought to the quarter and to the people who lived there. The Marais ("swamp") had emerged in the fourteenth century as a royal seat, and it had remained in fashion with the aristocracy for four centuries; after the Revolution, however, it had become an area populated mainly by small tradesmen, artisans, and other *petits bourgeois*. No longer chic, the quarter's narrow streets and ancient buildings made it seem pungently, quintessentially French. The architects decided very early that they wanted to design a building that would respect and enhance the quarter's "popular" nature, and one way to do this, they thought, would be to provide a lot of pedestrian spaces. With this in mind, they drew plans for a building that would occupy only half the available lot. The rest would become a large open plaza, on which they hoped that all sorts of programmed and unprogrammed activities would take place, under a special budget provided by Beaubourg. Their Beaubourg was to be "not just an élitist cultural monument made up of a number of watertight compartments," as Rogers put it in an interview, "but a people's center, a university of the street capable of reflecting the constantly changing needs of its users." The street would become part of the building, and nobody would feel awed or inhibited by the weight of the culture inside. But to a great many horrified Parisians the place was a supermarket, an airplane hangar, a "Pompidoglio"—a gaudy monstrosity worse than any high-rise apartment or expressway along the Seine, and made more atrocious by the fact that it was only a five-minute walk from Notre Dame. A group of French architects formed an anti-Beaubourg alliance called Le Geste Architectural, and brought a succession of lawsuits against the project. The basis of one suit was that Jean Prouvé, the chairman of the competition jury, had not been eligible for that post, because he was not a member of the French order of architects. (Neither, for that matter, was Le Corbusier.) Another proceeding argued that the plans exceeded the projected site by a few centimetres. All the suits were defeated, but the Geste's polemics dominated press coverage of the project for some time. (In retaliation, Beaubourg's press office dug up some of the diatribes by eminent Parisians against the building of the Eiffel Tower in 1887; the similarity of tone was edifying.)

Although the building of Beaubourg and the destruction of Les Halles were unrelated, the two projects were constantly linked. After the food market had moved to Rungis, there had been talk of rehabilitating the nineteenth-century cast-iron Baltard pavilions as a new site for the Musée d'Art Moderne—a solution favored by many artists at the time. But the pavilions were razed, and while the authorities wrangled over what to do with the site the site disappeared in a vast excavation for a new subway stop. To the artists, and to the political left in general, Beaubourg was seen as a *fait du prince*—an arbitrary bid for immortality by Pompidou—and also as an attempt by the state to centralize and control for its own purposes the energies of contemporary art. Even Pierre Schneider, the greatly respected art critic for *L'Express*, sounded this note in a piece he wrote for the New York *Times* in 1974: "At Beaubourg the French have succumbed to an old temptation: building Maginot Lines in a time of guerrilla warfare. . . . The museum has imposed the disastrous notion that art is what is in the museum; the more powerful the museum, the more destructive its effect; and what could be more potent than the biggest museum in Europe run by a centralized state?"

At times, it seemed that the Centre Pompidou had nothing but enemies. It did have a powerful friend in the President of the Republic, however, and under the French system of government the friendship of Pompidou was quite sufficient. The budget for the building was five hundred million francs, or about a hundred million dollars. (Press reports often gave it erroneously as a billion francs—a fig-

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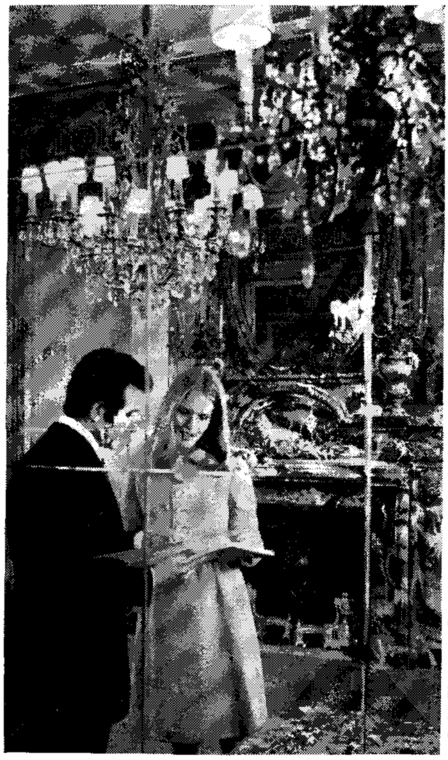

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ure that actually included the acquisition of the land, alterations to streets and surrounding areas, and the construction of the below-ground IRCAM as well as the cost of the Centre itself.) Piano & Rogers did some extensive redesigning to stay within the budget, and also to conform to extremely stringent fire regulations. The building's height was reduced from sixty-two metres to forty-two, which was about the height of the old buildings in the neighborhood. But the basic concept remained intact, and while Pompidou was alive the project went ahead more or less on schedule. This was largely due to the efforts of Robert Bordaz, the man whom Pompidou had put in charge of the entire project. Bordaz, a career civil servant, was an example of what the French bureaucracy at its best can sometimes turn out. He had been the last civilian commandant in French Indo-China, and had served as the director of the big French exposition in Moscow in 1961 and of the French Pavilion at Expo '67, in Montreal. He had written a book on Russian economics, and he had headed the French government radio-television network. Beaubourg would be his last big job before he retired. Cool and tough under pressure, a strong administrator, highly intelligent, and infinitely resourceful, he kept the project moving in ways that less experienced hands might not have known about. When the major French steel companies turned in bids that were fifty per cent higher than the Beaubourg team's estimates, Bordaz asked for bids from Krupp, in Germany, and Nippon Steel, in Japan; both were appreciably lower, and the contract went to Krupp, thereby provoking additional French outrage. It was Bordaz, moreover, who recommended Hulten for the museum director's job. Jean Leymarie, the current director of the old Musée d'Art Moderne, had made it abundantly clear that he did not wish to move to Beaubourg. (He later resigned, and has since been named director of the French Academy in Rome.) For a while, it had seemed possible that the museum itself would not move, either—that the library or some other institution would take over its allotted space. Neither Pompidou nor Bordaz wanted that to happen. A new museum director had to be found, but nobody in France seemed to have the combination of qualities needed for the job—a combination that embraced progressive ideas as well as scholarly credentials. Willem Sandberg, who had been one of the more influential members of the competition jury, told Bordaz about Hulten. Bordaz went to Stockholm to talk with him, and on his return informed Pompidou that he had found their man. A second delegation, which included Rogers, went to Stockholm in the summer of 1973. Hulten took them all sailing, and there was a meeting of minds. They seemed to Hulten to be "people one would enjoy working with."

That fall, Hulten resigned from the Moderna Museet and came to Paris. "I'd had enough of Stockholm," he said soon afterward. "I was fifty, and there was the danger of spending another fifteen years in the same job. It was a good moment." He found an apartment on the top floor of a building on the Rue Beaubourg, two blocks from the Centre. In the convoluted Paris art world, he was a refreshing, if somewhat unpredictable, new presence, and for some time nobody quite knew what to expect of him. "Beaubourg is a monster, but I think a good monster," Hulten said soon after he arrived. "Basically, it's not at all a bad idea."

The kind of center that Rogers and Piano wanted Beaubourg to become was in many ways close to Hulten's ideal museum. He liked the emphasis on openness and flexibility, and he liked the populist thinking behind it—the idea that someone who had never been in a museum before might come in off the street, look around without preconceptions, and draw his own conclusions. What he liked most, he said in 1974, was that the builders did not have "a museum mentality," and that Beaubourg was going to be "not so much a museum as a platform of modern sensibilities." Agreement on principles did not prevent Hulten and the architects from disagreeing vigorously over certain details, however, and it was in their disagreements that Hulten revealed himself as a more traditional museum man than he had sometimes appeared to be. "What I didn't agree with was its being a very flashy building," Hulten remarked last spring. "I was very much against those bright colors, because they didn't seem to me to take into consideration the light of Paris. This was our main argument for a long time. I tried to introduce brown, silver, gray. At one point, they wanted to paint the whole building bright orange. I thought that was just silly." The architects managed to impose their primary colors on the building's exterior and in the library and other interior public spaces, but not in the

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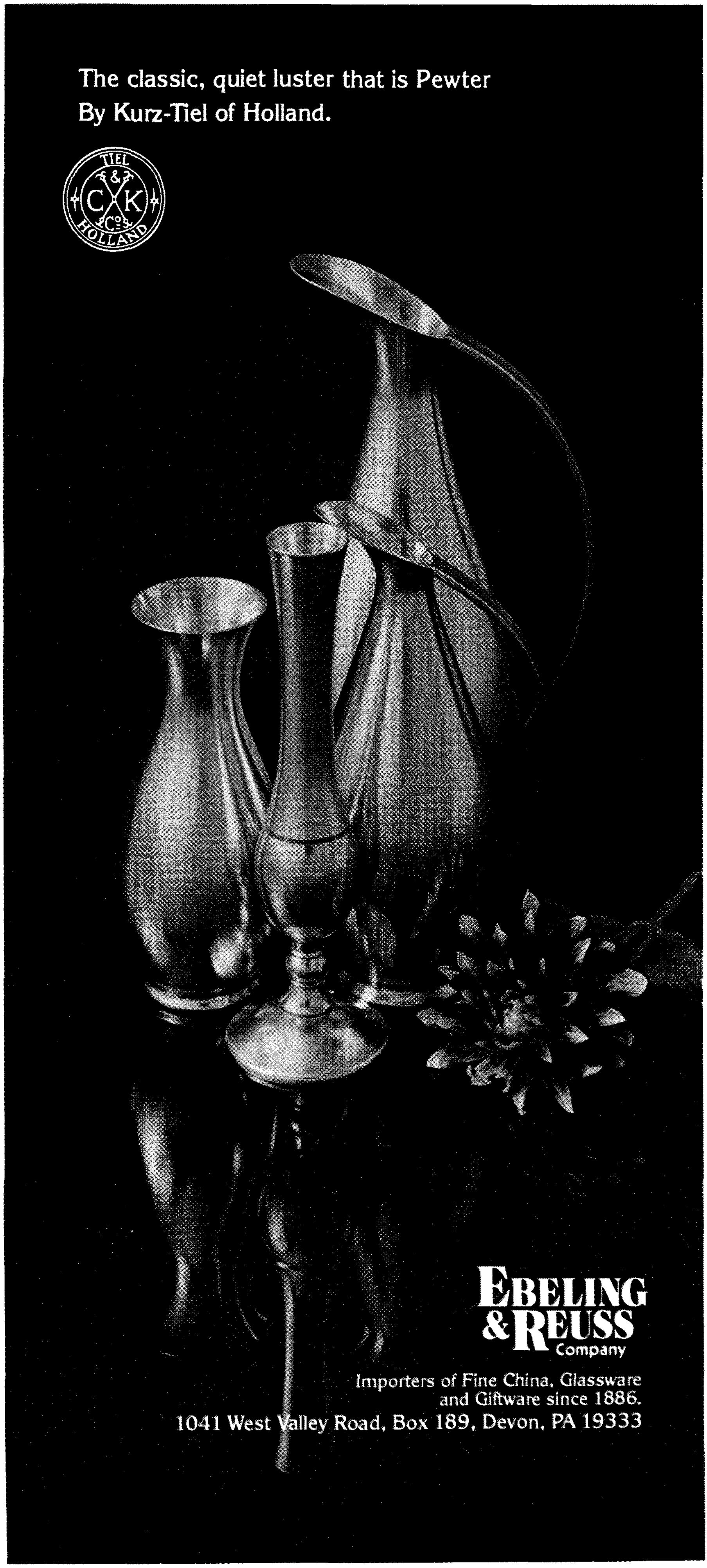
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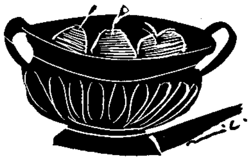
museum; Hulten saw to it that in his galleries everything was painted white. He also successfully opposed the architects' plan to display the paintings on floating panels suspended from the ceiling. Hulten said that if there was one thing he hated it was seeing other people's legs underneath a painting. A painting must have a wall to hang on, he insisted, and so the architects gave him walls—standing partitions that could be fitted together lengthwise or at right angles. (A remnant of the original plan survives in the storage system of the permanent collection: paintings are hung on panels high up near the ceiling, like drops in a theatre, from which position they can be lowered for special viewings.) The architects were keenly disappointed. "They wanted something much more open," Hulten has said. "They wanted you to *feel* all that interior space. But we had the problem of having to show eleven hundred works of art, and of making sense of recent art history. Some of these works are very intimate and cannot fight all that architecture. We had big discussions over this for a year." "Pontus didn't see things our way on flexibility and change," Richard Rogers concedes. "There were a lot of battles, most of which he won. Sometimes Pontus can seem a little woolly, but he knows precisely what he wants and is very sharp about it—which from our point of view was a disadvantage."

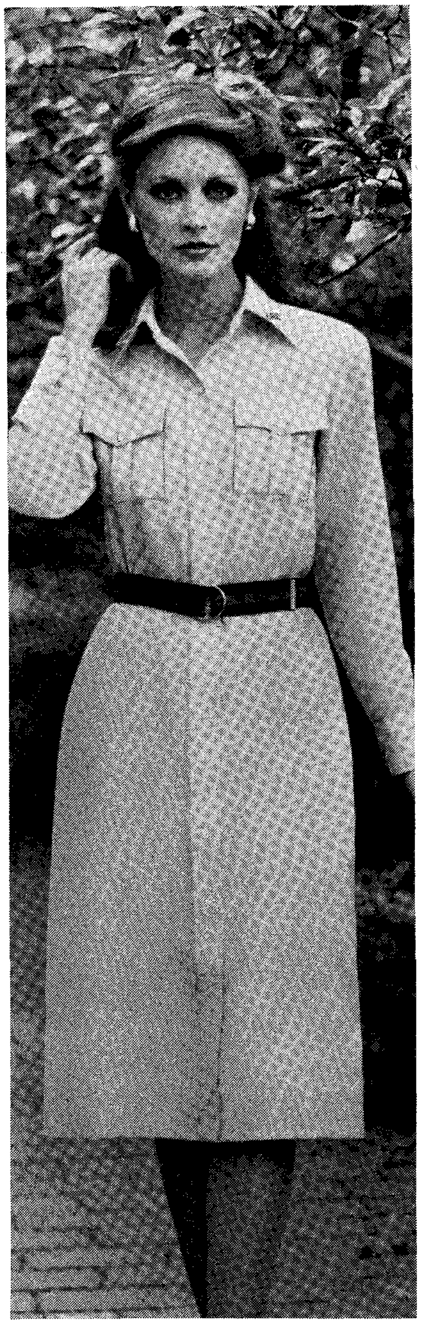
Practically speaking, though, there was not much time for serious discussion of these or any other issues. Hulten had come on the scene relatively late, when the basic concepts were already set. He never met Pompidou. Interviews were scheduled several times, but the President was seriously ill by then, and the meeting kept being postponed. In April, 1974, a New York taxi-driver broke the news of Pompidou's death to Hulten, en route from Kennedy Airport to the city. The repercussions, for Beaubourg, were swift and alarming. Pompidou's successor was Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, an aristocrat with a commitment to cutting government costs and with no apparent sympathy for contemporary art. One of his first actions in office was to stop two major public projects—the planned automobile expressway on the left bank of the Seine (the one on the right bank had already been completed) and a multimillion-dollar commercial center for the old Les Halles site. In August, Giscard called for a full report on Beaubourg. Bordaz and the architects were not allowed to present their facts and figures in person; everything had to go through intermediaries. The crisis dragged on through the fall. Bordaz's job was thought to be in jeopardy, and it seemed entirely possible that the whole project would be stopped. Finally, the President's decision was announced: continue the project, but lower the building by one story and enclose all the exterior mechanical services.

Piano & Rogers issued a report showing that both orders would be impossible to carry out without enormous additional expense. Although construction on Beaubourg had begun only the preceding December, and there was not much to see aboveground, more than eighty per cent of the contracts had been signed, and the structural steel (from Krupp) was already on the site. The building, moreover, was designed in such a way that you couldn't remove just one story—you would have to remove two stories or none. The architects did agree to paint the exterior steelwork white (instead of blue), and said they would study the feasibility of enclosing the mechanical services after the building was completed. That seemed to end the immediate threat. (The rumor was that Giscard really had wanted to stop Beaubourg, until Mme. Pompidou informed him in pointed terms that it had been the project closest to her late husband's heart. When, a few weeks after Pompidou's death, a governmental decree renamed the project the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, Hulten thought poorly of the idea, but he has since come to feel that it probably insured Beaubourg's survival.)

Not that Beaubourg was out of danger. In 1975, a major concerted attack on it was launched in the National Assembly and in the Senate. All the earlier charges were revived—the use of non-French architects, the destruction of old Paris, the assault on good taste, the draining of funds from other cultural institutions—and the result was a seven-million-franc cut in the operations budget for 1975 and a ten-million-franc reduction for 1976. The cuts were crippling but not fatal. Many elements of the project were postponed or cancelled, notably the five garden-terraces and the audiovisual screens designed to hang on the exterior grid facing the plaza, where light shows and animations would be presented. A lot of jobs were eliminated, too, and the cuts helped to delay the project's completion. Bordaz stayed cool, however, and pushed ahead as fast as possible. He knew that if Beaubourg could be stopped for any reason it might never get started again—that its real strength now lay in its momentum.



Hulten, meanwhile, had the thorny *affaire des donateurs* to deal with. An ad-hoc group representing the families of Georges Rouault, Henri Laurens, Georges Braque, and other School of Paris artists who had made important donations of their works to the Musée d'Art Moderne let it be known that they opposed the moving of these works from the old museum to Beaubourg. Claude Laurens, the son of the painter and sculptor, and the group's nominal spokesman, said they were afraid that the donations would be improperly displayed at Beaubourg, or not displayed at all, or even sold to buy works more in vogue (which would have been a violation of French law). Hulten's reputation as a booster of neo-Dada and American Pop Art, of "happening"s and confrontations and "the new museology," was clearly a factor in the group's thinking. Why not let Beaubourg become simply and forthrightly a museum of post-1945 art and art events, some people suggested, and leave the achievements of the Cubists and the post-Cubists where they were? Hulten would have none of that. "You have to have a backbone, which is a strong, articulated permanent collection," he said last spring. "If you don't have that, you're just not in the business—it's all purely arbitrary and you can't understand anything." There was no specific law requiring the museum to respect the wishes of the *donateurs* in this instance, and Hulten was in favor of bypassing them. He was overruled by Michel Guy, the Secretary of State for Culture at the time, who insisted that the *droit moral* of the *donateurs* must be respected. Protracted negotiations followed, the result of which was that all the donated works except those by Laurens, Dunoyer de Segonzac, and Rouault would go to Beaubourg; that a series of special rooms, under Beaubourg's jurisdiction, in the old museum would be given over to the Laurens, Dunoyer de Segonzac, and Rouault works; and that the rest of the old building, after renovation, would become a museum for late-nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century art under the jurisdiction of the Louvre. Hulten thought it a typical French compromise—dia-



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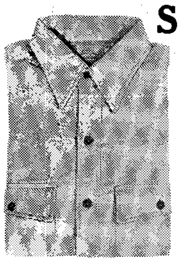

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bolically complex, probably unworkable, and guaranteed to make no one happy.

The *affaire des donateurs* was unfortunate in several ways. According to Hulten, the publicity stopped a number of gifts or loans that would otherwise have come to Beaubourg. The association of Friends of the Musée d'Art Moderne became enemies, for the most part, and could not be approached for help. All this made it more difficult for Hulten to carry out one of his main responsibilities, which was to fill the gaping holes in the new museum's collection of post-1905 art. (The date, which reflected the beginnings of Fauvism, had been set by Hulten as the collection's starting point.) Thanks to Pompidou, however, Hulten had an acquisitions budget of approximately a million six hundred thousand dollars a year, and in three and a half years he managed to acquire a good deal. He concentrated on the best available examples of made-in-Paris art (which was not necessarily the same as School of Paris art), with special emphasis on Matisse and the Surrealists. He also cultivated several new donors, one of the most generous of them being Dominique de Menil, who divides her time between Paris and Houston, where her late husband was in charge of the Schlumberger oil interests; a brilliant art scholar in her own right, Mme. de Menil gave a number of first-rank works, including Pollock's last major painting, "The Deep." Hulten managed to get some important American art of the sixties on long-term loan from Peter Ludwig, the German chocolate tycoon, who is currently the world's most active collector of contemporary art, and several key works of early Constructivist sculpture from the Soviet government. He also put together a collection of drawings, which were not well represented in the old museum. While his efforts have not yet put Beaubourg on a level with the Museum of Modern Art in New York, most observers feel that he has made an impressive showing.

In 1976, as Beaubourg neared completion, the tide of opposition to it abated somewhat. Whether or not it was a *fait du prince*, it was most assuredly a *fait*—a visual image as powerful in its way, and as inescapable, as the Eiffel Tower. At night, with a thousand lights ablaze on its superstructure, it looked like a great, beached ocean liner. People were finding it possible to grow fond of this curious monster. The French Communist Party,

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which had been suspicious of the project at first, became one of its strongest supporters. The Party deplored Beaubourg's origins as a *fait du prince* but approved its development as a people's center and as a source of jobs in a period of severe unemployment. The Socialists continued to attack it as an élitist symbol, but François Mitterrand, the Socialist chief and the leader of a leftist coalition that many people then expected to replace Giscard's government, indicated in several statements that he was a friend of Beaubourg. Giscard's coolness to Beaubourg naturally helped to insure the left's support of the project. It also became a factor in Giscard's increasingly bitter political feud with Jacques Chirac, the leader of the right-wing Gaullists in Giscard's own ruling coalition. Chirac had been a close friend of Pompidou, and he remained close to Mme. Pompidou and an outspoken supporter of Beaubourg. Beaubourg thus found itself in the odd position of receiving strong support from both the extreme left and the extreme right while its official sponsor, the centrist Giscard government, kept trying to cut its budget. Françoise Giroud, who replaced Michel Guy as Secretary of State for Culture in 1976, set off a minor tempest that September by announcing that Beaubourg had been "conceived in a period of financial euphoria," and that its enormous cost "poses a problem that must be resolved." Hulten and his colleagues were not the only ones who wondered what this implied—more budget cuts, perhaps?—but Mme. Giroud did not elaborate. In fact, she visited Beaubourg only once or twice during her one-year tour of duty in the government, and appeared to take no further interest in it whatever.

One of the major anti-Beaubourg arguments has always been that it costs too much. Because of Beaubourg, it is said, regional museums have been deprived of funds, and the *maisons de la culture* have been withering on the vine. In fact, it is widely (and falsely) rumored that Beaubourg costs more to run than all the other major museums of France put together, including the Louvre. Whenever Hulten hears or reads this canard, he throws up his hands. The Louvre, which has four thousand employees to Beaubourg's eight hundred and fifty, must cost at least five times as much to operate, he says, but it is impossible to get the relevant figures. The construction of Beaubourg was financed by special governmental appropriations, and its current operating expense—approximately one

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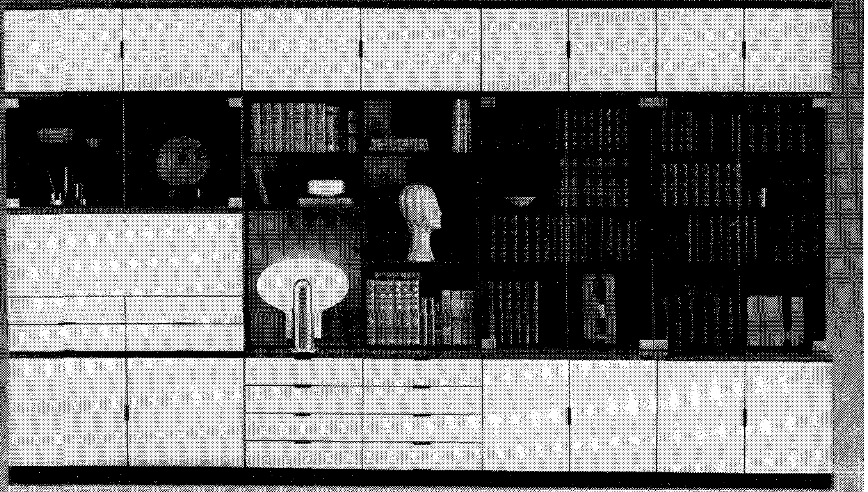

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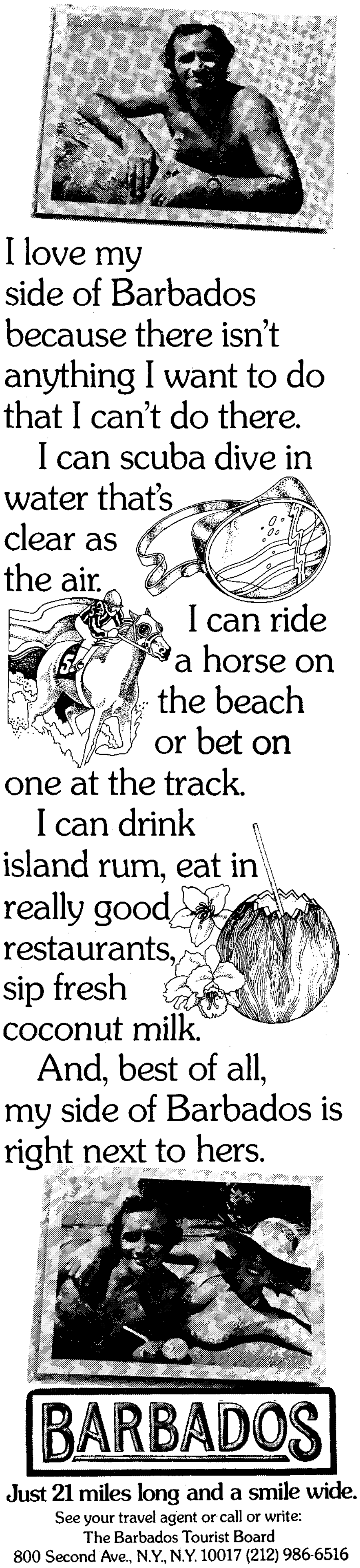

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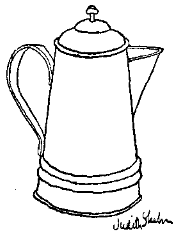
hundred and thirty million francs a year—comes to about nine per cent of the nation's annual cultural budget. Hulten's present view is that, while Beaubourg does cost a lot, it also serves a lot of people, and its immense popular success could well become a lever for increased government support of the arts throughout France. The real problem, according to Hulten and many others, is that the French government allots only 0.5 per cent of its total budget to cultural affairs. "This whole house didn't cost as much as one nuclear submarine," Hulten said last summer. "The cultural share here is much too low. The Tate, in London, has more money for acquisitions than we do. The whole thing is absurd."



The leftist complaint that Beaubourg represents a centralized, statist form of culture, when what is needed is decentralization and spontaneous local initiatives, is one that Hulten finds more difficult to answer. When Michel Guy was Secretary of State for Culture, he used to speak of Beaubourg as *la centrale de la décentralisation*—a great center of resources that not only would supply the materials for travelling exhibitions but would mount shows that had originated in provincial museums and otherwise encourage regional developments. Some of this is now being done. But Beaubourg still appears to many to be another example of the old tendency to centralize power and culture in Paris while starving the rest of the country. For an old anarchist like Hulten, the setup is not too reassuring. He has threatened to resign now and then, whenever that seemed to be a useful stratagem. While he might feel more comfortable with a leftist government in power, one gathers that, like most of the artists he knows, he is basically against all governments, and that his only real allegiance is to the subversive powers of living art.

AS Beaubourg continued to grow, the area around it was rapidly transformed. More than thirty art galleries announced plans to set up shop in the immediate vicinity. Boutiques, restaurants, and cafés were springing up at a great rate. Throughout the Marais, derelict buildings and crumbling old *hôtels particuliers* were being renovated and remodelled, in anticipation of the quarter's new role as an arts center. To its credit, the government had taken measures to limit real-estate speculation, so that early fears of evictions and wholesale demolitions were not borne out. In 1975, when the Maeght Gallery tried to appropriate several blocks in the Marais, more than five hundred potential evictees banded together in protest, and Maeght backed down. Beaubourg itself was going up right on schedule (the revised schedule) and within its budget, and it was even starting to draw some favorable reviews in architectural journals. Scarcely a week went by without a feature article in the French press, often accompanied by an interview with Hulten. The official opening date was finally set for January 31, 1977, and the last few weeks before that were predictably horrendous. Hulten and his principal curator, Germain Viatte, had only five weeks to install the permanent collection in the third- and fourth-floor galleries. Hulten made it a rule that once a picture had been hung it could not be moved—there was no time for second thoughts. A large and important Marcel Duchamp exhibition on which Hulten had been working for two years filled the fifth-floor temporary-exhibition galleries. Opening with Duchamp was risky enough, considering the fact that his career had been so widely ignored in France and so widely acclaimed in the United States. Hulten thought of the Duchamp show as a preliminary to a much larger exhibition he was planning—called "Paris-New York," which would survey the artistic relationships between those two cities from 1905 to the present (the show was referred to around Beaubourg as "Ping-Pong")—and there was clearly no way that it could fail to excite controversy.

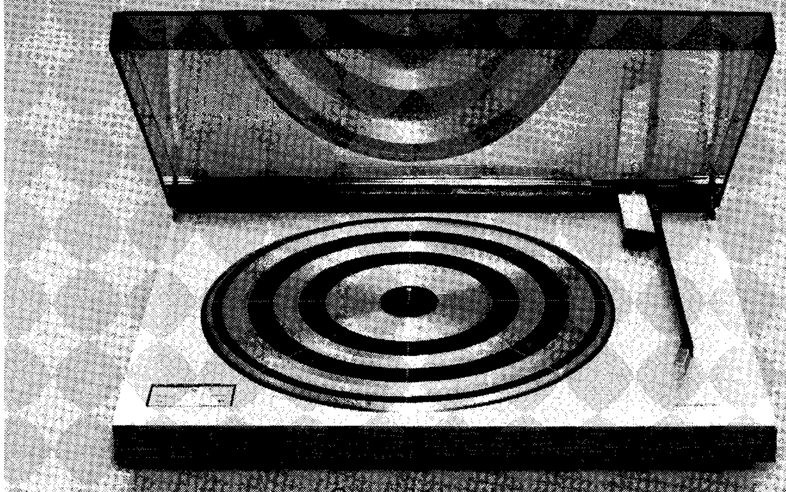
In the same month that Beaubourg was to open, Hulten also had to deal, separately, with angry artists at home and enraged public opinion abroad. The Paris artists—there are an estimated seven or eight thousand of them—were upset because nobody had consulted *them* about Beaubourg, and also because the decline of the large annual salons was making it harder and harder for artists without galleries to show their work. Nearly a thousand artists turned out for a mid-January meeting with Hulten and three of his curators in a large *maison de la culture* in the suburb of Créteil. "I was kind of uneasy beforehand, but it went off all right," Hulten said afterward. "We told them that we would support a movement for social rights of artists, but that we were very much against artists' making aesthetic politics. We also told them that we planned to devote one of the smaller galleries on the ground floor to monthly two-man shows by young French artists—which we are now doing.”

The other crisis was touched off by the French government’s release of Abu Daoud, a Palestinian terrorist believed to have organized the attack on the Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Olympics. Indignation over his release ran so high in American art circles that a number of artists, dealers, and collectors here announced that they were cancelling their loans or gifts to the Centre Pompidou, whose opening was two weeks off. A number of the lenders and donors eventually relented and sent the promised works, but a sense of crisis and potential disaster hung over the place during the final month, and everyone—even Hulten—was on edge.

Thirty-five hundred people had received invitations to the formal opening, and about eight thousand showed up. President Giscard, who had been scheduled to open the Centre at an afternoon ceremony attended by only a few hundred people, decided to attend the much larger evening opening instead. (He changed his mind, it was said, when he learned that Chirac was coming in the evening.) Nobody was allowed to leave or to go to a floor above or below the one to which his color-coded invitation had gained him admittance until the President had made his official tour. There were no refreshments, by order of the cost-conscious Giscard. When he finally did appear, he made a very odd speech, in which he thanked no one associated with the project—Bordaz was not even mentioned. Then Hulten took him through the Duchamp exhibition. Giscard asked where the pictures had come from, but did not appear to listen to Hulten’s reply. Hulten was furious. “I guided three generations of Swedish royalty through the Moderna Museet,” he said afterward, “and they all knew what they were seeing.”

The international art world—a term that includes dealers, collectors, curators, critics, assorted hangers-on, and sometimes an artist or two—reacted very negatively to Beaubourg’s opening. It was fashionable to like the building as architecture but to dislike the museum. Almost everybody found the huge interior spaces, with their exposed pipes and structural elements, confusing and distracting, and almost nobody approved of the way the pictures were hung. By the time the art world had packed up and left, though,

ONE TOUCH



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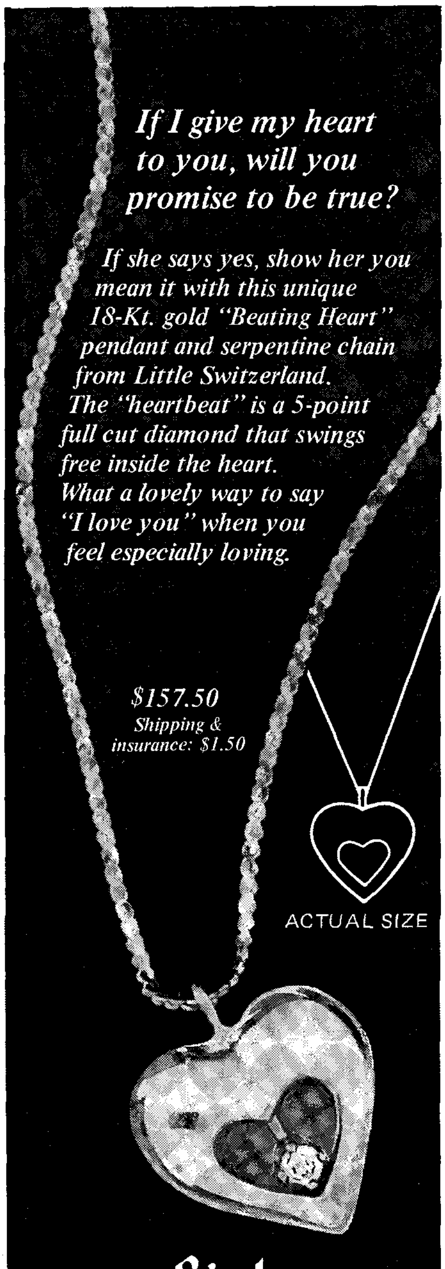

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it was already becoming evident that the people of Paris had fallen in love with Beaubourg. Throughout its planning and construction, it had been estimated that Beaubourg would attract up to five thousand visitors a day, and maybe double that number on weekends. Right from the start, however, twenty thousand people a day pressed their way in, and one Sunday soon after the opening there were forty-six thousand. Safety factors obliged the guards to limit the number of people on each floor at any one time; as a result, only one of the building's twelve public entrances could be used, and during much of the day long lines built up inside the building and out on the plaza. The crowds were good-natured about the long delays for the most part, but because of the congestion people who worked in the building often had difficulty getting from one floor to another.

Beaubourg was unprepared for its own popularity. There were not enough guards, not enough engineers, not enough people to maintain or to clean the place, and no money in the reduced budget to hire more. Within a month, the walls were smudged and the carpeting was stained and coming up in places; there were fingerprints on the sculptures and dust on the picture frames. The building had opened before it was ready to open, which made everything in it susceptible to breakdowns. Although Rogers and Piano were still on hand to deal with the daily crises, they were lame ducks; their contract had run out. Bordaz had retired. (He is now in private law practice in Paris.) The building needed a year's worth of "tuning," according to Rogers, and how would it get it? The public's numbers did not diminish, as predicted, once the novelty of Beaubourg wore off. These were not the tourists who flocked to the Louvre, either; the Beaubourg crowds seemed to be largely French and cheerfully middle- or working-class. They rode (or sometimes walked) up and down the outside escalator, enjoying the sensational views of Paris. They took over the library, delighted by the new experience of open stacks, free language labs with audiovisual aids, periodical racks, and other conveniences. (A metal strip embedded in each book activated an alarm if anyone tried to take the book out, but this did not stop avid scholars from tearing out pages. A lot of vandalism was reported, and some of the audiovisual equipment had to be replaced.) Although the Piano & Rogers proposal for a schedule

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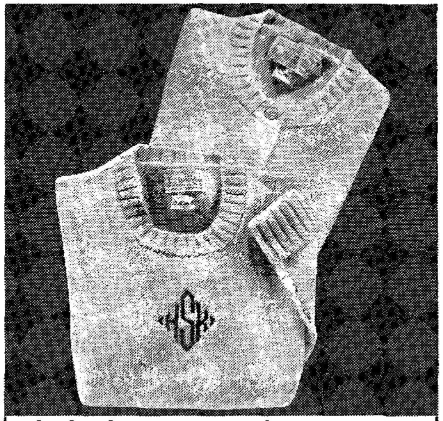

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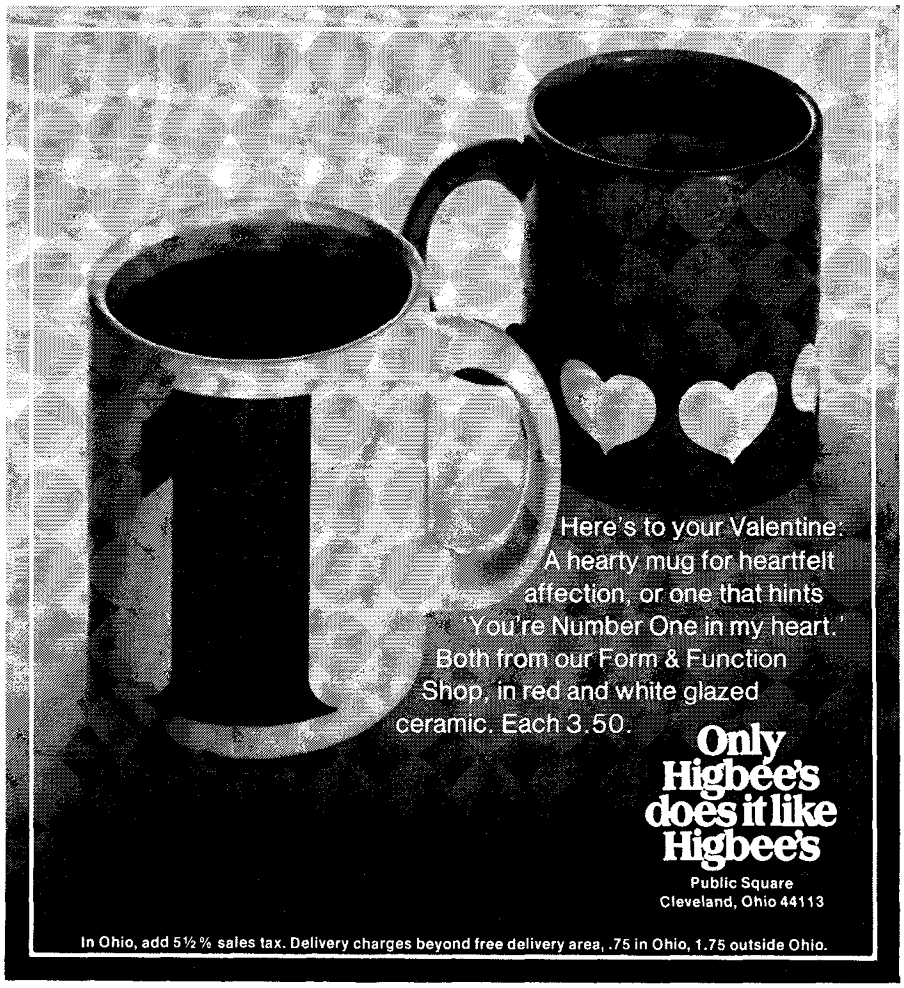
of activities on the plaza never was approved, the unprogrammed presence of Paris's roving street performers turned out to be more colorful than anything the architects had imagined. Almost everything that happens at Beaubourg seems to attract an audience (as the street performers were the first to realize). Cinema screenings are packed, lectures and recitals and poetry readings are well attended, the *atelier des enfants*, where young children are encouraged to wreak creative havoc, often overflows with mini-talent. The museum is actually the least crowded part of the building. It charges five francs for admission—Hulten lost that battle—while the rest of the building is free. It is estimated that only about fifteen per cent of the Beaubourg crowd visits the museum, but currently this fifteen per cent adds up to thirty thousand people a week, or a million and a half a year.

What are they getting for their five francs, these vast armies of the Beaubourg? Very little instruction or guidance, as Hulten's counterparts in other museums are quick to point out. Wall labels are laconic at best, and occasionally misleading. (On two adjoining labels, the American artist Jasper Johns was for a time identified as having been born in two different places.) Historical art groupings are often sacrificed to chronological sequences. In some galleries of the permanent collection, to be sure, there are racks of large printed cards with notes on particular artists or schools, and the casually dressed gallery "welcomers" (no uniformed guards here) are often young art or art-history students, who will talk knowledgeably with anyone who asks a question. At least once a day, there is a gallery talk by someone who may be a poet or a biologist or anything *but* an art historian—Hulten's idea, to bring a fresh point of view to bear on works of art. By and large, though, the visitor is on his or her own, which is exactly what Hulten wants.

"A painting has to be given a chance," Hulten said last summer, just before he left to go on vacation. The museum's second major exhibition, the "Paris-New York" show, had recently opened (to mixed notices), and Hulten was heading for Sweden and his sailboat—his first break from the job in eighteen months. "Painting has existed for nearly twenty thousand years in Europe, and when you see a picture today you receive it on absolutely the same level that people did when it was painted," he said. "Why should we try to interfere with that message between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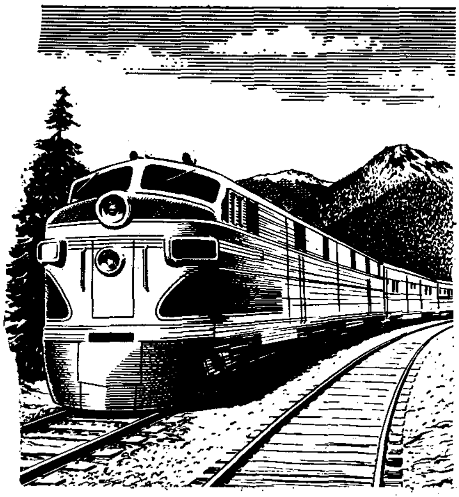

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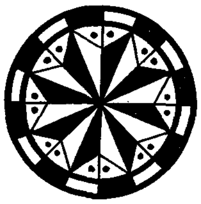
the artist and the public? It is a profound mistake, I think, for an academic who is trained in some school to provide connections. I find it very difficult to believe that you can add information that will help people to look at paintings—and there's such a lot of phony information, which only tends to diminish what you see. No, you just have to have confidence in the work of art. And if it doesn't function, so what? It is not our problem, in a way—putting out information so that people can slide into paintings. The message *is* the painting. I want people to come here and just look, and I think it is better that they get the wrong impression than that we tell them what to look for. We don't want to make art historians of the public, we don't want to teach them; we want them to love it and enjoy it and get excited about this bomb that is art. Either you receive the bomb quality or you don't. But we are not here to take the bomb out."



This kind of thinking is anathema, of course, to those for whom art's joys are the joys of understanding. Hulten's detractors sometimes argue that his populist approach is self-contradictory—that nothing could be more élitist than expecting someone who may be seeing modern art for the first time to get anything out of it without some help. It has also been said that Hulten himself is putting on old-fashioned, didactic, art-historical shows at Beaubourg, and that to do this without providing the kind of basic information that MOMA supplies is simply to add to the general chaos and confusion that is Beaubourg. There may be some truth in this. Hulten is in many ways a classical-minded museum man. He conceded last summer that most of his ideas for making Beaubourg a different kind of museum were "sleeping" for the moment, until the basic job of installation was further along. There is nothing dogmatic about Hulten, though, and he is not in the least afraid to contradict himself. His whole notion of a museum as a place where the artist and the public can interact is a rather vague one, he allowed; at the moment, it doesn't seem to have gone beyond inviting Tinguely and his friends in to make the Crocrodrome. One result, of course, is that some people—artists, mainly—criticize Hulten for playing favorites. He still prefers the company of artists to that of museum curators (or anyone else), and his friendship with Tinguely and several others has been widely questioned. Agam, an Israeli artist who lives in Paris, described Hulten last summer as "the Idi Amin of Beaubourg"—perhaps because Tinguely was represented so prominently in the "Paris-New York" exhibition and Agam was not represented at all. Others say that Hulten is too partial to American Pop Art. The truth is that though he put on the first major European show of American Pop Art, in Stockholm, he was never a real enthusiast of that school. He feels that during the late fifties there was a movement toward a totally new kind of art—an art that was truly nonmaterial, anti-élite, and concerned mainly with behavior and states of mind—but that this movement, which he saw mainly in the work of Tinguely, the late Yves Klein, and one or two others, got buried in the avalanche of publicity and money that surrounded Pop. The other, less commercial side of art may be reëmerging now, he thinks, and, if so, New York may not remain the dominant center it has been.

Pompidou's ambition to make Paris once again the center of contemporary art is not a goal that Hulten has ever taken very seriously. Art is international, he feels—the center is wherever something interesting is being done, and Beaubourg's job is not to confer prestige on French artists. "Museums should not be responsible for art," he reiterates. "They should just be part of what is going on." And at the moment the really new thing going on at Beaubourg is the audience. Marcel Duchamp used to say that the artist was only one aspect of the creative process—that the spectator, by his active response, completed the cycle. Hulten would like Beaubourg to be a place where this response happens naturally and on many levels. "Art was not always an élite matter, you know," he said last summer. "The official art of the nineteenth century was immensely popular. The crowds at the salons were like the crowds at automobile shows today. But then art, which moves so fast, had to become more sophisticated, had to do more research. With the Cubists, art completely lost contact with everyone except maybe a couple of hundred people. But there is no reason to think this is how it should always be.

"Another thing," he went on, after a moment. "Any visit to a museum is creative. One reason that people get so tired in museums is the amazing effort required to look at these things—of course, sometimes the way museums are set up makes it unnecessarily tiring. The museum is really a very short street; people walk much farther outside without getting tired. I would say that people in museums are much more creative than they realize. And then, museums are very erotic places. A lot of art is about sex, and it is well known that museums are great places for pickups. All this is an advantage. The museum is a memory bank of very high quality. You see something, you like it or you don't like it, you dream your own quality into it. You can dream in movies—why not in museums? Actually, you are freer in a museum. You are not confined, you can walk from one painting to another, you can get your hallucination going. If there is a glass in front of a picture, you can see your own face in it, which invites you to involve yourself in the dream world of the painting. That is what museums are about—not explaining but dreaming, excitement."

There is a lot of speculation in the art world over how long Hulten will stay on at Beaubourg. Rumors of his impending resignation have surfaced with great regularity (some of them, it seems, floated by Hulten himself). He once told intimates that he would quit this summer (when his present contract expires) unless the government provided a more satisfactory operating budget. One gathers that he does not mind in the least keeping everyone guessing. "Just now, the people here are very tired," he said one day recently. "We have all been working eighteen hours a day for too long. The artists are pressing us, the political situation is uncertain, there are big money problems. But the basic job has been done. We are in running order, and the public has adopted the place. I think, though, that what we are doing here will come to fruition only in the next century, perhaps, or the one after that." —CALVIN TOMKINS

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[*Peter C. Stuart in the Christian Science Monitor*]

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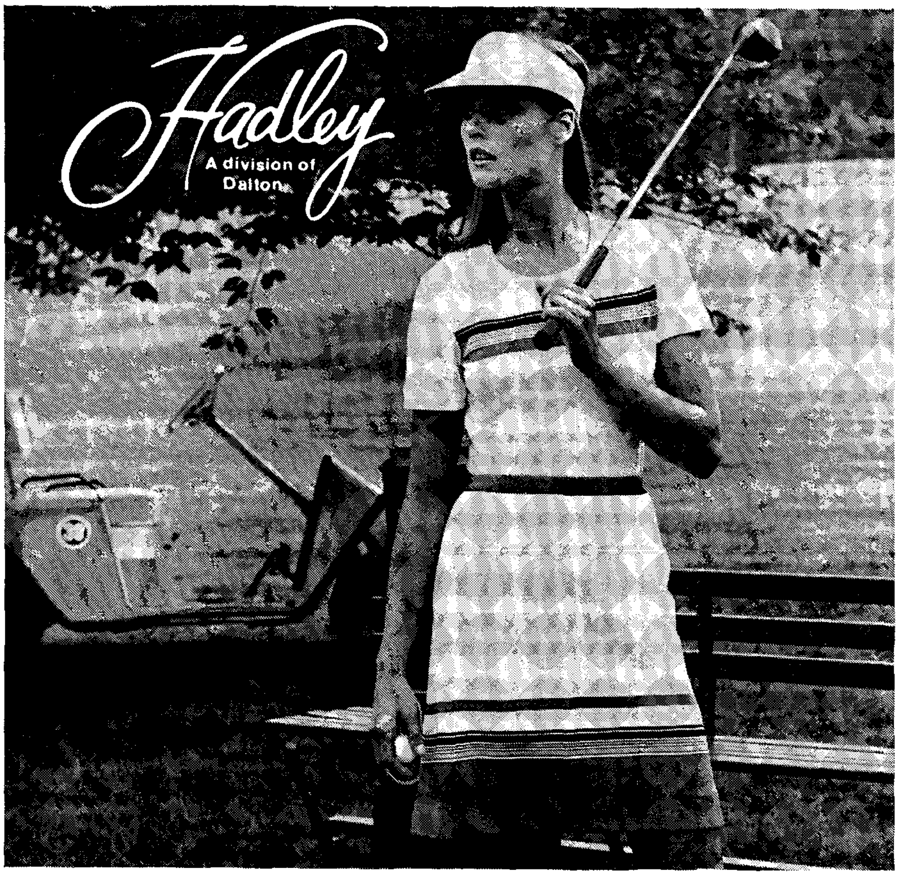

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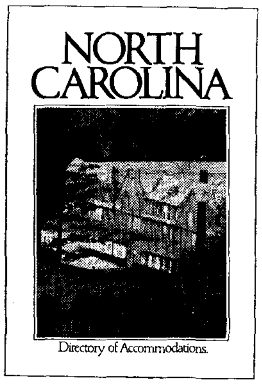
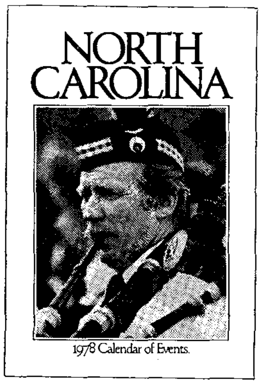

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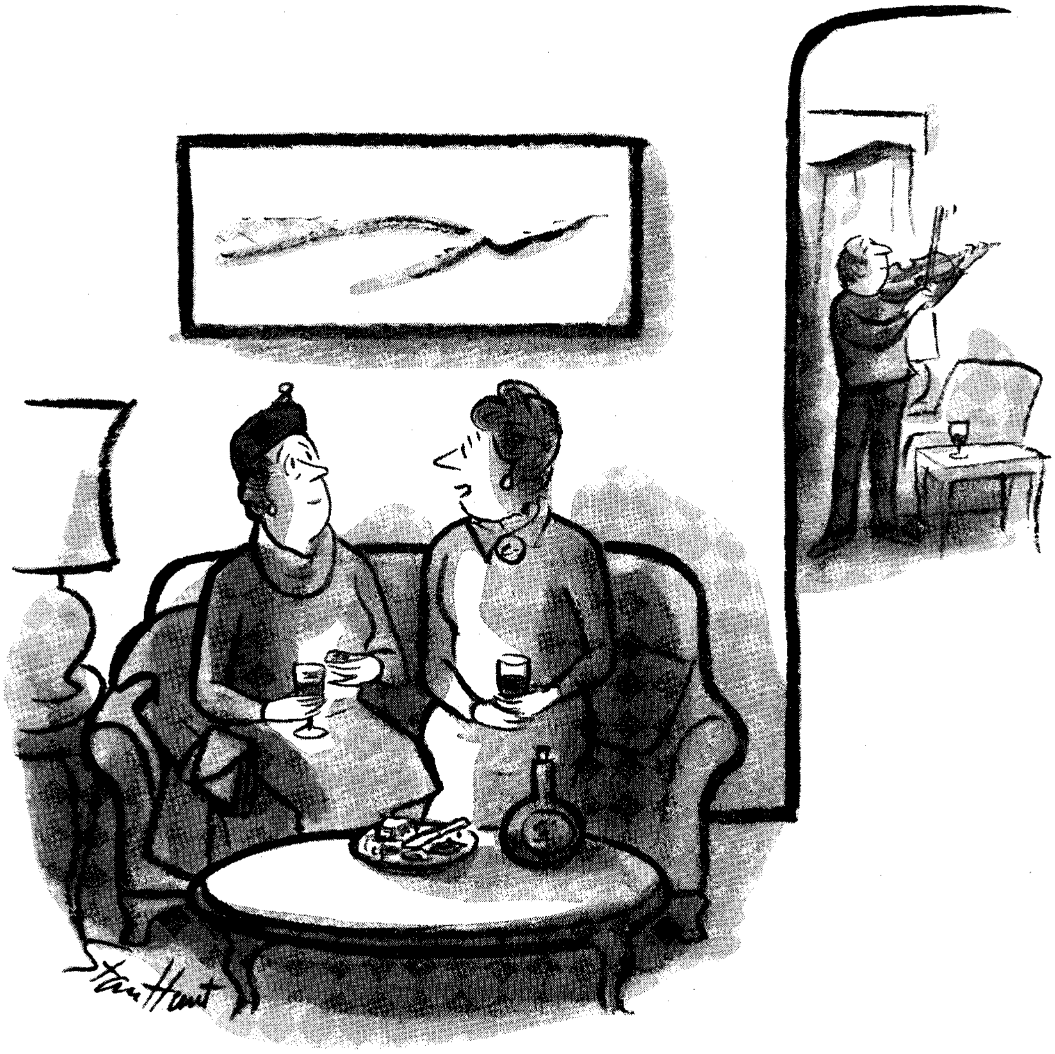
THE THEATRE

WAYS OF DYING

IN Ronald Ribman's "Cold Storage," at the Lyceum, we are offered what amounts to two plays for the price of one, and this would be an admirable bargain if the commodity being dealt in were beef or potatoes, but no, it is words, and so it isn't a bargain after all. As Mr. Ribman has arranged matters, neither of his "plays" is complete in itself or serves to complete the other, and the intellectual oddity of his having tried to force them to become a single work of art increases in our minds when, the curtain having fallen, we begin to speculate on his intentions. The play that we sit down to in the first act concerns two men in a big New York hospital, the older of whom is certainly—indeed, aggressively—dying of cancer, and the younger of whom *may* be dying of it; he is undergoing tests, whose outcome we are never permitted to learn. In the second act, the younger man, whose name is Landau, unexpectedly reveals the guilty secret of his life: in the Holocaust, he was the only member of his family who managed to survive. Brought to America, raised in ease and safety, he has become a well-to-do pillar of the community, with a wife, children, and a career that is profitable and not without distinction. The canker that is eating away at him (and is therefore perhaps literally his cancer) is a conviction that his good fortune is as unjust an act of fate as his late family's misfortune.

The injustice of fate, whether it be kindly or murderous, is one of the oldest and strongest of themes for plays—I like to think of it as having been a favorite pantomime during the long, rainy centuries that our ancestors spent crouched in the cave mouth at Lascaux—but Mr. Ribman has unaccountably failed to announce its presence in the first act of "Cold Storage." That act appears to have a different theme altogether. A talkative and abrasive old Armenian named Parmigian, confined to a wheelchair and long past cure, strikes up an acquaintance with the newly arrived Landau as they take the air on a roof terrace of the hospital. Parmigian is proud of the fact that he has learned to face his imminent death without flinching, and in principle he is eager to hasten the process by suicide, but something has gone awry: to his humiliation, he is unable to perform the deed. He pleads with Landau to push him over the parapet of the hospital roof; understandably horrified, Landau refuses to do so. Parmigian taunts and badgers Landau, spilling out an assortment of bigotries that may be real or, more likely, may be inventions calculated to break down Landau's fastidious reticence. In the course of his lengthy near-monologue, Parmigian reveals that he, too, has a guilty secret: he cannot bear to be alone. For him, the horror of dying consists of being abandoned by the living; it is not pain that is unendurable but isolation. Again, a theme worthy of being dramatized, but once the first-act curtain falls on it, it receives no further development.

Well! Having said so much in disapprobation, I must take care to emphasize how interesting each of the two acts is on its own terms. I must also emphasize how well the play is acted, by Martin Balsam, as Parmigian, and Len Cariou, as Landau; they command the stage like superb rival armies, and I divide the laurels of victory equally between them. (The infinitesimal role of a nurse attending both men is played by Ruth Rivera.) The set, by Karl Eigsti, is a startlingly



"I rely on Ramsey for basic schmalz."

realistic rendition of high red brick hospital walls; no matter how little we may like hospitals, we draw nourishment from its authority. The lighting is by William Mintzer, and the impeccable direction is by Frank Corsaro.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Watered Down

David Mamet's disappointing comedy "The Water Engine," at the Public, is a sendup of radio drama in the thirties and at the same time an attempt to recapture the spirit and mood of the period. The setting is a radio studio in 1934, and what we are watching is the broadcast of a dramatic episode in a serial called "A Century of Progress." The episode, set in Chicago during its 1934 World's Fair, is titled "The Water Engine" and is a mock melodrama about a young factory worker who invents an engine that runs on water and who is destroyed by a pair of unscrupulous lawyers when he tries to patent it. Mr. Mamet has supplied any number of shrewd atmospheric touches to the broadcast: a sound-effects man works busily in a booth upstage left, the actors casually double and triple their roles, and there are commercial breaks and organ "stings." And the broadcast episode itself is carefully set in its time and place: in it, on occasion, we hear a man promoting a chain letter, a soapbox speaker with a heavy accent being interrupted by cries of "Go back to Russia!," a pair of secretaries chattering about the Lindbergh kidnapping and the Hauptmann case.

Yet Mr. Mamet's play is a synthetic that doesn't work. Its ponderous irony (subtitle: "An American Fable") and its foolishness are poor substitutes for his usual original humor or his usual subtle tension. Or, indeed, for authenticity. These radio actors pantomime stage business and play to one another; real radio actors play only to the microphone, and they rarely raise their eyes from the script or change their expressions (I speak as a veteran of radio)—it is all done with voices. How much of this is a matter of the writing and how much a matter of the direction (by Steven Schachter) I cannot tell, but if one doesn't believe in the radio program there is no show. Dwight Schultz as the young inventor, and Penelope Allen, Dominic Chianese, Colin Stinton, and Bill Moor in other roles do as well as possible. As a prologue to "The Water Engine," a singer named Annie Hat sings a se-

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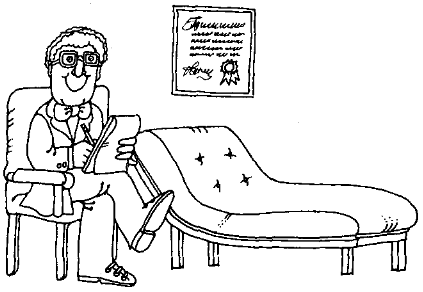

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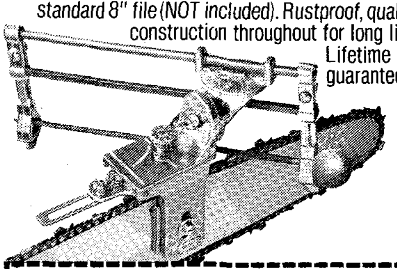

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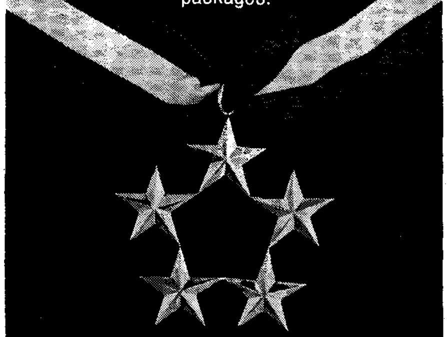

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lection of popular songs from the thirties, to cheering effect.

PETER HANDKE's "Kaspar," still in a workshop production at the Nat Horne, Off Off Broadway, is far enough along for us to take some measure of its high quality. The play, translated and adapted by Michael Roloff, is based on the actual case of Kaspar Hauser, a sixteen-year-old boy who mysteriously appeared in Nuremberg in 1828, unable to walk or talk, although he had the full potential of a normal man. Mr. Handke's Kaspar is an autistic boy who knows just one sentence. As he flops about and howls and makes animal noises in an effort to say it, he is bombarded by sentences—trapped in a whirlwind of language—by four Prompters, who sit at tables below the stage, forcing him to learn, to relate objects to words, to bring order out of chaos by words. This ritualistic bombardment of language, full of puns and little jokes of logic, is often very funny. Slowly, Kaspar begins to speak coherently, and with speech come confidence and calm, and eventually overconfidence, and once again chaos. Before he is overwhelmed at the end, he tells us about himself and his progress in a long monologue (delivered with eloquence and controlled feeling by Anthony-Joseph Piazza) that is dramatic writing at its finest.

"Kaspar," which is about the liberating and finally destructive effect of knowledge and logic on an innocent, was presented here five years ago in more lacerated form—what with television screens and other distractions—at the Chelsea, in Brooklyn. Then Christopher Lloyd was indelible in the title role. This production, under David Jay Yakir's direction, is certainly clearer and stronger, yet it, too, seems overelaborate—what with strobe lights and other distractions. The actors, most of them relatively inexperienced, do well. Setting by Cliff Wilson, costumes by Gina Maria Piazza.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

HO-HUM DEPARTMENT

[*Letter from the Institute for Business Planning, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.*]

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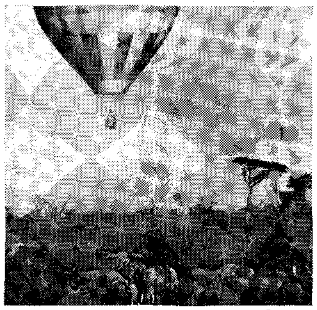

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THE RACE TRACK

Season's Opening

THE 1978 racing season, which got under way nationwide last week when Aqueduct opened for business again, did so with a big surprise. Paul Screvane, who has been the president of the New York City Off-Track Betting Corporation for the past four years, announced his resignation. Screvane said that he had submitted his resignation to Mayor Beame on December 22nd, and he gave as his reason for resigning his concern for his family's financial security—"I want to make some money." (His salary as head of OTB was $52,000 a year.) While he was president, Screvane increased the number of betting shops around town from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty-six, and revenues to the city rose from forty-three million dollars to sixty-three million. It is the considered opinion that OTB has cut sharply into the handle and attendance at the New York tracks. Last year, they were down by around eighty million dollars and a million and a half customers, respectively—one reason the New York Racing Association has asked that the state's take from the mutuel handle be reduced. No successor to Screvane has yet been named, but Bernard Rome, Mayor Koch's former campaign treasurer, is an odds-on bet for the job. Mr. Screvane will remain on the board of directors until 1981, when his term expires, and I do not think that his stepping down from the top spot will change OTB's effect on attendance and handle. Horseplayers find OTB a cheaper proposition than hauling themselves out to the track—and, in bad weather, a less Spartan one. As a matter of fact, there are days when the handle at Aqueduct is less than at OTB in the shops around town.

The only place where tracks and betting shops flourish side by side is France. Perhaps the reason off-course betting is so successful there is that it is taken casually, as a matter of everyday life. If you want to have a bet in Paris, you can get it down at a tobacconist or a newspaper seller or any other shop that shows in the window the little gold letters P.M.U., which stand for Pari Mutuel Urbain. You collect next day. The betting is operated by the government, and the revenue from it enables the French racecourses to give the biggest purses in Europe. The prize money won by Robert Sangster's Alleged in the Arc de Triomphe last year was $240,000. In England, things work out quite the other way; the betting shops in London are operated by the big bookmakers, and off-course betting has affected attendance at English tracks in much the same way as it has in New York. The important races are not able to give big purses, so many of them are sponsored by cigarette and liquor interests. One of the biggest races in England, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, is sponsored by the De Beers Consolidated Mines. The trophy for the winning owner is in diamonds, of course, and the jockey and the trainer also receive diamonds. The purse runs to six figures.

FOR years, the Paumonok Handicap marked the resumption of racing on Long Island. Last Saturday, at Aqueduct, it had its sixty-ninth running. Sigmund Sommer's Great Above won it in a driving finish from Cruise On In. Earlier in the week, on opening day, Sally Stevens' Sally's Flight won the Rosetown Stakes by a neck from Bemis Heights.

AS for a look ahead, it will be interesting to see how Seattle Slew does this season. To judge from the way he is working, he will probably be as good as he ever was. And it will be a pleasure, as always, to welcome Forego back to the races.

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—AUDAX MINOR

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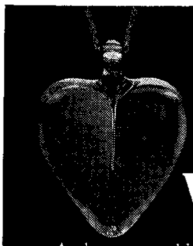

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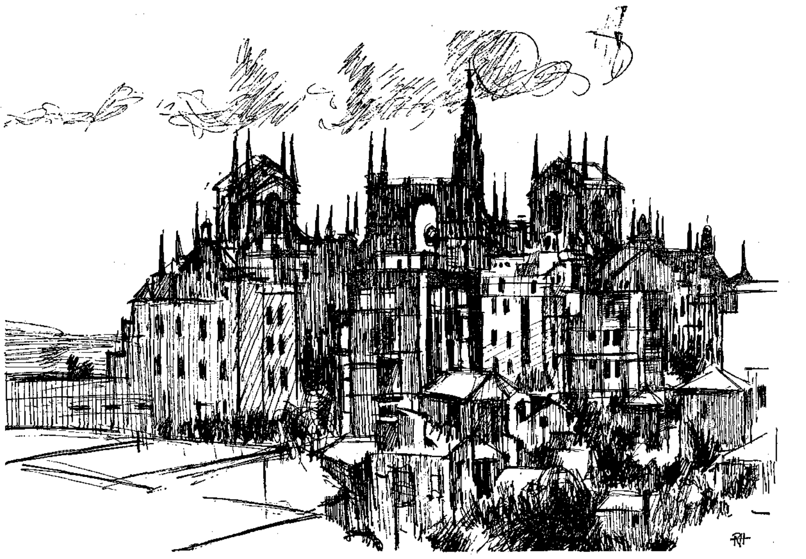


AT about eight o'clock on the evening of September 30th, a young man named Walter Rossi was shot to death in the streets of Rome. One of a gang of about forty youthful militant radicals belonging to a Communist splinter group called Lotta Continua, Rossi had been distributing propaganda leaflets with his friends since the early afternoon in the Balduina, a zone of the city known for its right-wing political sympathies. According to some early newspaper accounts of the affair, mainly those of the left-wing press, that is all Rossi had been doing, but as the full story began to emerge, and was eventually pieced together from eyewitness accounts, it became clear that he and others had spent at least some of their time provoking—by threats, insults, and hurled missiles of one sort or another—a group of toughs hanging around the local headquarters of the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano. At first, the toughs, apparently restrained by the presence of a police van in the area, reacted only in kind, but then, as the situation grew more tense, they suddenly launched a savage attack. Somebody in the crowd fired a pistol several times. One of the bullets grazed an elderly gas-station attendant. Rossi, shot through the head while retreating, died on his way to the hospital, even as carloads of policemen who were rushed to the scene separated the combatants and began arresting suspects. Fifteen men were taken into custody. Most have since been released, and no one has yet been charged with the killing.

Rossi was twenty years old. The son of a small businessman, he was an unemployed university dropout who had had at least one brush with the police and the courts, for having allegedly assaulted two persons in a political argument. His death immediately made him a martyr and touched off several days of rioting here and in a dozen other Italian cities. In Rome, beginning on the night of the shooting, gangs of angry, masked left-wing *ultras*, or extremists, appeared in the streets armed with pistols, clubs, and homemade incendiary bombs. They smashed and looted M.S.I. offices, set fire to cafés, bars, and shops thought to be Fascist meeting places, attacked buses and streetcars full of terrified passengers, overturned and wrecked cars, and, in general, did whatever damage they could to anyone and anything suspected of being connected, however tangentially, with the M.S.I. or, in some cases, merely with the current political power structure.

For nearly a week, squadrons of police and carabinieri moved through the streets to quell the more serious disturbances, occasionally by the use of tear gas, and in time restored some sort of order, though in the process a few outlying areas of the city, where acts of political and criminal violence had long been daily occurrences, took on the aspect of wartime occupied territory. In the Balduina itself, a middle-class residential section behind the impregnable-looking bulk of the Cavalieri Hilton Hotel, which overlooks the center of Rome from the heights of Monte Mario, the local population stayed out of sight behind locked doors and shuttered windows while police and left-wing demonstrators faced one another uneasily for several days. Dozens of protesters, seeping into the area from all over, staged traffic-stopping sitdowns in the streets, laid wreaths on the sidewalk where Rossi fell, scrawled anti-Fascist slogans on nearby walls, and lashed red flags to lampposts and traffic signs. The Balduina, it was pointed out in a number of newspaper articles, had long been a site of Fascist-inspired acts of provocation, including, only the day before the Rossi killing, an apparently random attempt on the life of a nineteen-year-old woman student, wounded by two shots fired from a passing car as she was chatting in the street with a friend. Murder was the logical outcome of a campaign of terror that had afflicted the neighborhood for many months.

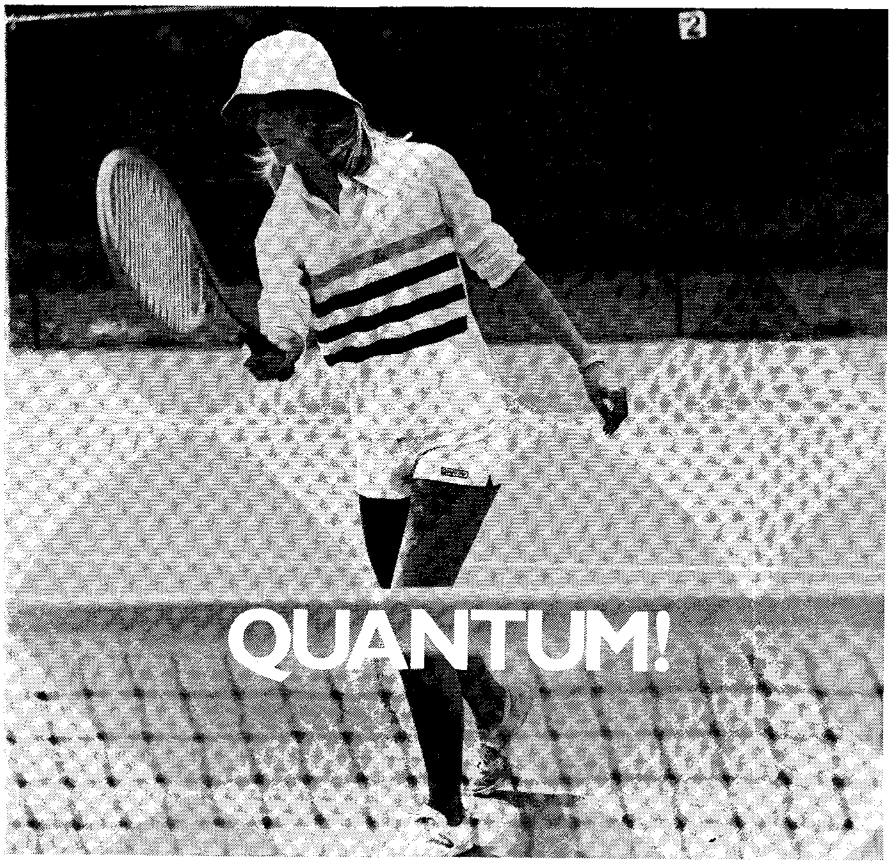
The trouble in the Balduina and elsewhere is not a recent phenomenon. For many months now, each day has brought its quota of politically inspired violence. Students of all ages battle one another in the hallways and classrooms of their schools; sharpshooters snipe at passersby from cruising automobiles; platoons of masked youths hurl Molotov cocktails through the windows and doorways of private and public buildings or roam the streets and *piazze* casually overturning parked vehicles and setting fire to them. Now and then, for days at a time the violence will seem to die down, to be limited to a few relatively minor incidents, but the least provocation will set it off again, as if the society tolerating it were a diseased, twitching body afflicted sporadically by frightening convulsions.

The worst disorders always seem to take place in the wake of demonstrations protesting previous acts of hooliganism, often Fascist-inspired. After Rossi's public funeral, on October 3rd, attended by thousands of mourners, groups of young men broke away from the procession in the late afternoon and fanned out through the streets around the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano, a working-class district that votes Communist in every election. They fired at police and carabiniere units and attacked several M.S.I. offices. They also indiscriminately burned cars, wrecked shops, and hurt several innocent passersby—one seriously. "They threw Molotovs and rocks," the owner of a bar in the vicinity told a reporter. "We and the waiters were inside. We heard the explosions. Then a fire started up, and we put it out ourselves. They destroyed all five of the glass counters, completely destroyed them. It's the second time. Three years ago, they also smashed the inside of the bar. I don't know why. We're only working people."

On October 14th, after a rally that was sponsored by most of the major political parties and presided over by Rome's Communist mayor, Giulio Carlo Argan, and that attracted fifty thousand people to the Piazza San Giovanni, what amounted to a civil insurrection broke out in several other parts of Rome. A second demonstration, staged by left-wing splinter groups in the Piazza Esedra, a huge square in the commercial heart of the city, between the main railroad station and the luxury hotels and travel offices of the Via Veneto area, quickly degenerated under cover of darkness into guerrilla warfare. Shots, explosions, the sound of windows being smashed and furniture broken, shouts, screams, and sirens filled the night. One group broke into the main headquarters of the Christian Democratic Party, brandished pistols in the faces of the staff people on duty, and set the offices on fire. About thirty youths burst into a bar on the Corso Vittorio, almost directly in front of the residence of Premier Giulio Andreotti, and, with drawn guns, herded those inside into a corner, after which they looted and devastated the premises, appropriating bottles of liquor, boxes of candy, and about three hundred thousand lire in cash. In front of the Castel Sant' Angelo, a squad car of police officers was surrounded by and under fire from a crowd of seemingly well-organized street fighters. By some miracle, even after several hours of these and similar disturbances, no one was killed or seriously wounded.

On October 20th, an assembly of some ten thousand students at the University of Rome debating the recent deaths of three German terrorists in Stammheim prison became still another excuse for violence. Forbidden by the authorities to hold a public protest meeting, about five hundred young people, their faces hidden by kerchiefs, hoods, or ski masks, forced their way into the adjacent streets and fought a two-hour running battle with police and carabinieri through the quarter of San Lorenzo, another working-class district. For a while, the local police station itself was under siege, with the officers inside returning, from their windows, the fire of the youths spraying bullets at them from behind parked cars and some nearby trees. In another section, about twenty passengers found themselves trapped on a bus between a platoon of police firing tear-gas shells and students shooting handguns and lobbing Molotov cocktails. Once again, by a miracle, no one was killed, though nineteen persons were hurt seriously enough to require medical attention.

Perhaps even more frightening than such outbreaks of mass violence, which can be attributed to the frenzies of the moment, are the skillfully planned, cold-blooded attacks on individuals that now seem to occur every four or five days. The technique is simple. The victim, whose daily routine and move-



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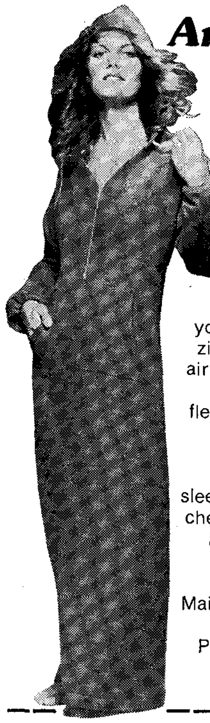

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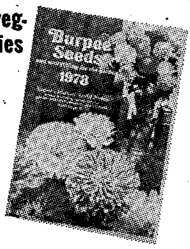

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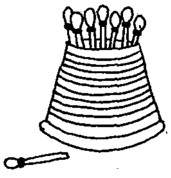
ments have been observed in advance, is ambushed by perhaps three or four people in a stolen car, which is later abandoned far from the scene. The attackers fire at the legs of the victim and flee, usually leaving him bleeding on the sidewalk. Last year, about a dozen such attacks were carried out against journalists, but more recently the targets have been businessmen and officials of the Christian Democratic Party.

On the morning of November 2nd, a young politician named Publio Fiori was cut down in the street near his home by three terrorists—two men and a woman—firing from a stolen Fiat sedan. When Fiori, who had recently obtained a gun permit, produced a pistol of his own and returned their fire, the terrorists came back, took his gun away, and shot him twice more. Apparently, they could easily have killed him but chose not to. Two of the bullets struck him in the chest and ribs, and he is lucky to be alive. The terrorists escaped, as usual.



NOT until quite recently has either the moderate press or the government itself been willing to face up to the fact that nearly all the recent mass violence and organized individual acts of terrorism have been perpetrated by left-wing bands of extremists, most of whom operate independently of one another. For a long time, only such conservative newspapers as the *Corriere della Sera*, *Il Tempo*, and *Il Giornale Nuovo*—Indro Montanelli, the editor-in-chief of *Il Giornale Nuovo*, was himself shot in the legs a few months ago—have consistently pointed out that even the worst Fascist acts of provocation could not justify the growing disorder in the streets. The columnist Lietta Tornabuoni acidly wrote in the *Corriere* some weeks ago that Minister of the Interior Francesco Cossiga, a Christian Democrat, who has been in office since February, 1976, has made at least ten major public declarations to the effect that violence would not be tolerated, that order would be maintained and democracy defended. Her statement has since been echoed in an unsigned editorial in the moderate weekly *Il Settimanale:* "Francesco Cossiga continues to assure us that 'we will not allow ourselves to be intimidated.' Meanwhile, the revolution spreads, public opinion is dismayed, everyone's personal security is in danger, one lives in a climate of civil war and reprisal. The Minister must go."

Now that the politicians themselves are becoming daily terrorist targets, a few cynics have been quick to assure the public that at last something will be done, since, as an apolitical Roman friend of mine told me, "These fatbellies aren't going to let themselves be killed while the eating is still good." An effort is currently being made to ban, or, at least, control, all demonstrations, parades, and rallies that could foment violence—the tactic has already backfired, though, and caused at least as much violence as it has prevented—and there are loud calls from all sides, including spokesmen for the Communist Party, for stricter enforcement of the laws and for new, more repressive ones primarily aimed at closing not only all M.S.I. headquarters but the so-called *covi*, or nests, frequented by left-wing groups who are known to favor the use of violence. Also under consideration are much stiffer penalties for persons arrested carrying weapons of any kind or persons arrested for having taken part in any sort of rowdyism. The government is reported to be *training* special anti-terrorist police squads on the German model, although, as most observers are quick to point out, events here seem to have no connection with the Palestinian question or other general questions but to be motivated solely by the local social and political situation.

The increased violence throughout the country is due at least partly to the unofficial yet actively supportive role the Communist Party, Italy's second-largest political entity, has played in the nation's affairs for the past year. Andreotti, a Christian Democrat, presides over a coalition government of a handful of parties, including his own, which cannot count on a day-to-day working majority in the Chamber of Deputies, Italy's main legislative body. Without the coöperation of the Communists, who control more than a third of the votes, on major questions in Parliament, and without their behind-the-scenes support of such important social legislation as tax reform and emergency measures to combat unemployment, no government today could survive for long. Before the Communists decided to, in effect, back the coalition, with the idea, perhaps, of eventually assuming a formal role in the government—a possible development always referred to here as "the historic compromise"—governments in Italy fell every few months, brought down by the disenchanted, often capricious maneuvers of the smaller parties and of dissident factions within the majority Christian Democratic Party itself.

Under Enrico Berlinguer, an ascetic-looking Sardinian intellectual, who has emerged in recent months as the leading spokesman for "Eurocommunism" (basically a program ostensibly committing the Western Communist parties to the achievement of Marxist aims by democratic means rather than by adherence to the traditional dogma of the class struggle and the dictatorship of the proletariat, as it is still preached in Moscow), Italy's Communists have made it possible for Andreotti to stay in power. A highly articulate, cagey administrator and compromiser, Andreotti, who is considered by many to be the cleverest and most able politician the nation has had since the late Alcide De Gasperi, whose protégé he was, has provided the most enduring and stable political atmosphere the country has had in many years. Ironically, it has been paid for by the violence in the streets, which is largely an expression of disenchantment with Berlinguer's policy by militant leftists, who consider the tactic a clear betrayal of principle.

These militants are young, largely middle-class, and divided into various groups, often confused and as angry with one another as with the established power structure. The largest entity is Lotta Continua, which publishes its own newspaper, has branches everywhere, and promotes unarmed, purportedly nonviolent public demonstrations aimed at lowering prices by the tactics of invading stores and theatres and refusing to pay for goods and services, and of occupying unused land and empty buildings. It considers the Communist Party unsalvageable, even if Berlinguer and his policies were to be cast out, and it coöperates with most of the other smaller, more aggressive splinter groups.

These independent groups have been pretty much lumped together by the press under the term *autonomi*, and they include all sorts of movements, ranging from Lotta Continua and Autonomia Operaia to tiny cells and collectives scattered nationwide in factories, schools, and neighborhoods. The *autonomi* espouse all sorts of doctrines, from basic collectivism to pure anarchy, but most of them advocate violent action in one form or another to achieve their goals. (The slogan of Autonomia Operaia, for instance, is "Armed Struggle Against the State.") Also considered *autonomi* are the half dozen most radical women's-rights groups; FUORI (Outside), a homosexual organization; and the Indiani Metropolitani, mostly

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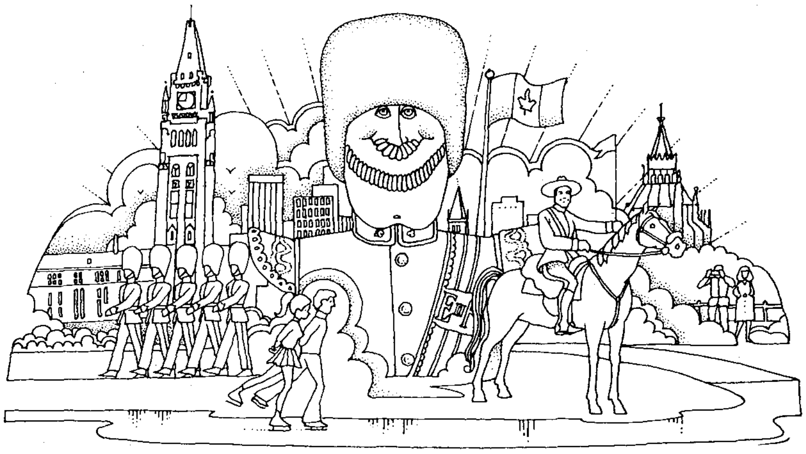

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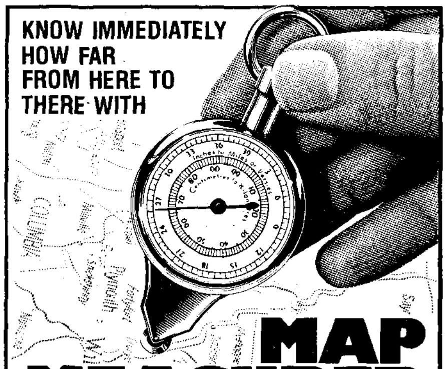

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The most violent of all the *autonomi* are the Brigate Rosse, or Red Brigades, which were originally organized in the factories of the industrial north, and which openly proclaim responsibility for a number of kidnappings, bombings, and acts of arson, and the well-planned shootings of journalists, businessmen, and politicians. Also considered extremely dangerous are *i nappisti*, or the partisans of NAP (Nuclei Armati Proletari), a terrorist group organized several years ago in the prisons, whose members carry out acts of brigandage, such as armed holdups and bank robberies, that are essentially indistinguishable from run-of-the-mill felonies.

Late in September, the Communist Party made an attempt to lure at least some of the *autonomi* back into the fold by sponsoring a three-day rally for them in Bologna, which has been Communist-ruled for thirty-two years and has the reputation of being the most efficiently and honestly administered city in Italy. Forty thousand young people showed up, to find most of the shops and restaurants prudently shuttered and the streets and *piazze* swarming with policemen and soldiers. After much public debate and heated wrangling, the *autonomi* peacefully dispersed, unreconciled either to the Party or to one another. "Terrorism is the normal answer to a Communist Party that carries on a dialogue with bankers" is the way one *ultra* summed up the attitude of many, explaining, "Because either the Communist Party wanted to make the revolution, in which case it's made every mistake, or it didn't, it doesn't want to, in which case it will have to pay this price."

Meanwhile, the violence continues, and people—participants and innocents alike—go on being hurt and occasionally killed. During the disorders following the fatal shooting of Walter Rossi, a twenty-two-year-old man named Roberto Crescenzio was burned to death in Turin. A member of no political party and, according to his acquaintances, "an honest person," he had been standing in a bar drinking an apéritif with a friend when a gang of *ultras*, who had evidently mistaken the bar for a Fascist hangout, attacked. One of them lobbed a Molotov cocktail into the men's room, where Crescenzio had taken refuge, and the flaming gasoline immediately turned him into a human torch. He died two

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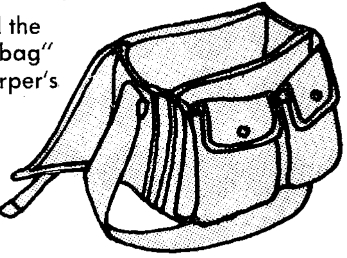

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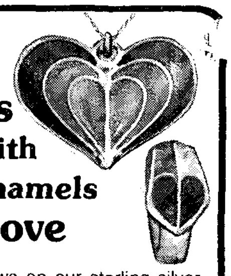

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days later of his burns. Perhaps because he had no claim to martyrdom, his death at first passed almost unnoticed here and was mentioned only briefly on the inside pages of most Roman newspapers. His burial, however, was attended by twenty thousand silent mourners, who seemed in that moment, by their sober restraint, to represent the conscience of an entire, deeply troubled nation.

MUCH has been written during the past few years about Italy's many, perhaps insoluble, problems, but the one great, paradoxical truth about the country is that, regardless of what happens, no matter what goes wrong, life here for a great many people somehow remains extraordinarily pleasant. Anyone who hasn't recently spent at least a few days in Rome, for instance, and has derived an idea of daily life in the city simply from a perusal of news stories and TV programs could not conceivably imagine that such a thing was possible. Nevertheless, the fact is that for those who live in or near the *centro storico*, with its elegant old *palazzi*, expensive shops, and hotels, the pace of living is much as it has always been. The theatres and movie houses are full, the sidewalks and alleys swarm with shoppers, the cafés and bars are crammed with contented-looking citizens sipping *espressi* or spooning elaborate *gelati*. Despite strict new parking laws, and regulations banning the use of private automobiles in various zones of the *centro* during daylight hours, the streets seem to be nearly as full of cars as ever, and mopeds and motor scooters, apparently exempted from all rules, zip about with that reckless abandon characteristic of any vehicle driven by the average Italian. To anyone who has spent time here, Rome can come to resemble a huge open-air bazaar patronized almost exclusively by the well-to-do.

This appearance may be deceptive, but it is not altogether without foundation. It's an accurate portrait—on the surface, at least—of one aspect of the society. Rome, like most other large Italian municipalities today, has become two cities, harboring separate and quite unequal urban civilizations, as isolated from each other as if they were the products of entirely different cultures. This curious phenomenon has evolved, almost unnoticed, over the past twenty-five years, for by the early nineteen-fifties the nation's political leaders and industrial managers had established economic policies for the country which were committed to the achievement of

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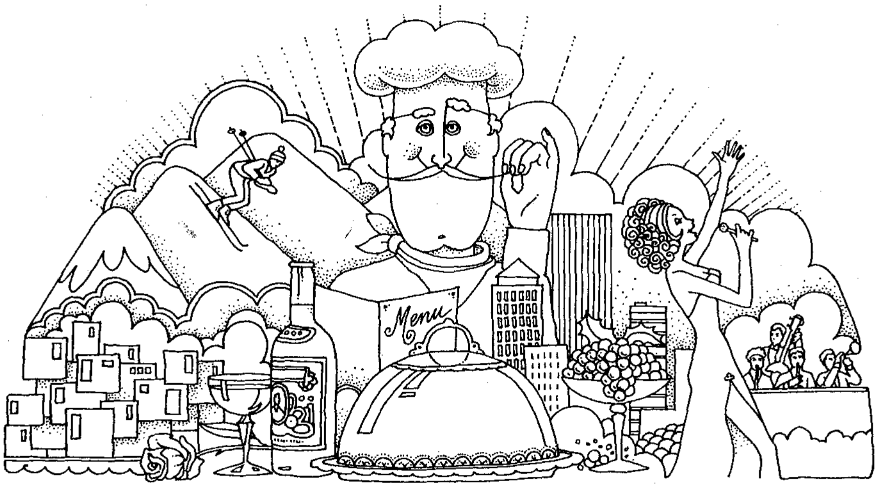

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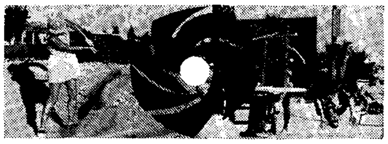

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With the flowering in the mid-fifties of what was called *il boom* and the runaway commitment to an economy founded solely on the supremacy of heavy industry, arrayed behind its banner of the automobile rampant over all mere ecological and social considerations, came inflation, followed by the economic crisis that has gripped Italy since and that has been greatly aggravated in the past few years by the energy crisis. "We are paying now for a generation of insanity," a Milanese journalist told me a few weeks ago. "We've ignored our cultural patrimony, which could be our major source of wealth. We've allowed our agriculture to deteriorate to the point where we now have to import artichokes, oranges, and tomatoes from Israel. We've shunted our artisans aside, so that all sorts of crafts, from basketmaking to ceramics, are dying out. By concentrating everything on industries that we have to maintain through imports—Italy has almost no basic raw materials, like coal, petroleum, and iron—we've put the nation permanently in debt, and our cities have become great, festering slums, choked by people hoping to get jobs in the factories. Obviously, this policy is suicidal—a self-destructive madness, if you like, for which we are paying now."

What survives from *il boom* is the social structure that the average visitor glimpses as he tours the sights of the *centro* in his hermetically sealed, air-conditioned bus. It's the face of the city I now think of as Upper Rome, which reflects the class of people that *il boom* enriched—luxury-shop owners, real-estate speculators, builders, bankers, industrialists, the professional white-collar class. This is not a small group of corrupt profiteers but includes a large segment of the working population—that portion which by superior education and geographical circumstance had a head start and knew how to make the most of it. These are the Romans most foreigners here meet. Some of them, especially among the intellectuals, are Communist Party members, quite vocally anti-American, and deplore the same things that my Milanese acquaintance complains about. But they are also very well off: they live in splendid apartments in the best residential areas, drive fast cars, own summer retreats, and eat in the finest restaurants, and, as a conservative Roman crony of mine remarked recently, "they would gladly go to China, but only on a first-class round-trip ticket."

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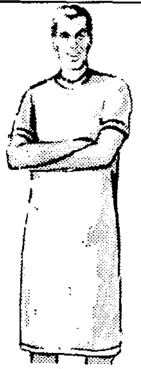

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The sole contact that Upper Rome has with Lower Rome—the "other" civilization that has grown up here, mainly in the outlying so-called *borgate*—comes in the form of daily inconveniences, mostly strikes. The *borgate* are veritable subcities rather than neighborhoods—huge, ugly housing developments that have been thrown up hurriedly and haphazardly since the war by public and private capital to accommodate the enormous numbers of people attracted to the cities by the prospect of finding work. It is here that most of Rome's working-class people and unemployed live, and it is from the *borgate*, and in the name of what they represent, that the agitation in the streets arises. The irritating work stoppages at airports, railroad stations, and public offices that continue to be a feature of daily life here, and over which the Communist Party apparently has no control, are not, as Upper Romans would like to believe, just senseless manifestations of arrogance by lazy unionized workers but, most often, genuine expressions of dissatisfaction with overall conditions and the economic hardships enormously aggravated by a yearly inflation rate of about twenty per cent.

In any case, Upper Rome never seems to be seriously inconvenienced—not even by the worst disturbances and strikes. These can usually be anticipated by a careful reading of the morning newspaper, and one learns to plot one's daily life around them. People planning trips or visits to government offices do so on days when the unions have neglected to schedule stoppages—events that are usually announced well in advance and last no more than a few hours. The larger demonstrations take place in any one of several main squares, such as the Piazza San Giovanni, the Piazza Navona, or the Piazza del Popolo, and one simply avoids those parts of town when rallies and parades have been scheduled.

Individual acts of terrorism cannot, of course, be anticipated, but one learns to cope with them. An American friend of mine was caught one afternoon by a spontaneous armed confrontation between marchers and police in the Piazza Cavour, not far from where he lives, and he calmly lay down in the hallway of an apartment building until the shooting stopped, then walked home. "It was all over in a few minutes," he said. "And anyway nobody was hurt." During the worst outbreaks of violence in October and early November, life went on exactly as usual in most of the *centro*, even while the guns were going

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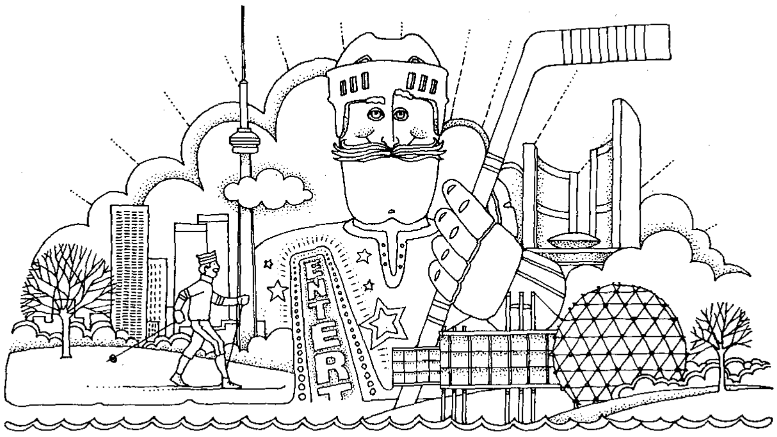

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off and bombs were being thrown no more than two or three miles away.

Of far greater concern to most Upper Romans and resident foreigners are such continuing irritations as the increasingly inefficient bureaucracy, the filth in the streets, the collapse of the postal service, and the baffling absence of small change. These drawbacks can seem trifling to anyone who doesn't have to cope with them constantly, and it's a comment of sorts on how most foreigners feel about Italy that by the end of 1977 more tourists had come here than in any previous year. The money they spent, estimated at three trillion two hundred billion lire, supports an industry that provides employment for two million people and pays over half of the nation's yearly oil bills.

Such considerations and statistics, of course, are of no comfort to the Rome of the *borgate*, which most foreigners and tourists never see and are largely unaware of. Even some of my oldest Roman friends can't quite believe that the situation is as bad in them as many commentators say it is. They will, for the sake of argument, usually grant that Italy's single largest problem at the moment is providing hope and jobs for the more than a million young people under the age of twenty-five—about two-thirds of the unemployed—who can't find work. (The national population is fifty-six million, so the current unemployment rate works out to two and a half per cent.) Many of these young people live in the *borgate*. Another major problem, and a complementary one, is the overcrowded, chaotic schools, since, as social observers continue to point out, these will produce the citizens of the future, educated, presumably, to qualify for the jobs available and to become integrated into the society as productive, law-abiding citizens.

I was given an unofficial tour of a school in one of the *borgate* by a young assistant dean who has been teaching there for five years and whom I'll call Aldo Criveri. A dedicated, idealistic Roman in his mid-thirties, Criveri had told me when I met him that the situation in his school was desperate, but, even so, not quite as bad as in some others. "At least, our students are trying to study," he said. "In some schools, they spend much of their time protesting, holding rallies, and so on. Even in the better ones, students have occupied the buildings, gone on strike, marched—everything—but here they work. These are the children of the poor. They need to learn, and they have no time for agitations."

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The school at which Criveri teaches is an Istituto Tecnico Industriale, one of about thirty such schools in the city, and the equivalent of a trade or technical high school in the United States. The humanities are also taught, but the emphasis is on the learning of a specific industrial skill. In this particular Istituto, about eighty per cent of the fifteen hundred students—almost all male—were enrolled in electronics, which, according to Criveri, was another example of how things can go wrong. "It's the fashion now to be in electronics," he said. "I don't know why—perhaps because it seems glamorous. But there are no jobs today in electronics; the category is glutted. We tell this to the students, but most of them don't believe us. They get no guidance from the Ministry of Education, and there is no program of student counselling. There are openings for mechanics, and we tell them so, but few of them listen to us."

The Istituto, like so many others in the *borgate*, has been improvised on the premises of three buildings originally constructed as apartment houses. The speculators who created this particular quarter, on the outskirts of the city toward the east, built only units they thought they could sell or lease, and neglected, as other speculators have done elsewhere, to provide what the zoning laws require—open spaces, parks, paved streets, market areas, schools. The result, here as elsewhere, has been the creation of an area crowded with large, slablike stone tenements jumbled together like huge pink-and-brown dominoes on a dusty expanse empty of grass and trees. The municipal authorities seem never to have the inclination to force the builders to adhere to the law, or to prosecute those who don't. What usually happens is that once a new *borgata* appears, schools are organized in whatever buildings happen to be available, and staff and students adapt to the circumstances as best they can.

The circumstances can be grim. The first thing I noticed as Professor Criveri showed me around was the noise. The buildings are made of concrete, steel, and stone; they echo and magnify every sound. In the basement of one structure, a teacher who was trying to conduct a class was forced to shout in order to make himself heard above the din of a laboratory with a lot of machines going full blast across the way. Every time students changed classrooms, they clattered up and down a single flight of stairs and made so much noise that all work elsewhere came to a halt. The classrooms themselves were

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damp and cold, and were each equipped with a single small blackboard and a couple of dozen battered desks. In many, the windows were broken, and most of the rooms were dark, lit only by a single line of fluorescent or a few naked bulbs suspended from the ceiling. The recreational facilities consisted of three basement areas, the largest about a third the size of a normal basketball court, which were equipped with iron hoops and a volleyball net or two. None had windows, all were damp, and there were no washroom or locker-room facilities of any kind.

"The absence of space is our number-one problem," Criveri told me. "We have double, sometimes triple sessions here, and our classes overlap. Our students have no room—no space they can call their own. When things break or have to be replaced, everything must go through the Ministry, which tells us it has no money. We can fix or replace almost nothing. The machines in the laboratory, at least, work and are sufficient. But I think you would agree that it is a sad school."

I did agree. It was the saddest school I had ever been in, Dickensian in its squalor, and I could only ask myself what sort of students, what kind of citizens such an institution could produce. After I had thanked Criveri and left him, I walked out, past a group of youths lounging around the front entrance, and stopped to read graffiti spray-painted in red all over the outside walls. Above one window, a bit to one side, somebody had written in bold, clear letters, "We are not drugged, we are not hoodlums—we are outcasts."

THE next morning, I came across an interview in the *Corriere della Sera Illustrato* with Premier Andreotti. He gave balanced, reasonable answers to the usual questions about unemployment, violence, the economy, the energy crisis, foreign policy, and so on. Asked at last whether he could be optimistic about anything and whether there was any reason to be hopeful about the future, Signor Andreotti replied, with what I now realize was masterly understatement, "The consideration that a year ago we were on the brink of the precipice and that we were able not to fall."

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

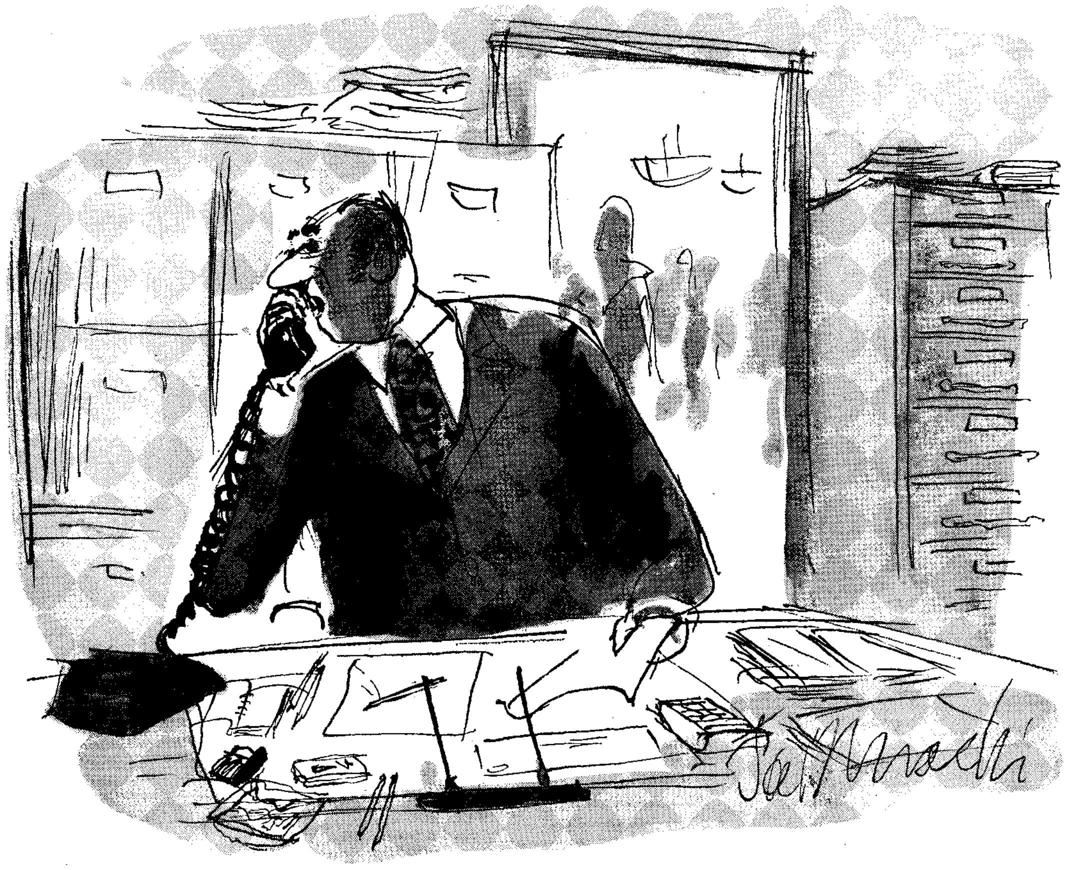
Regressions

MOVIE executives are eagerly ushering in "the era of good feeling," but the warmth doesn't go very deep—it feels like Eisenhower II. During the showing of "The Goodbye Girl," a tearful comedy directed by Herbert Ross from Neil Simon's script, a friend and I sat in stony silence, listening to the weepers and the laughers in the audience. Afterward, I said, "I don't want to maul the same person over and over again, but Neil Simon is so damned prolific." My friend assured me that I didn't need to; he said that the people who went to see "The Goodbye Girl" would like it, and the ones who wouldn't would know enough not to go. But it hasn't worked out that way. The film has been around for a while now and is making some of the people who go to it angry.

It's not Neil Simon's one-liners that get you down in "The Goodbye Girl," it's his two-liners. The snappiness of the exchanges is so forced it's almost macabre. Marsha Mason plays Paula McFadden, a thirtyish former chorus girl who has been deserted by an actor husband and then by an actor lover, and has become so defensive that she's hostile toward a new actor, Elliott Garfield (Richard Dreyfuss), who, through circumstances too contrived to be worth recounting, comes to share the apartment she and her ten-year-old daughter (Quinn Cummings) live in. Paula says gratuitously abrasive things to him; he won't let her get by with a thing; and they go back and forth. His position is the more reasonable, but as Dreyfuss plays him he's a smug pouter pigeon prissing his lips, and his ornate put-downs come rattling out like prescriptions. Of course, you have to say these Neil Simon lines very fast (unless you try saying them in Urdu). Pause for an instant, and there's a cavernous emptiness. This material was written directly for the screen (and shaped for Mason and Dreyfuss), yet when the actress who plays the building super takes an instant too long over an exclamation, it's like the agony in a live performance when an actor forgets his lines—a pause like the end of the world. Irritability provides the rhythm in Neil Simon's universe, and if you don't find this funny you may begin to feel a prickly resentment. Paula and Elliott are like woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads.

There's nothing to involve us until Elliott goes to his first rehearsal for the production of "Richard III" he is to star in; Dreyfuss drops his archness, calms down, talks at a normal rate, and begins to seem like a person. He's able to win us over in these Off Off Broadway sequences because the two-liner duelling rhythm is broken; Shakespeare's dialogue is a blessed sound. Dreyfuss never kids what he's doing: working within the homosexual interpretation of Richard III that the fool director (Paul Benedict) forces on him, he gives a game, intense performance. And so after the disastrous opening night you respect the small hell he's been through. Dreyfuss plays the morning-after hangover with considerable flourish, and echoes of John Barrymore's eccentric comedy style.

But what part of Neil Simon's material are we supposed to take as the springboard mechanism to set the romantic drama in motion, and what part is the drama? Just to set up some gags about health food, Simon humiliates the somewhat pudgy Dreyfuss by having him say in all seriousness that he considers his body a temple. And we can't see what Elliott is doing in a devoted, courting situation with Paula, who, when she isn't being abrasive, is soggy and whimpering. Neil Simon and Herbert Ross want us to feel Paula's need for love and her terror of being hurt again, but Simon doesn't develop her character—he simply stretches the material with gags. Practically everything to do with Paula seems to be a mere device—from her former lover's having sublet the apartment to Elliott, to her Broadway audition (out of "A Chorus Line"), to her redecorating the apartment. When she's mugged, it's supposed to be delightfully funny that she irrationally blames Elliott. When she gets a job at the auto show, it's assumed to be enchanting that she can't deliver a two-minute spiel without getting it balled up. And Simon's idea of depth is a tug at your heartstrings. Marsha Mason's chin keeps quivering. Her face is either squinched



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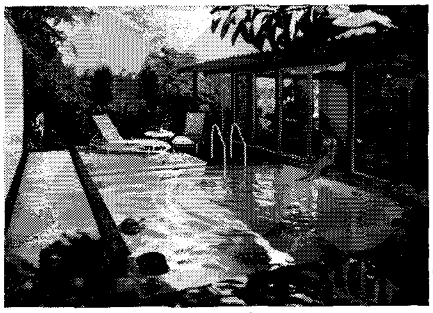

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up to cry or crinkled up to laugh; this may be the bravest, teariest, most crumpled-face performance since the days of Janet Gaynor. No wonder those actors walked out on Paula: she's a domestic leech, with *House Beautiful* aspirations. She suffers and she decorates. And her precocious child—Cupid talking dirty for a laugh—is a baby harpy. Marsha Mason created a soft, giggly, compliant character in just a few scenes in her first picture, Paul Mazursky's "Blume in Love": her Arlene, the woman who had an affair with the recently divorced Blume, was likably funny, because she couldn't understand her own messy feelings. But Mason hasn't found her footing in other movies; Herbert Ross overworks her teeth and eyes and charm and pathos, as Mark Rydell did in "Cinderella Liberty." We're so obviously meant to find her "human" she becomes a charity case.

Paula, busy picking out white furniture, would be a menace to a serious young actor; this woman loves artists and wants them to function like suburban daddies. With a comic twist of emphasis, we would cheer when Elliott got the idea and joined the procession of deserters. Yet Simon not only provides Paula with an artist eager to take care of her and her child, he seems to think the man is lucky to get them. Can Neil Simon's commercial success be partly attributable to something as simple as his having the soul of a comic-strip Jewish mother? He fixes people up in his plays and movies. Dreyfuss is playing the good Jewish boy—a warmer version of Dustin Hoffman in the late sixties—who gives the shiksa the love and understanding she has always needed. His saintly steadiness cures Paula of her neurotic fears. We don't know why he loves her until after he wins her, when he says that he fell for her right from the start, as soon as he saw her little snub nose. Of course. That's the shiksa's secret weapon—she wins by a nose. The smartest thing the moviemakers did was to cast an actor who isn't a tall and muscular dream hero; the casting makes the film seem less regressive than it is. Dreyfuss brings "The Goodbye Girl" its only moments of substance, yet the role is demeaning. After Elliott's opening-night performance as Richard III, Paula visits him backstage, and his face is stricken with grief and humiliation; that should be Dreyfuss's face for what Neil Simon and Herbert Ross do to him—and what he does to himself—in most of this picture. He turns into a cuddly

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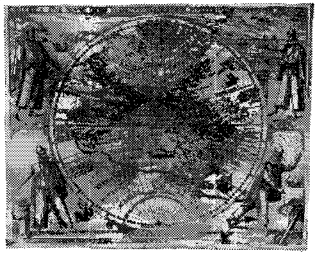

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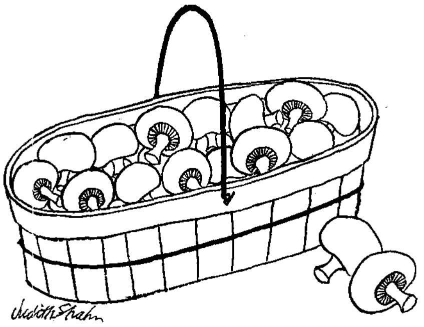
THE Michael Cacoyannis film "Iphigenia" (from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis") isn't bad, and one can certainly sit through it gratefully, and with pleasure—at least until Iphigenia (Tatiana Papamoskou) makes her unconscionably extended farewells—but, oh, God, why isn't it better? Why isn't there the daring and the exaltation that our senses fairly cry out for? The sound of people speaking in the open spaces is well handled, and Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and there's fervor and dedication here. It's the excitement of a new interpretation that's missing. This film is so literal-minded it's Sidney Lumet translated into Greek.

Magnificent as she is, Irene Papas seems too aware of the importance of the occasion. As Clytemnestra, mother of Iphigenia (who is to be sacrificed in order to propitiate the gods and bring favorable winds for Agamemnon's army), Papas visibly rises to the challenge. There may never have been an actress who combines as much might with as much beauty as the dark, olive-eyed Irene Papas does; her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. But the camera feasts too much on her seething magnificence, and this makes for a glaring contrast in style between Papas and the child-like, pre-nubile Papamoskou, who plays her role very simply and naturalistically, and doesn't have a trained voice to match up to Papas's deep alto tones. While other actresses take piddling roles and make themselves small, Papas becomes so titanic here that one recoils a little. Cacoyannis has her go a shade past greatness. (Others may need to turn to the classics, she perhaps needs to turn to the moderns.) The film is all rocks and scrub brush and Clytemnestra swelling with wrath and Menelaus (Costa Carras) expostulating. Performed this way, "Iphigenia" is like a wildlife film about rhinocer-



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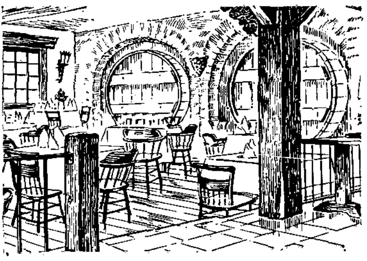

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oses—everybody's snorting at each other.

Papas's performance suffers, too, because the role of Clytemnestra has what might be called a topical flaw. In raising questions about what her life has been while the king, her husband, has been chasing glory, and in venting her female rage, she sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the past five years. The times have caught up with Euripides, and Clytemnestra's angriest complaints have been stripped of their excitement, have staled. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. Other aspects of the play—almost everything to do with Iphigenia herself—are too far from us. And in this earthbound adaptation the anti-war ironies are confusing. Artemis does not fly down at the end to scoop up Iphigenia (and leave a hind in her place on the altar), and so when the wind comes and the army runs toward the thousand ships and prepares to sail for Troy, it seems to mean that the gods did indeed want Iphigenia's death.

IN the thirties, Monogram and Republic made Westerns that had lacklustre casts and no believability and no connection with art. There was just one thing to keep the predominantly male audience interested: the viewers could follow a moving object—a man on a horse in the great outdoors. "The Gauntlet," directed by Clint Eastwood, is about a Phoenix cop, Ben Shockley (Eastwood), who is ordered to go to Las Vegas to bring back Gus Mally (Sondra Locke), a witness for a trial. He's a worthless souse; she's a hooker. The trip back, which is their redemption, is also a series of chases. They're pursued by the police and "the mob," so they're always in movement—on almost everything but a horse. They use a police car, a motorcycle, a train, a bus. The merest whisper of a plot (orders have been given to kill Gus to keep her from testifying) serves as a pretext for shoot-'em-ups with thousands of rounds of ammunition going into whatever buildings or vehicles the cop and the hooker are in or on. At times, the whole world seems to be firing at them; buildings and cars are turned to lace. And they keep moving. You look at the screen even though there's nothing to occupy your mind—the way you sometimes sit in front of the TV, numbly, because you can't rouse yourself for the effort it takes to go to bed. Afterward, leaving the theatre, a fair number of people were saying, "That's the worst movie I've ever seen"—in rather aggrieved, surprised tones, as if they were just coming out of a stupor.

Eastwood's face is more relaxed in this picture than in his last, "The Enforcer," one of the "Dirty Harry" series; he probably enjoyed the part and thinks he's acting because he's playing somebody dumb—the slow-witted Ben has to be told the score by the smart hooker. At first, Sondra Locke plays Gus as a hysterical loudmouth subliterate, yowling four-letter words at Ben. Then, almost as if someone had written her dialogue as part of a heads-bodies-legs folded-page drawing game, Gus informs him that she's a Finch College graduate, and proceeds to lecture him in the cool tones of an intellectual sharpie, a leftist doctor of sociology. (Her slipping in and out of her education isn't explained.) Eastwood also gets beaten up and mutilated enough to satisfy his king-size masochistic fantasies. His companion—now purified by love of him and her new refined diction—suffers multiple rape in order to save his life. Can a script come up with anything more floridly primitive than that?

This movie may be distinctive on one count: the hideous villainy it deplores—the action the heroine witnessed that sets the chase in motion—is apparently masturbation. That seems to be the vilest crime imaginable, and the hooker heroine blanches when she refers to it. The only talent involved in this movie belongs to the agent who sold the script (by Michael Butler and Dennis Shryack); the sale price of $500,000 suggests genius. —PAULINE KAEL

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—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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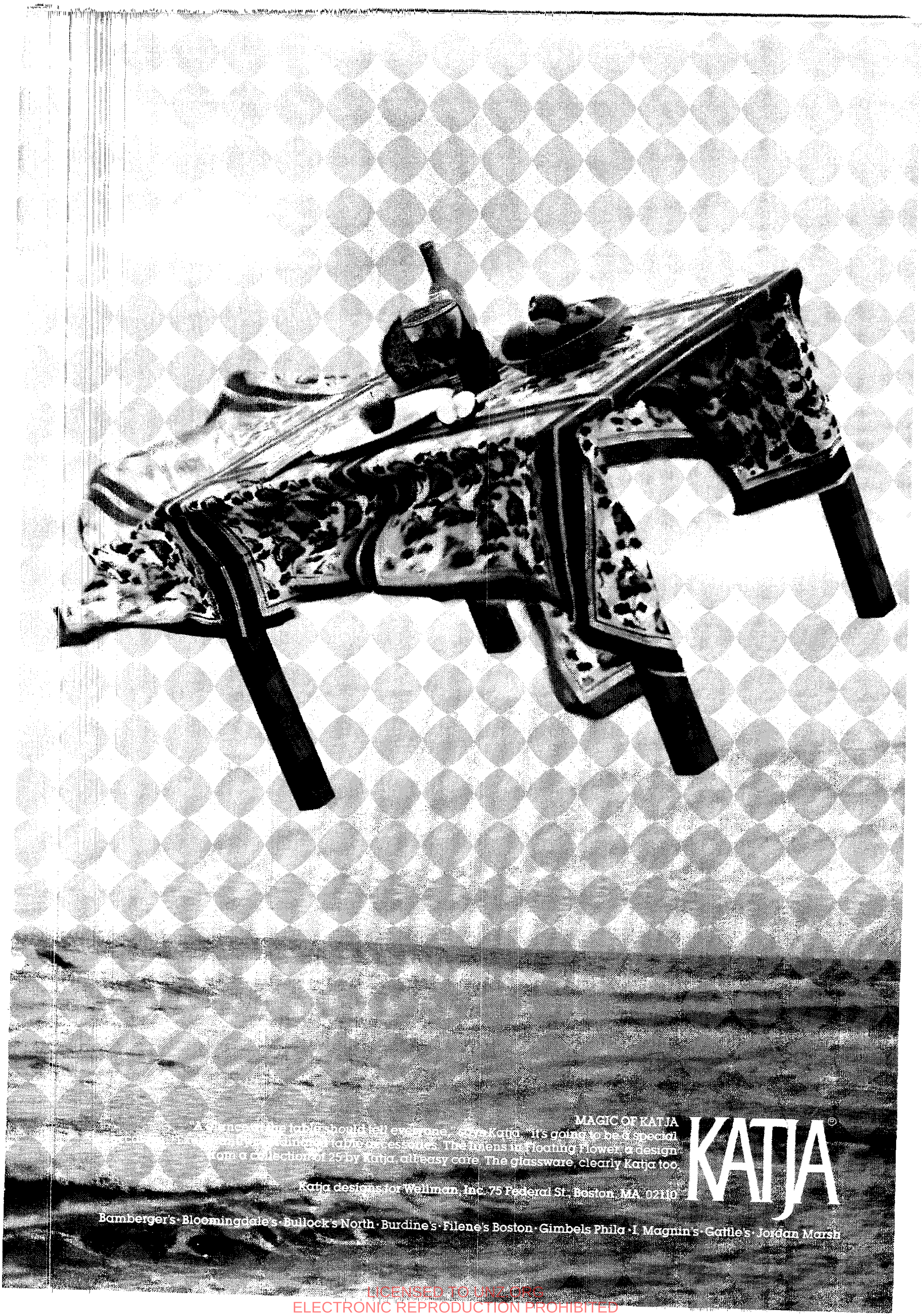

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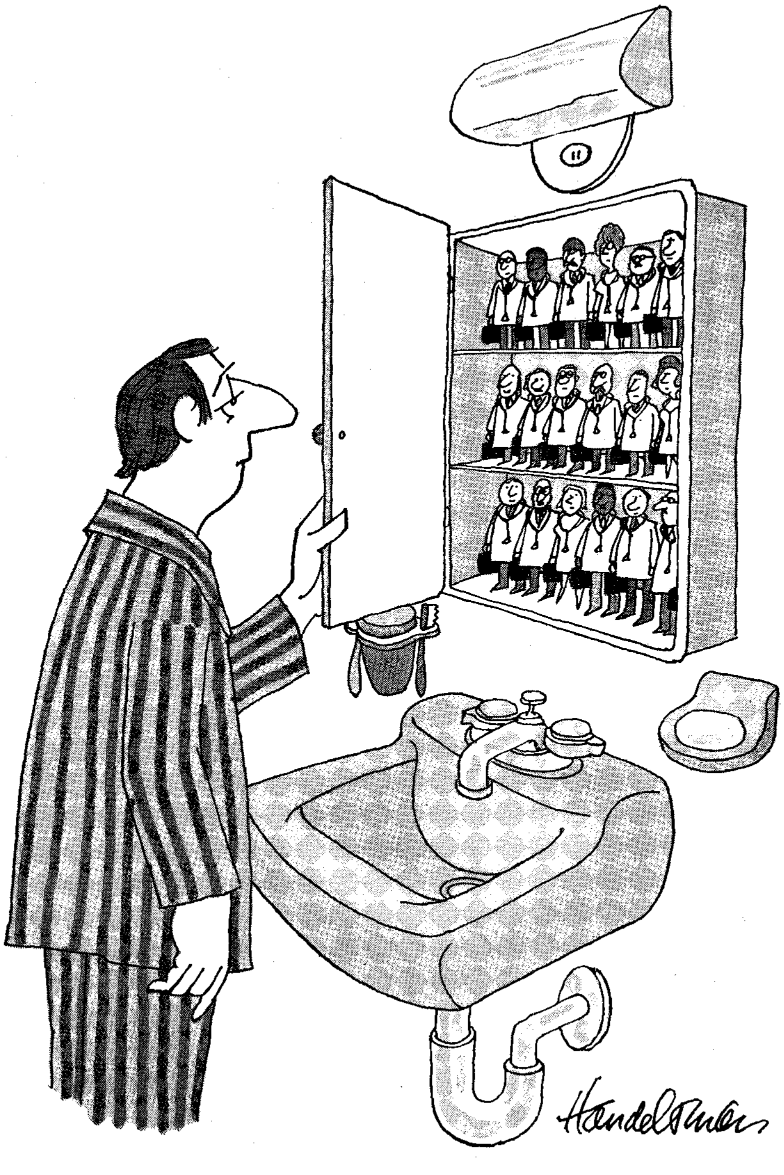
BOOKS

Evelyn Waugh

IT would not be surprising if Evelyn Waugh had occasionally attempted a diary: many writers start and soon give up, lacking the time and the compulsion. What *is* surprising is that, except for two periods of emotional crisis—the collapse of his first marriage and the "lunacy" that preceded the "Pinfold" novel in 1954—he was a more or less continuous diarist from the age of seven until the year before his death. The manuscripts, now stored at the University of Texas, run to three hundred and forty thousand words. Why such industry in a hardworking novelist and journalist? He was not one of those secretive snails who carry a load of privacy in their shells. He was not a martyr to introspection. There is little or no reason to believe that he was writing to display his character or the ups and downs of his life for publication. Or to put a time bomb under his friends and enemies. I agree with the conclusion of Michael Davie, who has edited "The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh" (Little, Brown), that they were intended solely as a useful aide-mémoire, upon which he drew for novels and his books of travel. The travel diaries particularly are telegraphic notes awaiting expansion. It must be remembered that Waugh came of a scribacious family: his industrious father was both a writer and a publisher, and his brother Alec a popular novelist.

Evelyn Waugh was notorious for an unsparing eye for the outrageous among a generation who took to outrageous behavior in the twenties and continued to live, rather battered, as they pleased afterward. They were outspoken about one another's scandals, and took pride in their own. Sex "came in"—at the top of their voices. A complete verbatim edition of the diaries will, therefore, have to wait for many years, and Michael Davie, as he says, has had to be careful about libel and giving distress to the living. But he has not been too strict, and he believes that any anger or hurt his volume still causes—it runs to over eight hundred pages—will not rankle for long. Waugh's capacity for insult and fantastic wit, drunk or sober, was well known; his performances and his character fascinated people, and he was allowed a lot of license. He certainly aroused affection in his closest friends, who, if they sometimes deplored, bore with his freaks. If they were writers, they had to admit he wrote better prose than they did—worked harder, too, and with success. His talent was commanding, his comic gifts entranced, if his personal character was complex and chancy. Are there any clues to this in the diaries? Read by a stranger to the people and social life, large chunks will seem to be a trivial and unexplained flow of parties, scandals, gossip, and heavy drinking at Oxford, then on to the best wines and brandies in London clubs and country houses. We dip into the pages, and presently we realize we are not among unknown people after all: this swarm of men and women saying this and that are there because they are the material that he brought to fantastic life in his novels. We know them. Waugh himself, drunk or sober, depressed, bored, ill, or angered, is detached. The detachment may be malicious or testy. It can also be kind. He does not give away much of his puzzling self.

The lasting puzzle is the persona he invented after the enormous success of "Decline and Fall" and "Vile Bodies." Evelyn Waugh is not the first writer of decent suburban upbringing to find his background dull and to be taken up by an aristocracy, the fashionable and the rich. Think of Balzac, with his coat of arms, his duchesses and princesses! Waugh was captivated and captivating, for he had brains and wit. He amused; he could be rude if the moment was propitious. After the slaughter of the 1914 war, the British upper classes were in the mood for orgy and anything that shocked. His friends became almost exclusively the wellborn. He was the thorough and pedantic craftsman in everything he did, and he contrived to encase himself in a new character with the minute care of one turning himself into a kind of work of art. It was a histrionic feat, so that by early middle age the graceful, perhaps slightly cruel youth of Henry Lamb's portrait had a face like that of one of his characters: armigerous. He looks choleric and easily exasperated—although, as he rightly says, the ex-



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cesses of many writers are caused mostly by the strain of writing and rewriting. One notices the hard intelligence of the sharp eyes. The hardness suggests a wound to pride—the wound we can guess at in "A Handful of Dust," after the breakdown of his first marriage. His work, of course, is part of the protective structure. After the mad farces of his youth, he turned himself into the clubbish gentleman moralist, fierce in theological piety, assiduously polishing his malign sentences, dryly persisting in the stings of a mortifying circumlocution. The danger was the Sir Galahad touch that gave a romantic skid to his fancy.

For in the beginning his personal snobbery was romantic; eventually it hardened into a reactionary dogma (see his sneers at "the State-educated"), but it fed his talent for impersonation. There are clues to this in the diaries he wrote when he was at school. One catches the hints of a love for another boy which made him "nearly insane." One sees him thinking of himself as two persons—not uncommon in adolescence. At seventeen, he applies himself to writing a novel about a man with two characters, to be narrated by a brother. Waugh's own elder brother, Alec, wrote a best-seller when he was at school and had the distinction of being "sacked" for blowing the gaff on schoolboy homosexuality. The elder brother has to be outdone. Far more important is the influence of an older aesthete in the neighborhood of the school, who introduces Waugh to fine things, gives him a scholarly taste for medieval script, for illumination and calligraphy, and leads him to the Pre-Raphaelites and the cult of craftsmanship and decoration which was very much the go at the time. It was natural for the boys to form a club called the Dilettanti and for Waugh to boss it. There is a point at which he might not have been a writer at all but a minor painter. One thinks also of his writing as a revenge for his having been born at a time when traditional rural England was being despoiled by the urban swarms. He felt himself to be an exile. When he wrote his book on the Pre-Raphaelites—and a good one, too—he noted:

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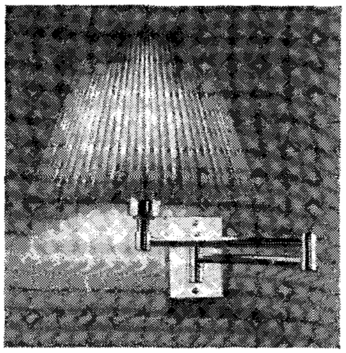

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that we might give our lives in trying to restore him to his kingdom?"

Here is the romantic seed of the aristocratic infatuation that embarrassed one in "Brideshead Revisited" and became a piety in his trilogy of the Second World War, "Sword of Honour." Sir Galahad's days were done for: the next-best thing is to sit drinking at White's or Brooks's, insult an air marshal, and hear an earl ask, "Why is this place full of gunsmiths?" The ancient Catholic manors are ruined and betrayed, authority has gone. When Waugh had to listen to a vulgar woman at a grotesque royal banquet in Addis Ababa years before, he noted, "I think I must be a prig: things do shock me so." Puritan shock, of course, was the spur.

After the breakdown of his first marriage, Waugh's diary has mostly a breathless, telegraphic gossip-column note of wining and dining: he is homeless and on the move, and his long-distance travels begin. The diaries of travel, in staccato style, are really only notes for commissioned articles: dull reading, but some notes are bizarre. In Kenya:

> Met ginger-bearded man in carriage ... who asked me to stay.... Arrived dark. Furious mother-in-law. "Belinda's hindquarters totally paralysed." [Belinda was a wolfhound bitch.] Swarms of bees in drawer. Ants on floor. Grey and scarlet parrot imitating Belinda's groans.

The journey to Guiana and Brazil sounds penitential, as Michael Davie says. Waugh's toughness, his endurance—conscientious and fussed—come to the surface in this trip; one gets, possibly, a glimpse of the madman who read Dickens.

The next section begins with his happy second marriage and his experiences in the Marines and the Commandos during the Second World War. The stoicism and fuss continue. Here he is the observer of military muddle and futility: outrage on a grand scale. He saw action in the disaster of Crete, and was clearly brave and proud. He was in fashionable regiments, of course, and there is more than a touch of the war being run by White's. In Yugoslavia, he annoyed the top brass by sending signals in the urgent code in dramatic demands for things like soap. He was tactless and at a loss in that guerrilla war, when faction and ideology divided the Yugoslavs. (Waugh was all for the Croats, because they were Catholics: awkward—many Croats, Communists said, had collaborated with the Ger-

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Drawings by David Schorr

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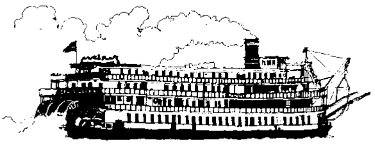

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mans.) If the generals found Waugh impossible, he himself had to endure the often dreadful behavior of his old boon companion Randolph Churchill, who was usually fighting drunk, intolerably self-important, a childish egotist, and a monstrous bore. When the two are in hospital after a plane crash, we read, "Randolph in hospital like 'the man who came to dinner,' drinking, attacking the night nurse, wanting everyone's medicine and all treatment, dictating letters." Randolph is "a flabby bully who rejoices in blustering and shouting down anyone weaker than himself and starts squealing as soon as he meets anyone as strong;" he loses "self-control" during an air raid; he has merely "a childlike retentive memory." On top of this, he begs Waugh to be kinder to him. Waugh shuts his ears to the noise by reading "Quest for Corvo"—so rather cleverly countering one monster with another.

Randolph jocular was even harder to bear than Randolph drunk:

> At luncheon Randolph and Freddy [Birkenhead] became jocular. They do not make new jests or even repeat their own. Of conversation as I love it—a fantasy growing in the telling, apt repartee, argument based on accepted postulates, spontaneous reminiscences and quotation—they know nothing. All their noise and laughter is in the retelling of memorable sayings of their respective fathers or other public figures. . . . They also recite with great zest the more hackneyed passages of Macaulay.

In time, the boon companion had to be dropped. There was a breach for twelve years. In 1964, the two incompatibles met again:

> Randolph Churchill went into hospital (Sister Agnes's, thus keeping me away who had arranged to go for two days' examination as the result of being taken ill at Mentone) to have a lung removed. It was announced that the trouble was not "malignant." Seeing Ed Stanley in White's, on my way to Rome, I remarked that it was a typical triumph of modern science to find the only part of Randolph that was not malignant and remove it. Ed repeated this to Randolph whom I met on my return from Rome, again in White's. He looked so pale and feeble and was so breathless that we there and then made up our estrangement of some twelve years.

After the war, after "Brideshead" and visiting Hollywood, Waugh was tempted to leave England for Ireland, because of high taxation. Sensibly, he changed his mind. He saw that he would lose the clever, raffish society that gave him his material: no more days at White's—he would degenerate into an émigré. So he and his large

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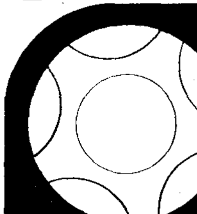

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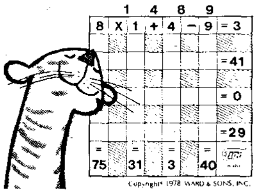

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family stay on in Gloucestershire, and he quietens down, worries about his children's education, is unpredictable with visitors, not kind to interviewers—especially anyone of an academic turn who asks him, for example, what he thinks of Renaissance man. He refuses to behave in character when a television company begs him to be irascible and rude. By this time, insomnia and ill health have driven him to take an excess of paraldehyde and sodium amytal, and when he goes off to Ceylon he suffers the "Pinfold" hallucinations. The diary is silent here; he may have destroyed it. The astonishing thing is that out of this manic state he produces perhaps his best novel. Any other writer might have destroyed himself long before this. Benevolence appears. He enjoys a new feat of impersonation: the Tory stuffed owl. In these years, I remember him playing that amiable part at a private dinner, even insisting on a singsong, and putting on the cracked voice of a broken colonel. To this period belongs an article suggesting that a Labour Government should fence off Gloucestershire as a wildlife reserve for the most eccentric specimens of the upper classes, where they could continue their scandalous habits and display their graces: it would educate the State-educated mob. One suspects him of wishing to be appointed game warden, with a special right to thin out the herd with his gun when necessary. I don't think he would have liked to see his diary in print—but only because the craftsman hated the casual, unfinished thing.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DANIEL MARTIN, by John Fowles (Little, Brown; $12.95). John Fowles' books are giant steps for him, taken in a variety of directions. This new novel is his bulkiest, unfortunately not to its own advantage. In his other books, Fowles has shown us different personae—he has been a contriver of clever fictions (in "The Collector"), an aphorist and a moralist (in "The Aristos"), a compelling storyteller (in "The Magus"), a brilliant latter-day Victorian (in "The French Lieutenant's Woman"), and simply a good writer (in "The Ebony Tower"). Here his hero is an English playwright turned Hollywood scriptwriter who is drawn back to England by the tentacles of his past and who, in his mulling over of

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that past, attempts to sum up his own drifting English generation. On one level, the book is a clarification of "Englishness," long a preoccupation of Fowles', but besides that it is a set of rather miscellaneous reflections on the mid-Atlantic life. At times, the writing is quite sumptuous, as in the beautiful evocation of a boyhood summer in the first chapter, but too often the story is dragged to a halt by random meditations, and the characters are sometimes given so much to say that they have to step aside in favor of their conversations. Fowles is nothing if not a sincere man; on occasion, however, he tugs the lapel too hard, and his characters turn dry from overscrutiny.

GENERAL

ADA, COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, BYRON'S LEGITIMATE DAUGHTER, by Doris Langley Moore (Harper & Row; $25). An absorbing, first-rate biography, featuring, in Ada's mother, one of the most thoroughgoing villainesses of the nineteenth century. Ada Byron (1815-52) never knew her father, who left England when she was a baby. Her mother was rich and stingy, possessive and obsessive, hypochondriacal, domineering, and self-righteous. She devoted her life to defaming her husband and his half sister. Ada, raised by a succession of nurses and governesses—anyone she liked got fired—had two breakdowns as a child, but she was well enough, at nineteen, to marry a suitable peer. Ada was mathematically gifted and had hoped for a scholarly career (such eminent figures as Charles Babbage, the inventor of the computer, encouraged her), but she produced three children in rapid succession, and her mental and physical health failed. Her mother usurped her children, inveigled her into her machinations of revenge, and ignored her illnesses. In the last years of her life, Ada attempted to apply her math to gambling; she ran up huge debts and was victimized by some of the gamier denizens of the Victorian underworld. She and her husband were very slow to recognize Lady Byron's consuming vindictiveness, and Ada's revenge was, perforce, posthumous: by her last wish, she was buried beside her father.

PRINCE AMONG SLAVES, by Terry Alford (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). The biography of an African prince who, after years of slavery

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in Mississippi, returned to Africa. Abd al-Rahman Ibrahima was the son of a ruler of a kingdom whose capital, Timbo, is now in the Republic of Guinea. Ibrahima, as the author calls him, was captured in battle by enemy tribesmen in 1788. They refused his offers of ransom and sold him as a slave; eventually he arrived in Natchez and was bought by an energetic, ambitious farmer named Thomas Foster. The book is full of ironies, for Ibrahima's training, like that of a European knight of the early Middle Ages, had been concentrated on war and horsemanship, not farming, and Ibrahima had been taught to despise the yeoman class, to which his owner belonged. Mr. Alford thinks that Ibrahima's religion—he remained a pious Muslim—gave him the fortitude to endure. As Foster flourished, the slave he called Prince, who never lost the habit of command, became the overseer of an extensive plantation. In 1807, Prince was recognized by Dr. John Cox, a former ship's surgeon who in 1781 had appeared, lost and sick, in Ibrahima's father's kingdom, where he was nursed back to health upon the king's orders. Cox, a newcomer in Mississippi, could not persuade Foster to sell or free Ibrahima, but he told everybody Prince's story, and the slave's high birth, plus his sterling character, kept white interest in him alive until, in 1828, he was freed. Mr. Alford writes with a straightforward simplicity that nonetheless takes account of all sorts of complexities, including racial attitudes in this country at that time, and class attitudes as well: wherever he went, Ibrahima seems always to have been recognized as a gentleman, his owner not.

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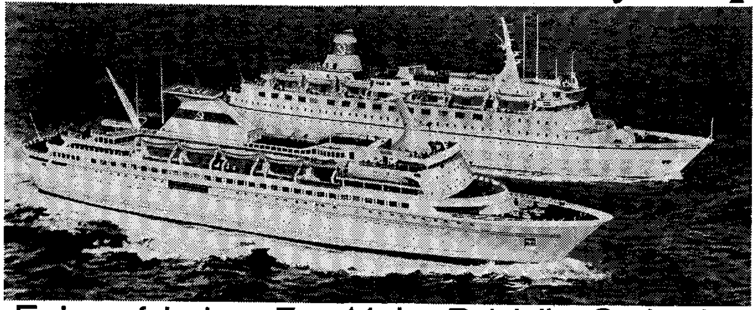

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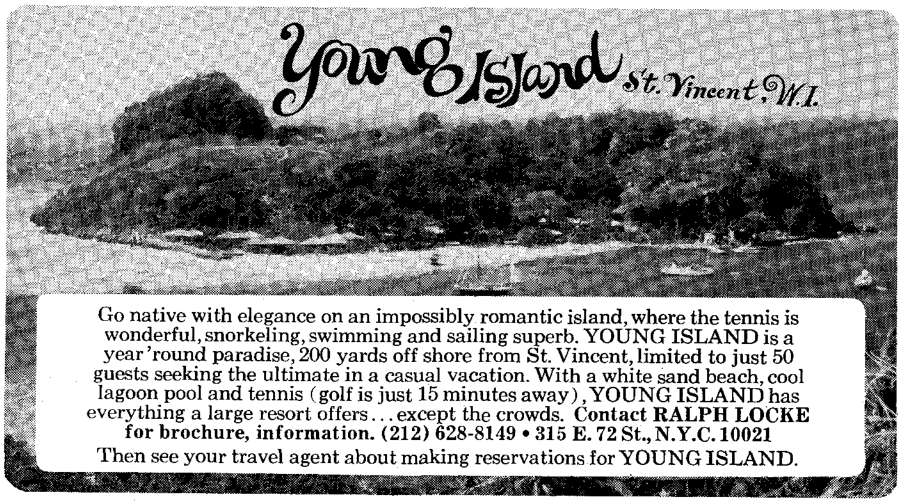

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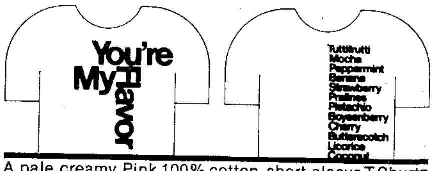

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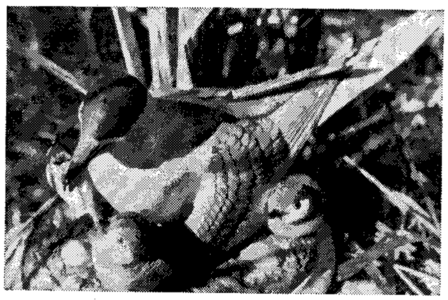

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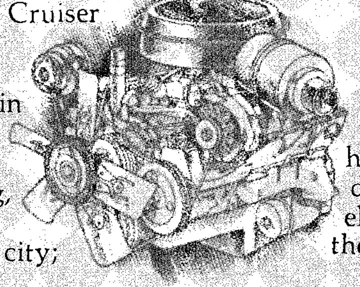

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2
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